RUSSELL H. CONWELL AND HIS WORK

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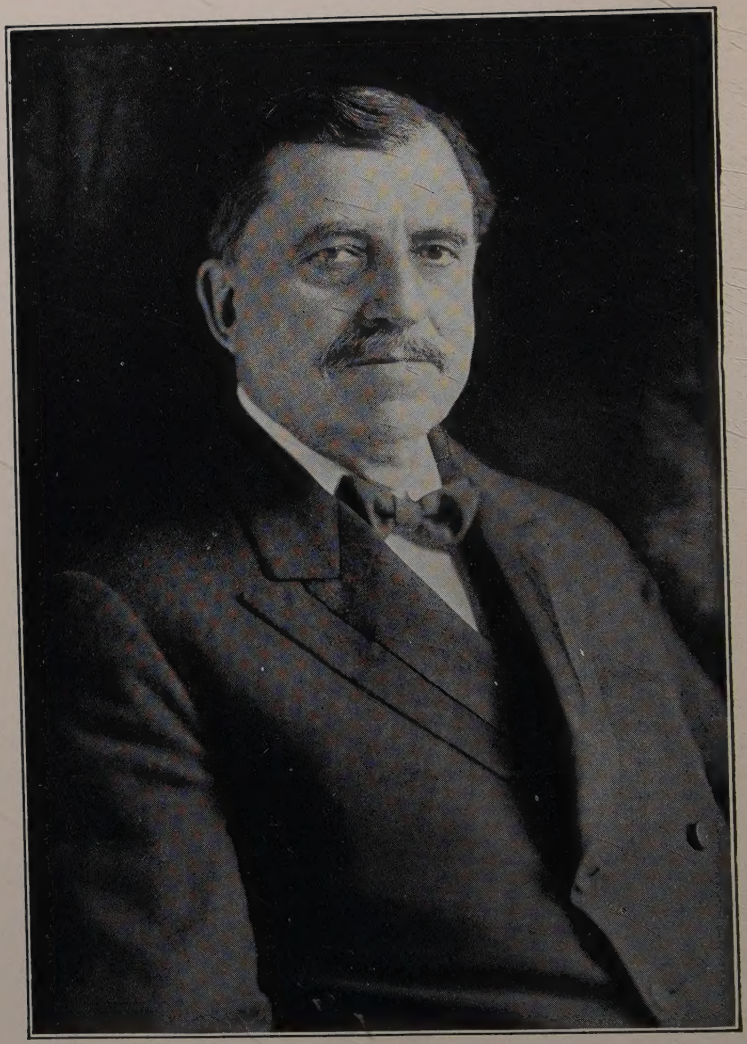

Vanity Fair Studios, Inc.

Russell H. Conwell

Authorized Edition

RUSSELL H. CONWELL AND HIS WORK

ONE MAN'S INTERPRETATION OF LIFE

By

AGNES RUSH BURR

WITH DOCTOR CONWELL'S FAMOUS LECTURE

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

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THE BAPTIST TEMPLE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

August 21, 1923.

Gentlemen:

In the preparation of this biography Miss Burr has had the advantage of intimate acquaintance with me and my work for many years. I have given her full access to every kind of information that I possess, and have talked with her freely as to the aims and purposes I had in view. I have repeated to her conversations which I have had with representative men whom I have met in my travels both in this country and in Europe.

The estimate which Miss Burr has placed upon me and my work is of course entirely her own. She has written with the eyes and heart of a friend, and that must color more or less the account in my favor.

While of course I cannot accept responsibility for the opinions of the author, I believe that her narrative of the facts of my life is correct and it goes forth with my entire approval.

Fraternally yours,

Russell H. Conwell

To The John C. Winston Company
Philadelphia

FOREWORD

ON February 15, 1943, citizens of Pennsylvania will join with alumni, officers and students of Temple University in celebrating the 100th birthday of Russell H. Conwell, famed as a lawyer, editor, minister and educator.

As part of the commemorative observance Temple University has had printed this anniversary edition in the belief that Dr. Conwell's imperishable deeds and his lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," will continue to inspire thousands of men and women, old and young, alike.

The life of the Founder of Temple University is adequately described in the succeeding pages, yet so manifold and so magnificent were the labors of Dr. Conwell that the author could record but in part all the achievements in the life span of this great American whose spirit knew no boundaries and whose touch gave life and growth to so many enterprises.

Dr. Conwell was often referred to as the "penniless millionaire," because for all the thousands and thousands of dollars he earned on the lecture platform—where, in most instances he delivered "Acres of Diamonds,"—nearly every penny went into one of his great undertakings, among which Temple University was foremost.

He did not seek nor wish financial independence; his wealth was infinitely greater, for it lay in the many young men and women whom he had aided in obtaining a college education or causing them to find a fuller life.

As it exists today, Temple University is a splendid

monument to its founder, but even as great as is this institution, Dr. Conwell's ever-living monument is in what he accomplished for democratic higher education. He popularized college education for the boy and girl of limited means and today his philosophy is being practiced in every single city of importance in the United States. His vision was far greater than contemporary educators, for he believed that highly educated people must be produced if America was to be a free nation.

Robert Livingston Johnson,
President,
Temple University.

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MARTIN CONWELL

FATHER OF RUSSELL H. CONWELL

CHAPTER I

The Story of the Sword

Doctor Conwell's Favorite Occupation. He Tells the Cause of His Unceasing Work.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL was once asked, "What is your favorite occupation?"

"Living," was the prompt and hearty rejoinder.

His career proves his words.

No one could meet him, feel his hearty handclasp, hear his deep, vibrant voice, or see his cordial smile, without knowing that he enjoyed living.

No one could come in touch with his work—the big church, with its membership of more than three thousand; the great university with a roll call since it started running into the hundred thousands; the hospitals, with their thousands of patients annually; his lecture trips from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the course of which he spoke to hundreds of thousands of people; his radio lectures in which he spoke to thousands more—without realizing that he gave to this occupation of living all of his time and energy. He threw himself wholly into it.

But, though his pleasure in living and working was keen, he had still another and greater incentive for his wealth of achievement.

Over Doctor Conwell's bed, in his Philadelphia home, hangs a sword. Back of this sword is a story. It is the tragedy of this story that is the chief cause of the unceasing activity which filled his days. He was a man who would undoubtedly have accomplished much with

his life. But this disaster made it imperative that he do so.

He was induced sometimes to tell the story of the sword. He related it once to a little group of friends in his home. As they were admiring its beautiful, gold-chased scabbard, his face saddened. He was silent for a moment. Then, in the simple, direct and unaffected way characteristic of him, he told what this sword meant to his life.

"During the Civil War," he said, "when I re-enlisted at Readville, Massachusetts, a boy came to me who wanted to go to the war with me. His father had consented. His mother was dead.

"I said to him, 'John, you should not go to war. You will be killed.' I tried to frighten him, but he was determined to go. I told him then that he could not go. But his father insisted, and I finally permitted him to go with me.

"I went to war from Yale College. I had been there a little over a year and naturally knew everything that anybody could possibly know. I remember coming home the previous vacation and while digging potatoes my devout Methodist father said to me, 'My son, I notice that you do not go to church.' I said, 'No, father. And I am not going to church any more. I don't believe the Bible anyhow.' 'My son,' he continued, 'are you getting away from your father's God; from your mother's God?' 'No, father,' I replied, 'you ought to consider that I have been to college and know all these things. You have never been to college and you are not expected to know. I am an agnostic. I have learned that I don't know anything about religion.'

"My father was broken-hearted. He said to me, 'Don't go to school any more. I would rather you

would hold on to the love of God than go to school and learn everything. My son, I would rather see your body going into the grave than to hear that you had joined the atheists and infidels.'

"I said, 'I will have to tell you the truth. I have joined the free-thinkers' club.'

"My classmates' autograph books still bear the record with my name as 'Atheist.' I was known as a disbeliever in the Bible and I used everything I could find to prove that it was untrue.

"But the first night that John Ring came into my tent, he took out his Bible and read it by the candle-light. I said, 'John, you can't do that in my tent. I don't believe in it and everyone will laugh at me if I permit you to do that.' The next night I found him reading it again and I said to the boy, 'You can't read that Bible in my tent!' 'Why,' he said, 'what is the matter, Captain? This is my mother's Bible and father told me to read it in memory of mother.' I said, 'You ought to remember your mother, but you can't read that book in this tent.' He answered with tears, 'I love you, Captain, but you are a very wicked man.' After that night John went into my orderly-sergeant's tent to read his Bible.

"One day, when I was called away on duty, there came an attack upon our fort in North Carolina, below Newbern, at the Newport River. Pickett's celebrated corps drove our men from the camp. My troops fled across the river and set the long trestle bridge on fire. When some had gotten across, John ran up to the orderly-sergeant there and said, 'Where is the Captain's sword?' He answered, 'He has it on. Get out of the way.' But John meant this gold-sheathed sword that was presented to me at Springfield, Massachusetts, when I first went to war. It always hung

on the center-pole of my tent, and it was John's especial delight to polish it and keep it bright. Fearful now that it had been left behind, he ran back across the bridge, in among the Confederate soldiers, into my tent and pulled down this gold-sheathed sword that I had promised, when it was presented to me, to give my life to preserve.

"He managed to get about half-way back across the burning bridge when a Confederate captain saw him and did one of the noblest deeds of the war. He came out in full view and swung his white handkerchief. The fire on both sides ceased and the Confederate captain shouted, 'Tell the boy to jump into the river! Jump on either side. We will save him!'

"They shouted, but they could not make him hear. When he came near our end of the bridge his clothes were blazing high. He ran through the smoke and flung himself out on the end of the abutment of the bridge, and my sword fell from his hands to the bank of the river. They rolled him into the water and washed out the fire, but he was insensible.

"They put him on a gun carriage and took him down to the hospital at Beaufort. There he lay for three days. With the return of consciousness, one night, he asked the nurse, 'Where am I? Where is the Captain's sword? Won't you bring it in, so I can put my hand on it? Is the Captain coming to see me?' The nurse told him that I was coming to see him soon. The next night he awoke and said, 'Hasn't the Captain come yet? I want to give him the sword myself, for then he will know how much I love him.'

"A little later the surgeon came along and said, 'That boy isn't going to live.' He called the nurse and asked, 'Are you a Christian woman?'

" 'Yes.'

"'Then tell the boy he is going to die, for he won't live till morning.'

"The nurse sat down beside him; took his hand and said, 'John, you are going to see your mother.'

"'What?'

"'You are going to see your mother,' she repeated.

"'Do you think I am going to die?' he questioned.

"'Yes,' said the nurse. 'I will have to tell you the truth. You will probably not live more than twenty-four hours. Do you want some one to pray with you?'

"He didn't answer her question but put up his hands and began to move his lips in prayer. She sent for the chaplain but did not find him. A short time afterward John took hold of the sword and whispered, 'Will you tell the Captain that I saved his sword?'

"She answered, 'Yes, I will tell him; but I hope he will be able to get here before you go.'

"He turned his face upward; peace came to his features and my John went into the Shining. When they sent me word that he was dead, no man can describe the horror that came into my soul.

"Six months afterward I was left for dead on the field of battle at Kenesaw Mountain, in Georgia. I came to myself in the hospital tent and asked my nurse if I was living.

"She said, 'Do you want something to eat?'

"'No,' I said, 'I want the chaplain.'

"She sent for him; he came and sat beside me and said, 'What do you wish?'

"'I want to be forgiven,' I replied; 'I want to find my Lord. I feel that I must. Will you pray for me?'

"He made one of those formal prayers that we hear sometimes. It didn't do me any good and I was angry. I said, 'I want to be prayed out of my sins somehow or other.'

"He got cross and went out, but soon he came back and said, 'I am sorry that I was impatient.'

"I told him that I wanted him to read the Bible to me; that I had disbelieved in it and now I wanted to believe in it. I told him about John Ring and how he had once read the fourteenth chapter of John. He read it, and then the twelfth chapter of Romans, but I couldn't see anything then. I felt there was no help for me in the Bible. I told him so and he said, 'The only thing for you to do, Colonel, is to go to God yourself.'

"I said, 'It looks as though I must. I don't see that I am getting any help from you; but come in again.'

"Sometime during the night I felt a strange sense of dying—a fading, falling out of life—and I said, 'I am going to my God if there is one; to the Saviour whom I have scoffed at and despised; going to meet John and his God.' An awful sense of sinking came over me and I called upon the unknown God for forgiveness, and asked Him to reveal Himself to me if there was any revelation possible. A little later I asked the nurse to read a prayer. A few minutes after that my heart was opened. I cannot describe it—no one can—that instinctive need for the love of God, and that warming of the heart which came to me. But the sense of final forgiveness seemed to fill my soul with light.

"John Ring's life and his adherence to what he believed to be right had its influence in leading me to God. His death made me feel a solemn obligation to repay the world for his loss. I keep hanging on the wall, over the head of my bed, the sword that John saved. Every morning, before I kneel to pray, I say, 'Lord, if Thou wilt help me today, I will do John

Ring's work and my work.' I have been trying to do two men's work—John's and my own—in order that when I go home to heaven I may say, 'John, your life went out early but I did the best that I could to make up for it.' If there is any special reason for the amount of work that I have done, it is this: I want to be able to say honestly each night, 'I have done your work today, John, as well as my own.' "

CHAPTER II

The Man He Grew to Be

His Life Harvest. His Wide Activities. His Many Charities. His Aims in Life.

THE milestones of the years are many since the tragic death of John Ring and the vow taken then by the boy of nineteen to do two men's work.

How has the vow been kept? What is the fruitage of these years? Russell Conwell lived to pass the four-score mark. One might be justified in saying that his life-work came to its harvest. What, then, is this harvest? What does Russell Conwell represent in the eyes of his fellowmen, and what was he, when he had come to those years when one is supposed to rest from his labors?

Until the very end, Russell Conwell was still a driving force—a resistless energy. He impressed at once with a sense of power and vitality. He was tall, broad-shouldered and deep-chested. His features were rugged and strong; his glance, penetrating but kindly. He was keen to see and quick to do. His vision was still toward the future. When a work to which he had put his hand was accomplished, he did not stop. He did the next thing—and he did it at once.

Russell Conwell built up from almost nothing the largest Protestant Church in America, and baptized

there almost ten thousand adults. Through the University which he founded, life has been broadened and enriched for men and women numbering into the hundred thousand who otherwise might not have had the opportunity for this greater measure of living. Through the hospitals which have grown out of his work, health and healing have been brought to the sick poor. His lectures have given material aid to thousands of poor students, and inspiration that has meant success and happiness to literally millions of hearers.

Although he had established for working men and women a university that annually enrolls thousands of students, he still foresaw the possibilities of branch universities in every ward of Philadelphia, where those who earn their living can, when working hours are over, quickly reach classrooms near their homes. He kept pressing toward this goal.

Through his close touch with educational matters and because of his own struggles as a boy to secure an education, Russell Conwell recently discerned in certain legislation an attempt to shut the poor boy out of the professions. He not only felt the injustice of this, but he saw what it would mean to the American people if not prevented. He immediately raised his voice in protest. Wherever he spoke he gave a stirring warning of this danger to democracy, with the result that newspapers and magazines took the matter up and the evil is likely to be scotched in its inception. (See Appendix, "Peril to Democracy.")

Russell Conwell stood ever for forwardness perhaps more than for anything else; for not resting content with what he had done, but for vigorously going on to do more.

Doctor Conwell stood also for another thing. He

was a penniless millionaire. He was a rich man without a bank account. He had little of what the world calls wealth. This was not because of inability to earn. He could have been many times a millionaire had he been so inclined. Yet, without money, he represents success—a success surely as great as that to which any millionaire can point.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Henry Ward Beecher's old church in Brooklyn, accounts Doctor Conwell among the world's foremost one hundred men. In a contest in a national magazine, his name was selected for the Hall of Fame, and the people of Pennsylvania voted him as one of its three most distinguished citizens. In 1923, he was given the Philadelphia award founded by Edward W. Bok in 1921, one of the highest honors that could come to him as a citizen of Philadelphia. Thus stood Doctor Conwell in the public eye. Though sincerely appreciative of these worldly honors they occupied very little of his attention.

Russell Conwell was concerned chiefly with the work he felt he must do as long as he lived. His one desire was, as a writer has expressed it, "to put his ideals over." His sincere query to himself always was, "Did my message drive home? Is some one benefited by what I have said or done today?" And this is not said egotistically. He believed that every one is in this life for a purpose; that it is his duty to find that purpose and fulfil it. One might say, both in what Doctor Conwell achieved in the past and in what he was still desirous of achieving, that he represented full living; for he was never niggardly of life, either through a desire to hoard it for himself, or through fear of draining its powers too soon.

CHAPTER III

Doctor Conwell's Ancestry

The Conwell Family Tree. Doctor Conwell Tells His Views on Ancestry.

BY birth Russell Conwell was a New Englander. His father was Martin Conwell, a Massachusetts farmer—a tall, vigorous man, "always in a hurry," says Doctor Conwell, in recollecting him. Many say that Doctor Conwell resembled his father.

His mother was Miranda Wickham. She came of a family from the central part of New York State. She was slender, with a thin, earnest face and large blue eyes, was quiet and loving; a great reader; a devoted student of the Bible, and a tireless worker. "She seems to have been an inexhaustible person," Doctor Conwell says, in speaking of her, "She never seemed to get tired. I remember her as always working, working, working."

Martin Conwell's father was a Southerner—Martin Conwell, of Baltimore. The injection of the hot-blooded, impulsive, Southern temperament into this New England family is said by many who knew them to have left its traces upon them.

The members of this family were demonstrative and expressed their feelings—especially their affections—with less reserve than the usual New Englander. The imaginative faculty was strongly developed, and it was not checked or restrained. In many qualities of the heart and mind, they exhibited the warmth

and impulsiveness of the South rather than the cold restraint of the North.

Behind Martin Conwell of Baltimore stretched a long line of ancestors reaching, so far as records and family traditions go, to the days of William the Conqueror of England. They were men who did things. One of them—John Conwell—fought for the preservation of the Anglo-Saxon tongue in England when there was danger of its being swept away by the Norman French. The fact that they were among the first to seek homes in a new land shows their mettle. They were of the kind to whom the adventure of the undertaking and the hope of greater liberty made an instant appeal.

The mother's family were of the scholarly, less adventurous, sort. Some were school teachers and professors, and one was quite an authority on certain branches of zoology, especially sea-shells. Through her came strongly the thought of study; of books; of education and its value; of what the members of her family had done in these lines and what it meant to them.

Thus, in the family into which Russell Conwell was born, were blended the practical, shrewd New England character; the impulsive, romantic, imaginative Southern temperament, the eager quest of adventure and zest of the pioneer, and the thirst for knowledge of the scholar. Whether the generations that have gone have any direct effect upon those that come after is a much-discussed question today. In regard to ancestry, Doctor Conwell, in his biography of James A. Garfield, has this to say:

"Having no faith in the theory that the men of today are but the aggregation of experiences and development in the past, and giving but little credit to the

aristocratic claim that ancestry makes the nobleman, we give the line of the Garfield family for the benefit of such as may deem it important.

"The tendency of the records is to show that all the individuals of the different races are born into the world with very similar characteristics and with much greater equality in mental endowments than aristocracy is willing to admit. It shows, too, that it is not what our fathers were so much as what we make ourselves that determines our right to nobility or praise. Ancestry and health wield a perceptible and sometimes a strong influence; but the capital we are born with may be increased a hundredfold by our own exertion. It is this increase which constitutes the noblest claim to human greatness."

CHAPTER IV

The Conwell Home Without and Within

Doctor Conwell Describes the Daily Life of His Boyhood. The Mental and Spiritual Atmosphere of the Home.

THE home that Martin and Miranda Conwell made for themselves, and in which Russell H. Conwell was born, February 15, 1843, was the home of a poor New England farmer of the middle of the last century. It was situated in the Hampshire Highlands of the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts, near the town of South Worthington.

The house was small, consisting of two rooms and a lean-to downstairs, and an attic upstairs. It stood on ground that sloped upward from one of the little flat, grassy meadows found so frequently in the Berkshires. Through this meadow flashed a mountain stream, and encircling it were hills and woods. Through a gap in these hills could be seen, far in the distance, Mount Tom.

It was a beautiful location. The swift stream that flowed in front of the house; the vast woods that enclosed the little home; and the ranges of mountains that rose against the horizon made a scene of loveliness that delighted the gaze wherever it rested. And this beauty was ever changing. Spring made the hills a mist of delicate colors. Summer transformed them into a riotous sea of billowing foliage. Autumn draped them with a glorious tapestry of red and gold and orange; and winter changed them into a sparkling fairyland of ice and snow.

Nature had lavished beauty on this spot; but she had given little else. The farm was rocky and unproductive. Martin Conwell toiled early and late to wrest from it a living. Even then he had to work at other tasks to eke out the family income. He labored as a stonemason, and in the little lean-to of the house he opened a store.

The house inside was sparsely furnished, and to the casual observer it was a home of poverty. Miranda Conwell worked as hard as her husband and, in addition to her household duties of caring for a family of five, she also took in sewing. There were two children besides Russell: a brother, Charles, older, and a sister, Harriet, younger. Of this home-life Doctor Conwell says:

"It is a difficult matter for me to realize that any person should now care what was done in those years so long gone by. That little cottage in the Hampshire Highlands of the Berkshire Hills had but three rooms and a woodshed; it was very rudely finished and poorly furnished. As I look upon it now, it seems to have been almost a hovel in its construction, being only one story and a half high and about thirty feet square. The half story under the roof was not finished, except that the floor was of rough plank, and it was reached by a rude stairway of slabs from the sawmill.

"The home life in my father's house was very plain and simple in the extreme. I had one brother, older than myself, and one sister, younger than myself; consequently there were five in our family.

"Our food consisted chiefly of Indian pudding and baked potatoes. Those luxuries loom high on the horizon of time, and the sweetness of their joys are engraved in stone upon the hillside of my memory.

"My father always began the day at sunrise, and we worked an hour or two before breakfast. After our simple repast, which was sometimes varied by salt pork and cider-apple sauce, my father always read the Bible and led in the family prayers. He often commented upon the Scriptures when the reading brought out any special lesson for the good of the children. And there—kneeling by the old fireplace—he gave to his children the foundations of morality, industry and religion, which saved them from many a fall in after years and instinctively caused them to avoid bad company.

"My mother was always engaged in some occupation having for its end the payment of the mortgage on the farm. That mortgage was the great affliction of our family; its ghost appeared on every occasion and it was often the topic of my father's prayer. He was a strong believer in the duty of every prayerful Christian to answer his own prayers when he could do so; and he taught his children to believe that it was wrong to ask the Lord to do anything for them which they could do for themselves. To him prayer was work and man's extremity was the Lord's opportunity. He once said that neither God nor man is going to push the team of a man who is lying beside the road smoking. I remember that he told us, when we were shingling the barn, that we should remember, 'If the world sees a man coming very fast, every one will get out of the way for him and will turn in and push as he goes by.'

"My father and mother were both very plain persons brought up in the ranks of the hard-working poor of the New England hills. They had none of the luxuries of life and were very sparsely supplied with the necessities. When I look down upon this

THE BIRTHPLACE OF RUSSELL H. CONWELL

Russell H. Conwell was Born near South Worthington, Massachusetts, February 15, 1843

old home-place now from Eagle's Nest Rock at the top of the mountain, I cannot realize that lawns, fields, gardens and the newly-made lake are in the same locality as that old cottage with its little barn and woodshed and pig-pen. Mark Twain very readily and helpfully said, 'The fault with old men's memories is that they remember so many things that ain't so;' and I do find it a difficult thing to appreciate the extreme poverty in which the farmers lived in New England in the days when I was born.

"The newly-cleared mountain sides, the projecting ledges, the boulders and innumerable small stones which made it almost impossible to plow any field, did somehow return to the cultivators enough to enable them to sustain life. Our little cellar was only twelve feet square and yet, as I recall my childhood dreams, it was a large dark cavern wherein it was dangerous to travel in the dark from the foot of the stairway to the cider barrel or potato bin. The snow drifted so deep in the winter that we sometimes could tunnel under the drifts between the kitchen door and the barn—a distance of about twenty yards.

"In the days of our greatest prosperity we had three cows, a horse and two pigs. My father bought the farm the year he was married, agreeing to pay $1,200 for the three hundred and fifty acres, mostly rocks; and it took him twelve years of hard work, strict economy and privation to pay off the mortgage. My mother used to work late every evening on suspenders or boys' ready-made clothing, when she was not engaged in spinning wool for the old loom in the attic.

"Our cooking was done at a large fireplace and the kettles hung on an iron crane. There comes to me now a strong appetite when I think what sweet odors came from those kettles as mother swung them out

from over the fireplace to test their contents with a long wooden fork.

"My mother made the cloth for our clothes, cut out the garments and sewed them with her own fingers until my sister was old enough to help. I well remember the time my father persuaded mother to take a little money out of the old pewter tea-pot in the spare room and go to the woolen factory in the town of Chester Village and buy enough cloth to make my brother and me each a pair of trousers. That was a proud day for us when we made our appearance in school in all that finery and it awakened as much pain as joy—as much jealousy as love. I remember a pug-nosed girl on the seat in front of me who turned round, curled her lips and stuck out her tongue, thus delivering a volley of shrapnel and gas-laden bombs, which was worse to bear than the shot and shell of Antietam. I saw the grave of her husband in Blandford a short time ago, and by the date on the tombstone I knew that he died one year after their marriage; since which time I have thought that the woes of life are more equally divided than we sometimes think.

"We boys were expected to do the chores at the barn; to bring in the wash water and the drinking water from a distant spring in the pasture; to help cut the wood in the forest; to chop it at the back door; to pile it carefully in the woodshed; and bring in regularly a supply every night for the fire the next morning. We were also expected to perform all kinds of household duties, such as washing the dishes and sometimes cooking the buckwheat cakes for meals; and we became very skilful in taking the vegetables and bread from the fireplace when the baking and boiling were done. We sometimes assisted in rough sewing, and always filled the straw beds in the fall with fresh straw from the fields.

"No intoxicating liquors were allowed in our house except on the doctor's prescription in time of illness; and the evils of intemperance were often called to our attention by the example of some intemperate neighbors. We were taken to church with our parents every Sunday, and were early placed in the little Sunday-school which followed the morning service. My father was sometimes very severe with his boys but altogether indulgent toward my sister. She was an anchor which we kept ever at the windward; and I fear that when we so often divided our little store of candy—or gave her the largest half of an apple—it was done for the very selfish motive of winning her friendship that she might stand between us and our father when punishment was near for having whittled the pew in church or eaten an apple when the congregation was at prayer. She was our House of Refuge when we had been fishing instead of hoeing the corn and, if it had not been for her wholesome fear of her mother, I do not think our father would have ever punished us for anything when our sister was near to take our part. I recall that he often went into the edge of the woods to cut a very supple stick with which to punish me severely for some disobedience; and when his stern face appeared, with stick in hand, I knew there was only one way out of the trouble which was beyond all human language to describe, for he had a strong hand and a determined disposition to make his children do right. But, suddenly, my sister would appear from some corner, when she heard my outcry, and would rush up and catch father's arm. He would look at her an instant, then indignantly throw the stick on the ground, and turn, muttering, to his work.

"The memory of that sister—her love and self-

sacrifice, and the complete control she had of father—is one of the most beautiful things in all of life's memories. Wherever my brother and I went we always corresponded very frequently with our sister and gave her all the details of our various experiences. She always read her letters to father and mother and wrote for them when she was at home. She was an untiring nurse, a thorough school teacher, and patient to an unusual degree. God bless the sisters!

"My brother was a mechanical genius and became a civil engineer after his term of service in the Civil War. He died from consumption contracted while in the service. He was at the time of his death on the staff of General Warren, surveying the Mississippi River for the Government.

"A flock of sheep on the hillside were but so many white spots to me in my boyhood; but that one pet lamb and its tragic death, when we needed something to eat, is a fearful chapter in life's history. That one faithful dog who loved us more because we were poor; that one old cow who warmed places for our bare feet when she arose on a frosty morning; that one old mare who was so wise that she could let down the pasture bars with her teeth; that one squirrel in the old box with slats nailed across the top; that one tame crow and the short-lived woodchuck who made up in a kind of affection, for the kicks of the cow, the horns of the bull and the bite of the blacksnake, are intense facts coming down through life with a gleam of their own.

"So, probably, we boys were better off with one book, with one hard bed in an old attic, with no theater, with no seashore excursions, than if we had been let loose to tear up a great library and throw spitballs at antique paintings. There was one tiger lily which grew out by the old rock in our little vegetable garden

which I have kept alive through years, and over which I now sometimes weep as I think of the generations who have looked carelessly upon it and have wondered why it was allowed to grow in the lawn amid the modern improvements which surround the rebuilt old homestead. I have seen the time since those days, when I spent my last penny for a loaf of bread, and when a hard floor in the city of Boston was the only bed that my wife and I could afford. But that bitter experience has made bread as sweet as cake and shelter a blessing ever since.

"He was divinely wise who said, 'It was well for me that I bore the burden in my youth.' We were kept busy on the farm; in fact, I think the best and greatest university of life is attended by the country boy on the hillside farm far away from the railway station, where he is shut in by the storms of fall and spring and especially imprisoned in the hard, long winter. We had to make our own implements and do everything connected with every trade which touched our lives. We tanned woodchuck skins and prepared the pelts of foxes and muskrats. We stuffed birds, prepared sauces, canned vegetables, dried apples, built sheds and lean-tos, and used the plane and saw to make stanchions for the cattle. We made wagons, sleds, desks, bedsteads, hoes, plows and harness. We manufactured water pipe, locks, kitchen utensils, blank school books, pens, pencils, sugar-buckets, traps and maple sugar.

"We filed saws, hewed lumber, peeled hemlock bark and gathered herbs of all kinds for medicines and antidotes for poison. We cultivated wild roses and hollyhocks. We studied agriculture to send the largest potatoes to the County Fair. We set window glass, made chains for the 'Old Oaken Bucket,' hewed

stone, made plaster, laid walls, made our own envelopes out of wrapping paper, and used the white birch bark for letter writing. We were compelled by necessity to invent some new thing almost every day, to make some new combination; and the practical teacher in that district school spent at least one-half of her time in answering questions from the inquisitive pupils who were ever asking how to do things.

"My father died at the age of sixty and my mother at the age of sixty-three, both of them having been worn out with ceaseless work through so many years of struggle with poverty and care.

"The old farm in the Highlands of Hampshire County, Massachusetts—almost the highest point of land in the state—has been my retreat through these many years when, overworked or in great sorrow, I have desired to escape from the 'madding crowd.' Charles Dickens told me at his home in Gad's Hill, that he was working with the hope of securing enough money before he died to surround his little estate with a high wall like that which Lord Tennyson had put around his garden. Mr. Dickens had become so weary of the adulation and publicity of his position that he wished to shut himself in completely from the world, and allow nothing to come in the gate but the necessities of life and one or two of his most trusted friends.

"Often in my experience, which has been far humbler and far more private than that of Dickens, I have gone back to the old home and found solace, strength and hope returning; and I sallied forth, after a few days, fresh for further effort. The possession through life, of that dear old mountain home, has been one of the gifts of God, immeasurable in its comforting associations and constant in its influence for good, from

the examples of loved ones of childhood who still seem to people it at every twilight hour."

The life of the Conwell family was, therefore, one of hard work, self-denial and poverty. But it was not sordid or unhappy, as is often the case in homes where poverty prevails. Martin and Miranda Conwell did not let themselves become entirely absorbed in the task of making a living. They took a keen and active interest in the affairs of the day, and maintained in the home an atmosphere that lifted it above the deadening routine of constant labor.

Martin Conwell was a tireless reader. The fund of information he thus acquired was always at the service of his neighbors. People came from all parts of the county to consult him, and their inquiries ranged from corn planting and potato raising to the building of houses and the making of roads.

His sympathies were broad and humanitarian. "The only point upon which I ever knew my father and mother to seriously differ," said Doctor Conwell, in speaking of his father, "was about his insistence upon always having an extra plate on the table for anyone who might be going by at mealtime, and who asked for food.

"My mother did not fully approve of this practice, but he steadfastly adhered to it. I remember one man who came rather regularly—a fellow by the name of Patch. He was a seedy-looking individual—no doubt a tramp. The fact that he took advantage of our hospitality made no difference to my father. The man was hungry and that was sufficient. That place at our table was rarely vacant; but even when it was, it was significant and had its influence. It was a silent spokesman for true hospitality."

Martin Conwell showed his love for his fellowmen

in other ways, of graver and more serious import to himself and his family. He was one of those who helped fugitive slaves to escape to Canada and, though he was in danger of imprisonment for the assistance he gave, the personal risk never deterred him. The stand he took in this matter showed his fearlessness in the cause of right, and his determination to side with it regardless of the consequences.

"Many of the early years of my life were overshadowed by the fear of my father's arrest by the United States marshal," Doctor Conwell has said, in telling of those exciting days when the serenity of that little home was disturbed by the sudden appearance of one of these fugitives.

"The anti-slavery movement had reached a state of such excitement in 1845 that many people of New England thought it to be their sacred duty to disobey the Federal law which required the return of an escaping slave to his master in the South. Among all the recollections of childhood there is none so sombre as the memory of those fearful days when mother and us children were in constant fear that father might be taken away to prison.

"During the first ten years of my childhood the little loft over the old woodshed on our farm was very frequently occupied by an escaped slave. Whenever we saw the woodshed locked with a padlock, we knew that a slave was on the inside and that father carried the key. It was not often that we were permitted to see the runaway, as he or she usually arrived at night and was taken away by father during the night. The persistence of those years of gloom have remained with me throughout life; for it was a great and dark secret for the children to keep, and we only mentioned it to each other in very low whispers. But it filled

our dreams at night and spoiled our luncheon at noon in the schoolhouse, and gave us hours of anxious watching for father's return from Springfield.

"The line of the so-called 'Underground Railway,' organized for the assistance of escaping slaves, ran from Virginia through Philadelphia, New York, Springfield (Massachusetts), Bellows Falls and St. Albans (Vermont), and my father had charge of the line between Springfield and Bellows Falls. It was a great sacrifice for him to give the large amount of time and money which he used in helping the colored people to the freedom of Canada, for he never received a dollar or its equivalent in return for his years of labor and expense."

Thus, Martin Conwell set the current of that home life toward large things. His everyday life was an example of resourcefulness and unceasing industry; of interest and participation in affairs outside of his home; of the need and value of reading and studying; of brotherly kindness and fearless courage in espousing any cause which he felt to be right.

Miranda Conwell was as keenly interested as her husband in the affairs of the day. She was as great a reader; also a devoted Bible student and a woman of deep spirituality. Some have described her as a mystic. Doctor Conwell himself says that she was deeply spiritualistic. She it was who read and explained the stories of the Bible, biographies of great men, and letters of travel in the *New York Tribune*. Thus she brought more directly and practically into the lives of her children the atmosphere of earnest thought which she and Martin Conwell gave the home.

Hence the home life, though outwardly poor and circumscribed, was rich and without limitation in the things that really count. Life in this family circle was

in accord with the best forces of living; and so the life of the children was helped to the fullest and truest expression.

"I do not know but that my father and mother in their sacrifices and poverty had a happier life than many wealthy people of today." Doctor Conwell says, "I can recall evenings in my childhood when my father made shingles in the kitchen and my mother sat near him sewing on garments by which she earned a little money; my sister, my brother and myself played about with such crude toys as we could make for ourselves; yet a spirit of cheerfulness and content reigned that is lacking in many a luxuriously furnished home. My parents enjoyed their sacrifices. They were happy in making them. When one does a thing for love, he is always happy."

CHAPTER V

The Friends that Came and Went

Doctor Conwell Gives Personal Recollections of John Brown, Frederick Douglas, William Cullen Bryant and Other Distinguished People Who Influenced Him in His Boyhood.

THE earnest, purposeful life housed in this little unpainted farmhouse on the rocky hillside was a magnet to people of the same mettle. Neighbors who read and thought dropped in, and visitors interested in the affairs of the day came and went. The fireside became a forum for the discussion of the big issues that were forging to the front.

It was a time when great problems were stirring thought, and the tides of feeling were beginning to set strongly in certain directions. With a man who had as strong a personality and was as outspoken in his convictions as Martin Conwell, and with a woman for whom life was largely illumined by a spiritual light, the discussions about the fireside of a winter evening, or on the stoop in the summer, were on a high, thoughtful plane. The questions of the day were probed to find the right and justice in them, as well as to discover their political significance. One of the events that caused widespread discussion was the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act. Of this a New England writer says:

"This law permitted a man to swear before an obscure magistrate in a slave state that another man was his slave; and then required the marshals and commis-

sioners of the United States, without considering whether this *ex-parte* affidavit was true, to arrest the alleged slave and deliver him to the claimant on proof only that the person arrested was the person mentioned in the affidavit, giving the commissioner if he remanded the slave a fee of ten dollars, and if he decided against the claimant a fee of only five dollars—a small bribe, you will say; but this was a day of small things, and the men who framed the law thought the difference worth making. By express provision of the law the testimony of the alleged fugitive could not be admitted. Had any one under such a law sought to take another's horse, the community would have risen in arms against it; but when it was used to deprive a man and his descendants, forever, of freedom the American people as a whole approved.

"There were men who could not submit to such a travesty of law—men in whose hearts and minds the spirit of Anglo-Saxon freedom was too deeply rooted." It was such men who gathered about the fireside of Martin Conwell. One who was frequently there and who voiced his opinion earnestly and without reserve was John Brown.

"My father held, for a time, a kind of partnership with John Brown, whose office was in Springfield, Massachusetts, and who was engaged in the purchase of wool for various factories in this country and in England," says Doctor Conwell, in speaking of this friend of the family. "John Brown often visited our little home and always slept in the northwest bedroom. The door of that bedroom I have retained in its primitive shape through all the changes which have been made on the old estate. His homely advice to us in those days of childhood had a most powerful influence on our future thinking and acting."

The business place which John Brown occupied in Springfield is now torn down and a large hotel stands on the site. It was near the present railway station, but one of the homes in which he lived in Springfield is still standing on Franklin Street. It is a two-and-a-half-story frame building with a piazza across the front.

At the time in which he lived in it, this section was one of the pleasant residential parts of the town, though today it is looked upon as one of the less desirable districts. Evidently, however, the place did not favorably impress Frederick Douglas, who visited there. Writing of it, he says:

"The house is a small wooden building on a back street chiefly occupied by laboring men. Respectable enough, to be sure, but not quite the place, I thought, where one would look for the residence of a flourishing and successful merchant. Plain as was the outside, the inside was plainer. Its furniture would have satisfied a Spartan. It would take longer to tell what was not in this house than what was in it. It is said a house in some measure reflects the character of its occupants. This one certainly did. In it were no disguises, no illusions, no make-believes. Everything implied stern truth, solid principle and rugged economy. He fulfilled St. Paul's idea of the head of the family. His wife believed in him and the children observed him with reverence. Whenever he spoke, his words commanded earnest attention. His arguments, which I ventured at some points to oppose, seemed to convince all. His appeals touched all and his will impressed all. Certainly I never felt myself in the presence of a stronger religious influence than while in that man's house."

Frank Sanborn, one of the best known of Brown's

biographers, says of him: "He sought perfection in all his undertakings." Emerson writes of him: "The saint whose fate yet hangs in suspense but whose martyrdom, if it shall be perfected, will make the gallows glorious like the cross." Thoreau, speaking of his death, says: "He was one who recognized no unjust human laws, but resisted them as he was bid. No man in America has ever stood up so persistently for the dignity of human nature, knowing himself for man and the equal of any and all governments. He could not have been tried by his peers, for his peers did not exist."

John Brown, with his persistence, his rugged ideals of truth and honesty, his deep religious convictions, and who stood so high in the estimation of the best men of his time, came and went in the Conwell home with the freedom of an honored friend. Speaking of the first time he saw him, Doctor Conwell says:

"I often glance back to the Hampshire Highlands of the dear old Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, where my elder brother and myself slept in the attic which had one window in the gable end, composed of four lights, and these very small. I remember that attic distinctly with the ears of corn hung by the husks on the bare rafters; the rats running over the floor and sometimes over the faces of the boys; the patter of the rain upon the roof; the whistle of the wind around that gable end; and the sifting of the snows through the hole in the window over the pillow on our bed. While these things may appear very simple and homely, yet I mention them because in this house I had a glimpse of the first great man I ever saw. That home was far off in the country; far from the railroad; far from the city; yet into that region there came occasionally a man or woman whose name is a household word in the world.

"I remember that in 1852 my father brought home a man who was put for the night into the northwest bedroom. This is the room where those New Englanders always put their friends because, perhaps, pneumonia comes there first—that awful, cold and dismal northwest bedroom. Thinking a favorite uncle had come, I went to the door early in the morning. The door was shut and it was one of those doors which will immediately swing open if you lift the latch. I lifted the latch and prepared to leap in to awaken my uncle and astonish him by my early morning greeting. But when the door swung back I glanced toward the bed. The astonishment chills me at this moment, for in that bed was not my uncle but a giant. His toes stood up at the footboard; his long hair was spread out over the pillow and his long gray whiskers lay on the bed clothes, and, oh, that snore—it sounded like some steam horn!

"That giant figure frightened me and I rushed out into the kitchen and said, 'Mother, who is that strange man in the northwest bedroom?' and she said, 'Why, that is John Brown.' I had never seen John Brown before, although my father had been with him in the wool business in Springfield. I had heard strange things about John Brown, and the huge size of the man made them seem doubly terrible; so I hid beside my mother, where I said I would stay until the man was through his breakfast. But father came out and demanded that the boys should come in, and he set me right under the wing of that awful giant. However, when John Brown saw us coming in so timidly, he turned to us with a smile so benign and beautiful and so greatly in contrast to what we had pictured him, that it was a transition. He became to us boys one of the loveliest men we ever knew. He would

go to the barn with us and milk the cows and pitch the hay from the haymow. He drove the cattle to water for us and told us many a story until the dear, good old man became one of the treasures of our life.

"He endeared himself to us in many ways. One of them was by the infinite patience which he showed in teaching our old horse to go home alone with the wagon after he had taken us to school, and to come again after school was over. Uncle Brown used to walk beside the horse and turn it at the proper places until it knew the way and would start off itself, when given the word, and come and go without ever making a wrong turn.

"I remember Brown with love—deep and sacred—up to this present time. However great an extremist John Brown was, there were many of them in New England. Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown could never agree. John Brown used to criticise Wendell Phillips very severely. He said that Wendell Phillips could not see to read the clearest signs of revolution, and that Phillips reminded him of the husband who bought a gravestone that had been carved for another woman. When the stonecutter said, 'That has the name of another person on it,' the widower replied, 'Oh! that makes no difference; my wife couldn't read.'

"John Brown once said that William Lloyd Garrison was like the woman who never could see a joke. One morning, seated at the breakfast table, her husband cracked a joke but she did not smile. He said, 'Mary, you could not see a joke if it were fired at you from a Dahlgren gun,' whereupon she remarked: 'Now John, you know they do not fire jokes out of a gun.'

"Well do I recall December 9th, of 1859—the day on which John Brown was hanged. Only a few weeks

MIRANDA CONWELL

MOTHER OF RUSSELL H. CONWELL

before he had come to our house and my father had subscribed to the purchase of rifles to aid in the attempt to raise an insurrection among the slaves. The last time I saw John Brown he was in the wagon with my father. Father gave him the reins and came back as though he had forgotten something. John Brown said, 'Boys, stay at home! Stay at home! Now, remember, you may never see me again,' and then in a lower voice, 'And I do not think you will ever see me again.' But remember the advice of your Uncle Brown' (as we called him), 'and stay at home with the old folks, and remember that you will be more blessed here than anywhere else on earth. The happiest place on earth for me is still my old home in Litchfield, Connecticut.'

"The hanging of John Brown, which immediately preceded the opening of the Civil War, aroused the New England people to an indignation which was like the bursting forth of a great conflagration. Our home was doubtless very much like that of thousands of other families in those mountainous states, and it may be that their experience was very much like that in our little home. On the 9th of December, 1859, which was the day set for the execution of John Brown at Winchester, Virginia, my father called his family into the kitchen at eleven o'clock and commanded that all should remain quiet without speaking a word until the clock struck twelve. He took down the old Bible from the mantel and seemed to make an effort to read in the Psalms; but he did not read aloud and his tears must have soon blotted out his view of the words.

"The old bell in the Methodist Church in the village down the valley began to toll and made one stroke with each minute of the sixty in the hour. It was

the longest hour I ever experienced. We sat and looked at the floor, listening to the sobs of my mother, and counted sixty in the interval of each minute. I cannot dissuade myself even in these years of my age from the deep impression that the bell had a divine voice and spake in intelligent language. I have often read in poetry and history of the language of the bells; but never before or since have they ever expressed to my ear and heart such messages of sorrow, such hatred of injustice, such pity for the weak, such appeals to God, and such trumpet calls to duty, as came up the valley from that bell on that solemn day.

"My father had received, only two days before, a letter from John Brown, which he had written in jail and in which he sent his love to the boys, asking them to think of him sometimes in after life as one who had humbly tried to do his duty. That bell emphasized all his goodness of heart and repeated his good deeds of kindness to us as children; and while we felt that he was extreme and somewhat fanatical in his declarations and plans, yet we knew full well that his heart was set on the service of God and his intention was noble and pure.

"I suppose that the bells in all the New England villages tolled at the same time and in the same way. They aroused a patriotic determination to rid the land of what we believed to be a dreadful curse, and the call of those bells furnished a great incentive to the youth of all the East and North, when President Lincoln sent out his call for men to fight for the preservation of the Union. The voice of that church-bell in the ever-increasing width of its sound waves is said by philosophers to be eternal. But equally so is the influence of every good man who surrenders

his life for a cause in which he believes he is serving God, though there may be errors in the form of his service.

"In our home on the day John Brown was hung there was a funeral of the sincerest kind. We children ate but little and our parents did not taste of food. I do not recall ever having heard my father weep aloud at any other time, as he did when the clock struck twelve on that awful day.

"That experience filled us with extreme prejudices against the people of the South and, from that day until the slaves were emancipated by Abraham Lincoln, our souls were filled with bitterness and hatred, which are the usual accompaniments of war. And it has taken more than half a century for all the people on both sides to see how useless and fratricidal, after all, that war was. How much better it would have been to have accepted President Lincoln's recommendation and purchased the slaves of the South at their normal valuation and set them free without revolution and without bloodshed."

John Brown was not the only man of forceful character who came into the life of the Conwell family. Fred Douglas himself visited the home. Doctor Conwell, in describing the first time he saw him, says:

"One night my father drove up in the dark, and my elder brother and I looked out to see who it was he brought home with him. We supposed he had brought a slave whom he was helping to escape. But in the light of the lantern a white man was assisting to unhitch the horses and put them into the barn. In the morning this white man sat at the breakfast table and my father introduced us to him, saying, 'Boys, this is Frederick Douglas, the great colored orator.'

"I looked at him, and said, 'He isn't black, he is white.'

"Mr. Douglas turned to us and said, 'Yes, boys, I am a colored man. My mother was a colored woman and my father a white man. And,' said he, 'I have never seen my father, and I do not know much about my mother. I remember her once when she interfered between me and the overseer who was whipping me, and she received the lash upon her cheek and shoulder, and her blood ran across my face and clothes.'

"That story made a deep impression on us. It was stamped indelibly on our memories. Frederick Douglas frequently came to our house after that and my mother often said to him, 'Mr. Douglas, you will work yourself to death.' But he replied that until the slaves were free—and that would be very soon—he must devote his life to them."

William Cullen Bryant lived but a short distance from Martin Conwell. Like Martin Conwell, Bryant was deeply interested in the escape of runaway slaves and this sympathy in a common cause often brought them together, probably more vitally than if there had been no such bond.

Doctor Conwell had a vivid remembrance of Bryant's influence upon his early life. "I have never forgotten the advice he gave me one day," Doctor Conwell said, in speaking of him, "for when I told him that I was not able to earn sufficient money to go away to school, he told me that many of the greatest men in America had not been able to go to school at all, but had learned to study at home, and had used their spare hours with books which they carried about in their pockets. After that, for more than thirty years I carried various books and learned seven different languages, using the hours of travel, or when waiting at stations, in reading and careful study. It always surprises a young

man to find how much he can learn if he used his spare hours with some book which he has conveniently placed in his pocket. By far the greatest part of my useful education was obtained in such circumstances.

"I remember, too, once asking him if he would come down to the stream where he wrote 'Thanatopsis' and recite it for us. The good old neighbor, white-haired and trembling, came down to the banks of that little stream and stood in the shade of the same old maple tree where he had written that beautiful poem, and read from the wonderful creation that made his name famous:

> " 'So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

"We were driving by his place one day when we saw him planting apple trees in July. We knew that apple trees wouldn't grow when planted in July, so my father called to him and said, 'Mr. Bryant, what are you doing there? They won't grow.' Mr. Bryant paused a moment, looked at us, and then said half playfully, 'Conwell, drive on. You have no part nor lot in this matter. I do not expect these trees to grow. I am setting them out because I want to live over again the days when my father used to set out trees. I want to renew the memory.'

"He was wise, for in his works on 'The Transmigration of Races,' he used that experience wonderfully. I recall some of the experiments he made for that work—how he transplanted trees at all seasons and in various locations for the sake of studying the effect

of different exposures and soils. His work was to me a constant source of wonder and speculation."

In discussing the men who greatly influenced his early life, Doctor Conwell spoke warmly of those who, though he did not know them personally, inspired him through reading about their studying at home.

"Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, was one of the inspirations of my younger days," he says. "His example influenced many boys of New England to improve their spare time in the reading of valuable books or studying some language or history or science. The day is not past when in America a young man can secure a very useful and extended education by the use of his evenings at home. Those men have become the deepest thinkers and the most vigorous patriots who have been compelled to secure their instruction under difficulties, and it is a misfortune to be taught too much. It is often a loss to have a teacher too near for consultation, as the mind ought to work out the problems for itself, in order to secure that discipline of mind which is worth more than any aggregation of facts.

"When I began the practice of law in Boston, my home was at Newton Center, Massachusetts, and I made it a practice to go to my law office at five o'clock in the morning to prepare the work for my clerks and arrange the roster for the day's practice. On my way back and forth from my home to the city, I learned to read Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, French and German. The early morning hours and the desire for a change of thought made the study exceedingly fascinating, and each day I looked forward with joy to the hour I would have for the study of a language the next morning on the train. Study was not then a drudgery but a most exhilarating sport. The facts and rules

which I learned in such circumstances have remained firmly with me, while very much of that which I learned in school and college has faded completely from my mind.

"A strong and determined young man or woman can work his way up to the highest intellectual stations and to the noblest achievements of art or science by the exercise of patience, perseverance and care in the use of such text-books as can now be secured at almost any public library. Too much dependence upon school or the assistance of tutors is a bad habit which often destroys one's self-confidence and defeats his best ambitions. I learned enough of the Russian and Chinese languages, by devoting myself assiduously to study while on my journey to those countries, so that I could travel and secure the comforts of life without difficulty, and was soon able to converse sufficiently for ordinary purposes.

"Every-day reading, done carefully enough to be termed 'every-day study,' is an absolute necessity to the achievement of the highest and best of life, no matter how long a man may have attended college or university. Education never ends until the last breath is taken. What a marvelous world this would be to the intelligent mind which had never missed an opportunity to learn something in all its years upon the earth. 'But our lives are filled with blank spaces, where we might have learned something which would have brought us satisfaction of heart, and which would have given us opportunities to do greater deeds for mankind. And it will do everyone good to think what might have been, if those spaces had been properly filled. What a wonderful life that would be, in which there had been no lost moments—no lost thoughts—no lost good deeds.' "

Another man whose coming and going in the Conwell home had a most beneficial effect was Asa Niles. He was a cousin of Martin Conwell's and lived nearby. He had been a Methodist circuit preacher, but his health had broken down and he had been compelled to give up the work. He was a keen student of human nature; a man of wide reading for those days, and a great believer in education. He was highly regarded in the neighborhood and wielded much influence. He dropped into the Conwell home informally; added his views to any discussion that might be going on among neighbors or visitors there, and was listened to with deference and regard. The opinions of such a man influenced every member of the family and he held a place of high esteem in their affections. Because of this, his advice at a critical time had a momentous influence in shaping Russell Conwell's career.

CHAPTER VI

Early Years

Formative Influence of Nature. Traits Developed by the Hard Work of the Farm. The Literature of the Home and Its Influence upon His Life.

IN this atmosphere of hard work, earnest thought and contact with the life of the day, Russell Conwell grew up. So far as the ordinary happenings of his daily life are concerned, they were much the same as those of the average poor farmer's son.

He was a keen-eyed, quick-motioned, active child, full of questions about the things he saw in the world around him. The woods that encircled the farm were filled with animal life, and the streams abounded with fish. The birds, squirrels, woodchuck and deer were a never-ending source of delight to him. He snared the smaller animals for pets and spent long hours fishing for the trout that lay warily in clear pools or glided like shadows along the banks.

Doctor Conwell was once asked if he thought it better for a child to grow up in the country than in the city, and if the natural beauty all about him in his childhood days had any especial effect on him.

"I do not know that it did," he replied thoughtfully. "I do not think a child appreciates such things. Life is so full of interest to the young that, whether he is in the city or the country, there is always something to stimulate his mind and lead him on a tour of investigation. And it is this stimulation of the mind—this finding out things for himself—that is

good for a child. I will say, though, that I believe the outdoor life and the hard work I had to do gave me the physical stamina that enabled me in later years to carry the burdens that life brought."

The childish inquisitiveness of Russell Conwell, the boy, was not confined to the world of nature. His thirst for information of all kinds was so keen that at the age of eight he was continually sending for pamphlets, circulars and newspapers that would satisfy the curiosity aroused by a chance advertisement, or tell him something that he wanted to know. At this early age his mail at the little country post-office was a matter of comment and often jest. He was teased and joked about the mass of matter he received.

As the years came on, work took the place of play. Russell was compelled by his father to labor long days at clearing the hillsides, and hoeing and planting. He had no more liking for this work than have most boys, but by it he acquired qualities as important as was the stimulation of his mind by the world of nature. The real crops which he raised in those stony fields were not potatoes and corn and hay but patience, self-control, the sacrifice of personal desires for the family good, and the overcoming of seemingly insurmountable obstacles by steady, persistent work.

Among the traits of character early developed, perseverance was most noticeable. Many stories that show Russell's unusual persistence are told by neighbors. When about eleven years of age, his capture of an eagle's nest in the top of an old hemlock was the talk of the community. The tree was nearly fifty feet high, had been rent and splintered by lightning, and stood on the top of an outcropping ledge of rock that added to its dizzying height. No one would have thought it possible to secure the nest except by shooting it

down, but Russell determined to have that eagle's nest, and he did not stop until he got it.

He climbed the tree until he came to a broken limb which he could not get by nor break off. He studied a moment and then came down for his jack-knife. He clambered up to the broken limb and chipped away until the limb was severed. Then he went higher. It was a giddy height but he did not waver. About ten feet below the nest was a long, bare space with no knots or limbs to cling to. Again he paused and studied the situation. For a while he seemed baffled. Then down he came, ran to the house, got a piece of clothesline, tied a large stone to the end of the rope and once more went up the tree. The rope and stone much hindered the boy's progress but he kept going, and when he reached the smooth place again he tied himself to the tree. After many attempts to throw the stone and rope over the limb above, on which the nest rested, he succeeded and, by means of this arrangement, scaled the bare stretch of trunk and secured the nest.

At another time Master Russell worked half a day with iron bar and a shovel to dislodge a rock on the mountainside, merely for the joy of its crash down the hill. He finally succeeded and the rock—nine feet high, ten feet in diameter and weighing tons—thundered down the slope for nearly a mile, uprooting trees, dislodging rocks and finally with a crash that shook the earth plunged into the bed of a stream, where it is shown to this day.

Another trait that was early noticeable was a strong sensitiveness to beauty. As a boy of ten, Russell Conwell was often sent by his father to spend the night in the woods watching the maple sugar boiling. He was tall and angular for his age. and his eyes were

the largest part of his thin, rugged face. His clothes were of poor material, crudely cut, and they hung rather shapelessly about his bony figure. Any one who saw this child during the long hours of the night feeding the fire and stirring the maple sugar would scarcely have expected him to welcome the dawn as he did. For, when the east began to faintly flush and the forest to wake with the first twitterings and calls of the birds, so intensely did he feel the beauty of it all that he would step outside the rude log sugar house and pour out his heart in those wonderful lines of Milton's:

> "Hail, holy light! offspring of Heaven first-born!
> Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
> Of God, as with a mantle dist invest
> The rising world of waters, dark and deep."

A trait common to many children—the desire to dramatize in play the life about them—was strong with Russell, even as a small boy. And the things which his mother read aloud to him made an especially vivid appeal to his imagination. Rarely did a day go by—never a week—without Miranda Conwell's reading to her children stories from the Bible and, as the little ones grew older, articles that would interest them from papers and magazines. As she read the Bible stories she made them understandable to childish ears, and the men and women of the Bible became very real to the children gathered about her knee. She read and explained articles from the *New York Tribune*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *National Era*—rather heavy reading for children, perhaps, but not in the way she presented it to them. The letters from foreign correspondents which she read from the *New York Tribune* opened a new world to Russell. He wanted to know all about the places told of, the people who lived there, and how to get there.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," when it came out as a serial, was another of the readings. Coupled as the thought of this story was with the discussions that he heard about the fireside and the talk of John Brown, when the latter visited them, it made a deep impression upon him.

So, also, did the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, which his mother read. She usually followed these readings with a little talk about the man himself—for he was a great figure in those days—of the great and good work he was doing; of the value to the world of a minister's life, and of its untold influence.

Many of the things thus heard, Russell enacted in his play. When but a few years old, he was heard one day loudly addressing some one in the back yard. His mother went to the door and found him mounted upon a large rock delivering to the chickens the sermon she had read to him the night before. She told her husband of this incident and said, "Perhaps some day our boy will be a preacher." It was the earnest desire of both Martin and Miranda Conwell that Russell should become a minister, and they often referred to this occurrence and expressed their desire. Since the effect of thought upon action is beginning to be better understood, the influence upon the boy's mind of this idea in the home life, and its frequent expression, can be fully appreciated.

The part of Eliza fleeing over the ice, as described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was another favorite production of Russell's. Near the house was a mountain stream that came leaping and foaming down through a gorge filled with huge boulders, and high over this gorge was a fallen log. The small boy saw the special fitness of this log for the part he wanted to play. His first attempt to cross it made his mother's heart stand

still and she sternly forbade the feat, but the temptation was too strong. He waited for a favorable chance and again ran to the log. This time she whipped him severely. But at the first opportunity he went back, and he did not give up until he had crossed the log.

The dramatic instinct was strong in Russell for many years and might have led him to try the stage had not an incident of his early youth killed, with the keen shaft of ridicule, his budding talent. Some of the boys and girls of the neighborhood were to give a play, and he had been selected to act the part of a crazy man. One day, while driving to town, Russell decided to practice his part. He had little to say; merely, "Woe, woe, to ye all, ye children of men," but he had to say it with fervor, and results show that he did. He was standing in the wagon at the time, and the horse was trotting. His thunderous "Woe! Woe!" brought the horse to a standstill, but not himself. He continued right over the back of the animal, down over the shafts and into the mud. His face was cut and his clothes were torn. The incident itself might not have quenched his desire for the stage, but whenever he again spoke about the joys and distinctions of the actor's life, the jibing references to this incident soon made the subject painful to discuss.

Another incident concerning two calves of these early days is illuminating as a side-light on the sense of humor which is a marked characteristic of Doctor Conwell, and it also shows the effect which a chance remark frequently makes upon childish imaginations.

The little store which his father had opened in the lean-to often became an unofficial court room for the settlement of neighborhood difficulties. The flour barrel served for the judge's bench; the soap box and milking stool provided accommodations for the law-

yers; and the jury, in the form of various neighbors, stood about amused, speculative, or judicial. In one such proceeding a neighbor had lost a calf—a white-faced calf with a broken horn—and in the barn of a nearby farmer had been seen a white-faced calf with a broken horn. The coincidence was suspicious and the plaintiff declared that it was his calf. The defendant swore that he had never seen the lost heifer, and that the one in his barn he had raised himself. The neighbors volunteered their testimony, for the little store was crowded. One man said that he had seen the defendant driving the white-faced calf up the mountain one night, just after the stolen calf had been missed from the pasture. The defendant denied this. Hot words flew back and forth between judge, lawyers and witnesses, and it began to look as if the man, in whose barn the calf was placidly munching, was guilty.

Just then Russell, who had been quietly enjoying the proceedings from his perch on the counter, jumped down and with a chuckle disappeared through the back door. In a minute he returned and solemnly pushed among the almost fighting disputants a white-faced calf with a broken horn. There was a lull in the storm of angry words. Here was the other lost calf! With a bawl and many gyrations of tail, it occupied the center of the floor. None could dispute the fact that it was the calf in question. The defendant assumed an air of injured innocence and the plaintiff looked crestfallen. The boy explained that he had found the calf among his father's cows, but had enjoyed the heated argument too hugely to produce the animal earlier in the case.

The event caused much amusement among the neighbors and some said that, if they ever were haled to court, they would employ Russell as their lawyer.

The women, when they dropped in to see his mother, called him the little lawyer. Thus a thought was dropped into a lively imagination that no doubt had its influence in after life, producing fruit "after its kind."

All these childish experiences were not without their formative influence. The perseverance which he developed as a boy became one of Doctor Conwell's chief aids in carrying his later work to success. The love of beauty engendered has been of great value in his writings, his lectures and his sermons. His descriptions and nature have made an instant appeal and been one of the sources of his popularity. The desire to act out in play the images that thronged his childish mind enabled him, in later years, to give a dramatic quality to his sermons and lectures that played no inconsiderable part, both in holding the attention of his hearers and in fixing in their memories the point he wished to drive home.

Thus from his work, his play, his reading and the daily incidents of home life, the warp and woof of his character were woven. In the hours free from work he roamed the woods and fields and learned much of value from the world of nature. When life narrowed to hard, unremitting toil, he ungrudgingly gave and so again received. Work brought the discipline that in later years was of the utmost service to him.

Tagore, the Hindu poet, says, "From my wallet, I slowly took out the least little grain of corn and gave to Thee. How great my surprise when at the day's end, I emptied my bag on the floor to find a least little grain of gold among the poor heap. I bitterly wept and wished I had given to Thee my all." By giving largely, Russell Conwell ever received largely.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

From a Daguerreotype

CHAPTER VII

The Runaway

Doctor Conwell Tells of His First Escapade. Running Away a Second Time and Going to Europe.

RUSSELL CONWELL'S busy boyhood had another fruitage. His keen interest in the world about him; his pleasure in the life which it offered; the opening of other worlds by his reading; and the delight he found, even in visualizing their joys by the power of imagination, made him want to see these worlds for himself, and live their actual life. As a result, at the age of thirteen, he ran away from home.

In speaking of this event Doctor Conwell says, "I do not suppose this incident will be of much interest to any person, unless, perhaps, my great-grandchildren. But it illustrates a very important lesson to be learned by both old and young, and it made a deep impression upon my actions in life.

"I had been reading through the long winter evenings a series of biographies of several heroes and a number of exciting volumes on foreign travel, and had examined closely a volume of historic engravings which had been loaned to us by a teacher in the district school. I was about thirteen years of age, and my imagination had been greatly aroused as I dreamed of what there must be in the great world beyond the range of mountains which surrounded my home.

"When I was driving home the cows from pasture in the evening, I would stand on the hilltop and look

at the glowing western sky and wonder how far away it was to China. I even imagined myself to be with some great fleet crossing an immense sea, and in command of one of the men-of-war. I hoped some day to be a Rajah and live in a place decorated with pearls and diamonds. The smallness of our little cottage—compared with the wonderful wealth and luxury of the palaces of Babylon—filled me with discontent, and I chafed at our homely labors and rebelled at the fare found on our table. I felt that there were great worlds for me to conquer, which I could never find in my native hills. I thought how glorious the world must be beyond my vision!

"One day at a neighbor's house I read a story printed in the *New York Ledger*, about a runaway boy who had become a comrade of Captain Kidd and had hidden rich treasures in Florida. The adventures of this boy and the great boxes of gold which he found buried in the sand were a continual harassment to me.

"One night there came to me the thought that I, too, might run away from home and be as great as those men in the story, and all the next day I pondered over it until I finally resolved to venture forth into the great unknown world and see its beauties and seek its fortunes. At daylight the next morning I took a loaf of bread from the kitchen and my winter overcoat. With these I crept out through the attic over the woodshed and slipped down to the ground before anyone else in the house were out of bed. I ran for half a mile, until out of breath going down the valley, and then walked up the distant mountain side.

"As I clambered over a stone wall I glanced back to get a view of my cottage home which I had never had before. Then came the first feeling of homesickness which I ever knew. The awful desire to go back

and the tyrannical determination to go on battled in my soul for a few minutes, until I recklessly turned my back toward the old home and ran down the mountainside and into the forests which covered the valley. I followed the river road down to the railway station—nine miles from home—and there, with a few dollars which I had kept in a box as my own money, I purchased a half-rate ticket to Boston.

"The long journey of a hundred miles was something which has burned itself into my brain. I was going out to see the great world and had launched forth upon the deep. There was something almost intoxicating in the experience, and my hopes and imagination knew no bounds.

"I reached Boston early in the afternoon and walked down its unknown streets, gazing in the windows and feeling quite hungry. A man at a corner grocery store, seeing me awkardly looking about, asked me if I could help him for an hour or two in packing his goods, as his boy had gone away on a vacation. I gladly accepted his invitation and worked hard, and he paid me thirty cents. I did not tell him that I was hungry; but as soon as my task was over I started out and walked the streets for an hour and found a bakery. There I bought a roll of hot bread and, while eating it, walked the streets and gazed at the buildings, which seemed like enormous palaces to me.

"I felt that I must find work very soon, and I tried to go back to the grocery man. But I could not find the street and had not seen the name of it, consequently I could not ask intelligently of any person where it was. I then entered several cheap-appearing stores and told the proprietors that I was a farmer's boy; that my father had kept a little grocery store for a while; and that I would be glad to work for my

board. I now suppose that the offer to work so cheap destroyed my chances for employment, as my services were not accepted. Then I went from shop to shop and from restaurant to restaurant to ask for something to do. But everybody seemed too busy to talk to me, and when the sun was setting I stood on the corner of some street and began to cry.

"A gentleman came along in a hurry but stopped to ask me if I had been hurt. I told him that I was hungry and he gave me some money which, with the little I had left, enabled me to buy a bowl of oysters. How good those oysters tasted—fresh from the sea—can never be described!

"After the meal I walked down to the Long Wharf, which was near the oyster saloon, and at the end of the wharf I noticed a hogshead which had been used for packing crockery. It was half-filled with straw, the head was out, and it lay on its side. As I passed that barrel I decided that I would return to it if I were reduced to the necessity of finding a sleeping place outside of some house.

"I wandered on until darkness came, but kept my landmarks in mind, especially the Long Wharf. In the evening I heard some singing at a mission in the north end of Boston and stood by the door and listened until I became homesick. I felt that I was alone in the world—absolutely deserted; that my father would never receive me back; and that I should die of starvation where no person in all the crowd would care. I went back and found the old barrel and crawled into it. I found the straw to be very soft and warm, although the atmosphere from the sea was quite chilly that evening.

"I had been sitting inside the cask but a few moments trying to make myself comfortable, when a

large policeman came along and looked into the cask and said, 'Sonny! What are you doing here?' I had been told that policemen arrested people and so I thought of the many stories of prisons, jails, and hangings that I had heard. And I shivered till my teeth chattered when I tried to say that I was alone and did not mean to do any harm by going in there and sitting down awhile.

"The policeman questioned me very closely, at the same time with an unexpected kindness, and sometimes with smiles, so that I freely told him my whole story and why I was there. He then told me that I would find it very cold sleeping there, but that I might remain all night. He also said that he was 'on the beat' and would see that no harm came to me. He soon brought me a great overcoat and crept into the cask part way and tucked me in as tenderly as my mother used to do in my attic chamber bed.

"I slept soundly that night and was awakened by the glorious chimes of bells from all parts of the city, for it was Sunday morning. I did not before appreciate that there could be so many bells in all the world. When I came out of the cask the policeman of the night before had gone away, but had left word with his successor to take care of the overcoat. The policeman who had relieved my good friend was not at all communicative and seemed to have no care whatever concerning me. He just rolled up the overcoat and silently marched away.

"I then walked up the street wondering what to do for breakfast, as I felt very hungry again, had but six cents left, and saw nothing at that price in any window. Again the church bells chimed and their tones reminded me of the dear old Methodist bell at home. I wondered what my family were doing;

whether they were frightened about me, and whether father would march straight to church and say nothing about my absence.

"Then the thought came that I might not be missed at home as much as I had supposed, and that possibly they could get along very well without me. That was the thought that broke my heart. I put my head against the corner of a building and began to cry aloud. A hand was gently placed upon my shoulder and a very kind voice said to me, 'My boy! Are you in trouble?' I turned, and the strong and vigorous man who looked so benignly upon me had in his arm a Bible and several other books. I afterwards learned that he was Deacon George W. Chipman, Superintendent of the Merrimac Street Mission. He insisted on taking me to a restaurant nearby, and ordering a breakfast beyond all possibility even of my unmeasured appetite—and he made me promise that I would come around the next corner to the mission as soon as I had finished my breakfast. I went immediately to the mission and he met me at the door with a smile, called me by name again and introduced me to a larger boy who took me to a class. But I was too terrified and sorrowful to think much of what was taught me.

"After the lessons were over, Deacon Chipman came to me and said, 'If you will go with me, I will find you a place to sleep tonight and will get you a railroad ticket so that you can go home tomorrow.' He said that I had been a very wicked boy to run away from a good home and from good Christian parents. He also said that I would be very sorry if I did not return to them and tell them that I had repented and would do better in the future. It was a poor lodging-house where I spent the night; but he had given me money

enough for a good breakfast, and I held my ticket carefully and reached the Boston and Albany railroad station an hour before the train started. It was a very long wait and the train went very slowly and seemed to stop at every second house along the way. But when I reached the station nearest to my home, I alighted with a leap and started almost on a run up the road which led towards the house. I was exhausted and delighted and weeping when I crept up to the cottage.

"My father was out at the barn and I found mother in the kitchen crying because of her lost son. My sister soon came into the room and gave me a piece of her mind, and went off saying that she did not want to speak again to any such ungrateful boy. But my father—true to his calm characteristics—never mentioned at any time in our after life, the fact that I had been away. He went about his work and sent me about my errands just the same as though I had been present all the time, and never showed by look or gesture that he was dissatisfied or disturbed. I wished very much to have him speak to me about my running away, as I wanted to set myself right with a full confession and a request for his forgiveness, but he gave me no opportunity. Still he must have seen by my manner how repentant I was, and by my willingness to do any kind of task with that clear determination to do it well, which followed through the months and probably through the years."

This was not the only time when Russell ran away. Two years later he again left the home nest and his wanderings this time took him much farther afield. No friendly Deacon Chipman interfered, nor is it likely that Russell would easily have been turned from the project, for he had planned to go to Europe. He

went to Chicopee, to an uncle's, whom he frankly told of his intended trip. The uncle kept him for a day or two by various expedients while he wrote to his father telling him the boy was there and what he intended to do.

The father wrote back saying to give him what money he needed and let him go.

The young adventurer crossed the Atlantic Ocean by working his way on a cattle steamer from New York to Liverpool, but it was a homesick boy that roamed about in foreign lands. He has said most feelingly since, "I felt that if I could only get back home I would never leave it again." He did not stay abroad long and when he returned, his father again greeted him as if he had been absent only a few hours, and never by word or action referred to the subject. In fact, so far as Martin Conwell appeared, Russell might have been no farther than the next village.

CHAPTER VIII

School Days

Doctor Conwell Describes His Early School Days. He Shows How One Can Get a Practical and Useful Education Right at Home.

MARTIN and Miranda Conwell knew full well the value of an education and the children were early sent to the district school. One of the teachers under whom Russell studied—a Miss Salina Cole—was of great help to him. She had mastered the art of visual memory and taught her pupils to make on the mind a photographic impression of the page, so that it could be recalled in its entirety, even to the details of punctuation. This manner of study immediately appealed to Russell. It was something to "see if he could do." It was also more interesting than the usual schoolroom methods then in use, and he quickly determined to master the process. He would concentrate his mind intently upon the page before him and then, when he felt that he had fixed it in memory, he would close his eyes and repeat it word for word, including the punctuation marks.

With the other pupils, Salina Cole was not so successful; but with Russell Conwell the results were remarkable. It was a faculty of the utmost value to him in after years. Often, when in military camp and far from books, he could recall page after page of his law works and study them during the long days of garrison duty as easily as though the printed book were

in his hand. It was in this way that he learned two books of Milton's "Paradise Lost;" and so firmly were they fixed in the boyish memory that, all through his later life, Doctor Conwell could repeat them without a break.

Of these early school days, Doctor Conwell says: "I began my educational career when I was three years old and walked a mile with my older brother to the schoolhouse set on the rocks on one side of a rough highway between the hamlet of South Worthington, where my father lived, and the large hamlet of Ringville, two miles north. The schoolhouse was built halfway between two villages in order to be impartial in the distribution of the educational privileges of the town; and that fact resulted in keeping away from school a large number of the pupils who could not walk so far in the rain or in the deep snow. I do not remember learning the alphabet and, so far as I can recollect, the first measure of education worth while which I received was in learning to repeat from the platform of the schoolhouse, 'Mary had a Little Lamb.'

"The New England district school in 1845 was a motley gathering of all ages and grades, and the teachers were required to pass an examination in reading and writing. Those teachers were a strange conglomeration of Latin, Greek, mathematics, ancient history, spelling and whipping. Since these memories are returning to me, I am thinking again of Mark Twain's remark, 'that the trouble with an old man's memories is that he remembers so many things that ain't so,' but I can assert without reservation that, in the two years of that winter school, I was whipped eight times in one day, and usually for laughing at something which the teacher did not think funny.

"What strange changes enter into life when you

stop to think that a misplaced ribbon in the dress of a teacher will fill the whole schoolhouse with smiles which are not reawakened in old age by vaudeville, circuses, moving pictures, or the greatest comedy! I have paid five dollars for tickets to recall a good, old-fashioned laugh and then had to trust to my own imagination after I had left the hall in order to secure any return on my money. It is also curious to contemplate that the children who have the least are usually the happiest, provided they have the bare necessities of life. All luxury seems to be a curse to childhood.

"I recall a contest the boys and girls of our neighborhood had as to which one could correctly tell how high the spire of the Methodist church was without measuring it. The contest was to begin at the stroke of the bell and end within a certain time. I remember very well the interest and excitement, and how the man who always rang the bell on Sundays climbed up in the belfry and, looking down upon the eager faces below, gave the stroke. My cousin won. He figured it out by the use of two shingles and later became a professor in the school of technology at Boston. We boys at home used to solve all sorts of mathematical problems drawn from the everyday work and implements about us. I remember working out the weight of our grindstone by its circumference and momentum. Such methods were a practical and interesting way of learning arithmetic and caused mathematics to appeal to me like a puzzle. However, boys do not go to schools of this sort nowadays.

"Education was in the air of New England fifty years ago. A half uncle of mine could speak and write seven languages; and yet never in his life was he in a city of more than five thousand people. He would take a book with him to the fields and talk Latin with

the man who was working with him. Latin was spoken in many of the back districts of New England in my early days, and the desire for knowledge was almost a passion with the people about me when I was young.

"One of the things which I remember most vividly in my school days is hearing a recitation by a large boy who told the story of Prometheus who had brought down fire from heaven for the benefit of mankind and, for doing so, according to Greek mythology, was sentenced to be perpetually eaten by vultures as he lay chained to a rock. He must always suffer and never die! That picture of everlasting suffering, where the attempt was to do mankind good, has thrown a dark shadow across my life; but opposite to it has been placed a figure on a cross upon a hill, and the suffering which was only for this life, and which brought to the sufferer a far greater glory. What a hard and awful religion the Greek heathen did have, who thought that this life was all! And how strangely comforting is the story of the Christ, who teaches that suffering in this life is only a preparation for the higher place in the world to come.

"I cannot carry my mind back to the time when I was not led to study, more or less, during the long evenings, as my father and mother were determined that their two sons and daughter should have a better education than was theirs. When old John Brown of Harper's Ferry used to visit our little cottage, on his journeys to help runaway slaves from the South to the Canadian Line, he used to bring us papers and books which were within the appreciation of childhood, and which were very practical and helpful editions concerning science, history and everyday philosophy. Those books made our evenings much shorter and sent us to school to the very best university that was ever established.

"Our modern over-emphasis of the advantage of schools, colleges and universities has gone to such an extreme now that it works a great amount of harm in leading the common people to think that all knowledge worth having is to be secured only in some highly-endowed university. The Abraham Lincolns, the Elihu Burritts and the Edisons who have made the greatest events in the history of mankind succeeded without a university training. Valuable as higher education and culture are to any person, yet it is a great mistake for a young man or woman to think that school instruction is all that is necessary to make a person of refinement, culture and learning. Experience is still the very best teacher and always will be; those schools are ever the best that use the everyday experience; and they are the wisest men who get the most out of the everyday events of life and who see the most value and beauty in those things which are before them daily. Schools should help experience to give expression towards deeper and closer research, but, after all, the real education of life necessary to the achievement of the grand things consists in the proper use of everyday observation and experience.

"My reading matter was the *New York Tribune* and the Bible. I place them in the correct order, wishing to be truthful, but my father and mother reversed them. There was an old book of poems—an excellent collection—which we were allowed to read any day but Sunday, provided we were waiting for dinner or it was not bedtime. But the Bible was a well-known book. It entered into our conversation and its phraseology was the common phraseology of the cornfield. The spelling book had some interesting reading at the bottom of each page, although my father did not approve

of the fables from Greek mythology, and the one little fairy story that we hesitated to read because father disapproved of it. Stolen fruit is sweetest and so-called poisons are sometimes nutritious.

"My companions consisted of the farmer boys and girls of that sparsely-settled district. Our social life comprised a few evenings in the winter, when a dozen or more persons would gather in some farmer's kitchen to pop corn, make maple sugar, play hide and seek, or husk corn, and sometimes—when the old folks were accidentally called away by a prearranged plan—the young people would get out a violin or mouth-organ and dancing of a most hilarious kind ensued. It was downright healthy sport. Why has the devil been allowed to put his alluring attributes around the healthiest and best expression of childhood's life? We were all clumsy clowns with big feet, freckled faces and calloused hands, but very clever withal, and expressed our pleasures with a holy freedom that characterized the innocent childhood of that New England country life.

"Our own home entertainments were occasional gatherings of the neighboring young people, whom my mother and father were always delighted to see; and whenever my brother or myself had the courage to go home with one of the girls, my mother always set the candle in the window to guide us home along the mountain roads. That 'Light in the Window' has been my permanent moral beacon, and it gleams with increasing brightness as the pathway of life turns over the 'Great Divide.'"

These friendly gatherings of which Doctor Conwell spoke were the usual social affairs of country life then—spelling bees, little parties, honey eats and church socials. Meetings at various homes to sing

was an important part of the social life of this little country community. "I went down to Knightville to sing," wrote his sister Harriet to a friend. And a "sing" at some one's house or the church was a frequent event in the neighborhood.

Russell took an active part in all the school and church entertainments, and his talent for organizing and managing showed itself early. Many were the entertainments he planned and carried through. Recitations, dialogues, little plays—all were presented under his management to the people of South Worthington. In one of these plays he made some additions of his own. He interpolated a little dialogue in which one of the characters is asked why he wants to go to heaven, and promptly replies, "Because I am afraid to go to hell."

This, Doctor Conwell says, graphically expressed his ideas of theology at that period of his life. It was not so much the desire to do right, as the fear of punishment, that was the motive of conduct in regard to the hereafter.

He attended a Fourth of July parade in Springfield and was so impressed with the marching and maneuvers of the troops that he returned home, formed a company of his schoolmates, drilled and marched them as if they were already an important part of the G. A. R. He secured a book on tactics and studied it with his usual thoroughness and perseverance. He presented his company with badges; and one of the relics of these childhood days is a wooden sword which he made out of a piece of board.

There was, of course, but little money in the home, and the parents could not give the children pennies in the lavish fashion of the parents of today. But they did give each child a hen, and he could have for

his own use the pennies received from the sale of the eggs of his own particular fowl.

"How dear to our ears was the cackle of our hen," Doctor Conwell has often said. "It meant a stick of candy at the store, a top, or some other longed-for possession."

Thus boyhood days passed with their measure of work and play. Money was scarce and opportunity limited, but Russell did not let these facts narrow life for him. He took from the life about him whatever of value it had to give and, in the crucible of the years, it was transmuted into material for life's needs.

CHAPTER IX

The Place of Music in Education

Doctor Conwell Tells the Value of Music in a Child's Education and How He was Able to Secure It. The Benefit it Became to His Life. He Makes Some Suggestions for Musical Programs.

INTO the work and play of these boyhood days came another interest. Music laid its spell upon him, and its influence became felt all through Doctor Conwell's life. It was both a source of pleasure to him and one of the most efficient allies to his work. Speaking of the value of music to life and the place it should have in a child's education, Doctor Conwell says:

"My musical education was a limited one; but it has given to me many blessings, materially increased my income in circumstances of need and greatly enlarged the enjoyment of life. It seems almost impossible that any person should now care what I did or what I learned. I fear that it is spending time and talent uselessly to put in a book such matters connected with a life as private as mine. If, however, I could reach the attention of many parents and persuade them to give their children a musical education, I would feel that it was my clear duty to urge upon them the usefulness of such instruction."

In Russell's childhood days there was, of course, comparatively little music in the New England homes. The player-piano and the Victrola were, as yet, unknown. The opportunity to obtain even the rudi-

ments of a musical education seemed remote, but occasionally music came into his life. In the social affairs of friends there was singing, and music was sometimes a part of the few entertainments which he attended. And once in a while there was a parade at South Worthington, when there would be a band, which expressed music to childish ears in a truly wonderful fashion.

These experiences fed the love of music within him, and he was always one of the singers whenever singing was on the program of any entertainment in which he took part. But singing was not enough—he wanted to learn to play. Fortunately the opportunity to do so was provided him. Relating how this occurred and what an event it was in his life, Doctor Conwell says:

"Of course, our life in the mountains did not give us much of an opportunity to hear fine music; and in my childhood it was a very rare thing for a boy or girl to possess a musical instrument—even a mouth-organ or a cornstalk fiddle. But, one day, a skilful salesman for the Estey Organ Company, of Brattleboro, Vermont, came to visit relatives who lived in the valley below our farm, and he tried to sell melodeons to some of the mountaineers. I could sing some of the old Methodist hymns, but had no hope of a musical education until, one day, I heard the agent talking with my father about the purchase of an Estey melodeon. He offered to give my father a year's time in which to pay for it and take pay in vegetables delivered at the railway station.

"When I overheard my father mention my name in connection with the organ, I became greatly excited and held a long consultation with mother as to what it all meant. She made me promise that, if they pur-

chased an organ, I would devote myself carefully to the study of music and learn to sing 'two or three of the church anthems' which she liked to hear so much at the services. Father finally offered the agent a sum within ten dollars of the price which the agent asked for the instrument. There they stuck for several days and my nights were nearly sleepless.

"At last my mother called the agent to her, when my father was watering the cattle, and told him that she would pay the balance herself, if he would not tell father that she had promised to do so. She had three dollars in the old pewter teapot and, when I saw her give him the money, it was too much for my emotions and I went out back of the woodshed and had a good cry of joy. I never kept a secret in my life which was so painful to hold as the one connected with that organ transaction. But I am sure that my father never knew why the agent so suddenly came down in his price and made the bargain with such surprising cheerfulness.

"That organ was a whole school of music to me. A primer in musical education and several hymn books completed my instruction books. But I must have annoyed the family greatly by my continual attempts to work out something worth while from that strange combination of musical instrumentalities. One of the keys of the organ stuck close in its place and would not respond to my touch. This led me to make a personal investigation of the inner construction of the instrument which was an education in musical mechanics worth more than I can now estimate.

"When my mother found the organ lying around on the floor in small pieces, she was filled with dismay and said the things which the best of mothers will sometimes say in times of great loss and disappoint-

ment. But, when I had succeeded in getting it together again in perfect order, she threw her arms around me and carried me out to the barn when she went to feed the horse—something she had never before done since I was old enough to remember. As soon as I began to understand the primary science of music, I made a flute for myself out of an old reed, and then worked two days peeling bark to purchase a second-hand cornet. And finally, as a culmination of my musical outfit, an old uncle gave me a very fine old violin which he had laid aside years before.

"The only neighbor who was near enough to be disturbed by my various noises was a pious old widow who came to our cottage one day and called my father and mother into the sitting room and told them solemnly that she thought they were allowing their boy to go too far 'in worldly amusements.' I became somewhat confused as to whether her purpose was a really religious one, or whether it was very largely a selfish one, when she very plainly and sharply stated that she did not like the sound of that cornet, as it seemed to her to be so like 'the call of a sick calf.' So, for a while after that, out of regard to my old neighbor's scruples, I was obliged to take the cornet into the woods when I practiced for the coming orchestra.

"In a few months time I was able to play as many country boys usually do—roughly, somewhat out of tune, and more out of time. But the girls in our neighborhood could dance at any noise; and it seemed to them that the music was very fine when several of us organized an orchestra for evening parties. I became leader of the band, learned to call the cotillions and prompt the country dancers, and suddenly found myself famous as a director of balls and evening parties.

I rejoice now that I was not able to play with any greater degree of skill than I did, as the fascination of the music and the flattery could easily have led me away entirely from the profession which I afterwards chose. But the ability to play various instruments well enough for my personal enjoyment, and the increased appreciation which it gave me for the great musical compositions to which I listen now with such pleasure, made that Estey organ a continual stream of delight throughout my subsequent years." Thus it will be seen that the purchase of an organ was a wise investment on the part of Russell's father and mother.

In all of Doctor Conwell's church work, music ever performed an important and useful part. When he first came to the church in Philadelphia—and for many years afterward—he played the organ at the prayer-meetings and led the singing with an earnestness and expressiveness that attracted many to the meetings solely for the enjoyment which they found in that part of the service. But to those who came at first only for the music, the spiritual truths voiced, eventually made their appeal and fruited in beautiful and useful lives. Incidentally, his love for music led to many episodes, both amusing and unusual, as the following will serve to illustrate:

In Doctor Conwell's early Philadelphia pastorate, while on a Sunday-school excursion to the seashore, he saw a cornet lying on a bench on the pier. Seized with a longing to play again this instrument of his boyhood, he picked it up and began softly a familiar air. Soon lost to his surroundings, he played on and on. At last, remembering where he was, he laid down the instrument and walked away. The owner, who had returned, followed him and offered him, first, five dollars, and then ten, to play that night for a dance.

The man would take no refusal, and later in the day hunted him up again, and did his utmost to persuade Doctor Conwell—not knowing who he was—to play that evening, pointing out to him what such an opportunity might mean in getting a future musical engagement.

At another time, when crossing the Atlantic, the ship encountered a violent storm and was so dismantled as to be helpless. The fires of the engines were out and the boat for twenty-six days drifted at the mercy of the waves. No one—not even the captain—thought they could escape destruction. During this time, when fear and despair ruled, Russell Conwell's knowledge of music was used to a good purpose. He found that he could cheer the passengers by singing and playing and, during those long anxious days, he played the old-time tunes and sang familiar hymns. One of the hymns was:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home today
Than e'er I've been before."

Many years afterwards, at a religious meeting in New Hampshire, a woman told how in this wreck at sea she had been comforted and inspired with fresh hope by the singing of this hymn. Doctor Conwell was present, and the woman's remark reminded him of how varied had been the services which a knowledge of music had enabled him to render.

Doctor Conwell has some ideas of his own upon the subject of musical programs. In speaking about the matter, he once said: "I would like to see programs, or even parts of programs, for musical entertainments planned with some one thought in mind—music that inspired, for instance. Under this head

could come music that has to do with home life, perhaps; or music that expresses patriotism. There are many classes into which music can be divided. And it seems to me that, if a concert occasionally were planned to bring out some one thought that is close to the heart of humanity, such a program would be interesting, enjoyable and inspiring."

His mother's sympathy with his love for music, and her self-sacrificing efforts to develop it, thus brought to Russell Conwell a source of usefulness and pleasure almost incalculable in their results. In regard to the importance of the study of music when young, a man known internationally in the world of music, says:

"The way to love music and to increase its production, is to know it when you are young—young individually and young as a nation. It is much more difficult to prepare people to enjoy music after they are grown up and their minds have become crowded with the various interests of life. The American nation should not let its youth slip by without filling the souls of the children with music.

"As yet, the young people here do not have their minds directed definitely enough in musical channels. I do not see groups of children standing about a piano in the twilight and singing to a mother's accompaniment. I do not see the boys of the neighborhood forming a small orchestra and playing really fine music, as they do in France and Germany. Music is something more than mere entertainment. It is a serious and permanent joy in life. It keeps the emotions stirred and the imagination young."

This course had been adopted to some extent in the Berkshire district of New England, and the value of it—in at least one man's life—is proved by Doctor Conwell's career.

CHAPTER X

School Days at Wilbraham

Earning the Money to Go. Working His Way Through. His Studies. Doctor Conwell Describes His First Public Debate There, Its Ignominious Failure and the Value of Debating Societies. His Work as a Book Canvasser.

ONE spring evening, in 1857, a debate took place in the district schoolhouse which had an important bearing upon Russell Conwell's life. All the neighborhood was there—both young and old—as entertainments were not very numerous in those days and everybody went to the few that were offered.

Although only fourteen years old, Russell was one of the debaters. He was tall for his age; spoke with ease; had taken part in many of the neighborhood entertainments; and so did not seem so young as he really was, nor out of place in debating with those older than himself.

Among the audience was Asa Niles, an ex-preacher, cousin of Martin Conwell, and friend of the family. He listened thoughtfully to Russell's argument; to his quickness in answering his opponents; to his clever thrusts and his ready replies. He observed, with experienced eyes, the boy's ease on the platform—his natural, forceful gestures; and the attention and interest of the audience.

The next morning Niles went over to the Conwell home. At the house, Miranda Conwell told him that

both her husband and Russell were out in the field planting potatoes. He chatted with her a few minutes about the entertainment of the evening before and commented on Russell's part in it. When he reached the field he paused for a few moments to speak to the boy; then he went on to where the father was working.

Doctor Conwell says that he can remember now the scene—his father leaning upon his hoe and Mr. Niles earnestly talking to him. The boy did not know what the conversation was about; but he was impressed with the earnestness of Mr. Niles and the attention with which his father listened.

Mr. Niles was telling Martin Conwell that his son had talents which it was a duty to develop; that, with education and training, he would undoubtedly make a speaker—perhaps a preacher—the ambition dear to Martin Conwell's heart. Niles rehearsed the points he had noticed in the debate of the evening before that would confirm this conclusion, and he drew upon his own experience to prove to the father the truth of what he was saying.

Martin Conwell promised to talk the matter over with his wife, which he did. They both knew the value of an education and wanted to give their son every help possible toward a useful life. They were desirous that he should be a preacher, but the outlook appeared to be hopeless. They felt it would be partiality to give one child more than another and, if Russell went away to school, Charles ought to go also; but they could see no way to send either. The money for board, tuition and clothes seemed utterly beyond hope of acquiring. However, they were a family strongly knit together in all their interests and, before deciding against the project, they took the boys into their confidence.

To Russell—stirred by his reading and his runaway experiences to a consuming hunger for more knowledge—the fact that his parents were considering the matter of his going away to school brought such joy and determination to achieve it that he said at once he would in some way earn the money. Charles heartily agreed. The parents were willing for them to make the effort and agreed that they could go if they had the money by fall.

Then began in that little home work such as it had not yet seen. The father toiled earlier and later that the boys might earn money by helping the nearby farmers. The mother took in more sewing, stitched farther into the night, and rose earlier in the morning that the day might be longer. Hattie relieved her mother of the housework as much as possible and even helped with such sewing as childish fingers could perform, that more money might be earned. Thus the whole family pulled together that the opportunity to know more of life might be given to the boys.

"It was an earnest time," says Doctor Conwell, speaking of these days. "I thought continually of what it would mean to go away to school. After my runaway trip to Europe I had determined to get an education, for I saw what it meant to life, but I had not seen the way to do it. Now the way was opening and I was sure I would be able to make the money; yet at times the thought, that perhaps I couldn't, would come over me and overwhelm me with darkness and despair.

"Charles Sumner often passed our house. I had read and heard much about him and, as I watched his carriage roll slowly along the road, I would think how I would like to do the sort of work he was doing in the world. A great longing would seize me to do

something worth while with my life, and then I would go to work more determined than ever to earn what was needed."

Of course, such a spirit brought victory. By fall the necessary money was acquired and the two boys entered Wilbraham Academy, which was situated about forty miles from their home.

Wilbraham Academy was at that time the most popular educational institution in that section of the East. It was, in fact, the only college preparatory school in New England belonging to the Methodist denomination and, of course, was a great favorite with those of that religious persuasion. It was, according to its charter, "established for the purpose of promoting religion and morality and the education of youth," and stood high in the regard of the people of New England. Its students came not only from Massachusetts but from adjoining states.

A life very different from any he had ever known now opened for young Conwell. He was one of several hundred students that thronged the streets of Wilbraham, overflowed the boarding houses, and filled the classrooms. To be thrown into this eager, throbbing young life as part of it—and to find a place in it—caused the young student to experience a host of new sensations. He had to stand alone among strangers and prove himself. The situation brought new adjustments and an awakening in many ways.

Russell Conwell, the student, is described by his classmates as a tall, lanky, rather awkward youth, but always good-natured and laughing. Speaking of this period of his life, Doctor Conwell himself says: "I was very bashful and so poorly dressed that I kept in the background as much as possible."

He rented a meagerly furnished room in the home

of Henry Brewer, and in it he and his brother slept and cooked their meals. A number of the students boarded in the same house. Russell was regarded as the life of the place because he played jokes; had jokes played upon him; organized "Sings" and generally kept things stirring. He was also a favorite outside the boarding house. The boys of the school formed a company for the study of army drills and maneuvers and elected him as drillmaster. He made a careful study of the Manual of Arms of the United States Army and thoroughly taught and drilled the command of students under him.

Russell's personality made him very popular among his fellow students and he was warmly welcomed when he could find time to mingle with them, but he did not have many opportunities for social affairs. Although he had earned enough to enter the academy at Wilbraham, he had to work hard while there, in order to continue his studies. He gathered nuts, dug potatoes, cut and shocked corn for the nearby farmers, and was always on the alert for any "job" that would bring him a few dollars. There were days when he did not have a nickel and, at one time, he and his brother lived for weeks on cornmeal mush.

Though Russell was good-natured and well-liked by his fellow students, there was a grim side to his life at Wilbraham. The constant endeavor to make ends meet; the lack of nourishing, palatable food for a growing, hard-working boy; the pressure to master his lessons in the time left from work; the home-made, shabby clothes in contrast to the well-dressed appearance of many of his classmates—all of these things made a somber, reverse side of the picture. But despite these handicaps he made an excellent impression, not only among his classmates but in the classroom.

The studies of that period were the common English branches, for which the tuition charge was four dollars and a half a month; and mental and moral science, rhetoric, mathematics, philosophy, botany, astronomy and geology, for each of which an extra charge of seventy-five cents a month was made. Bookkeeping, which was one dollar a month; ancient and modern languages, which were a dollar and a half each a month; and lectures at one dollar a month, were also part of the curriculum. This method of payment is somewhat different from that in vogue today, but there was a flexibility about it that made it adjustable to a student's needs.

The text-books of those old days, too, are interesting and include Andrew and Stoddard's Latin grammar, Robinson's algebra, Greenleaf's arithmetic, Goodrich's history, Cutter's physiology, Caldwell's elocution, Jamieson's rhetoric, Upham's mental philosophy, and Wayland's moral science and political economy.

The buildings of the Wilbraham Academy were of brick, ivy-mantled and, at the time young Conwell attended, consisted of the Old Academy, Fisk Hall and Binney Hall. They stood back from the street on rising ground that swept on in gradual slopes to distant hills. Beautiful trees surrounded the buildings and crowned the slopes; and the effect of this great stretch of lawn with its trees and simple, dignified buildings and its background of wooded hills was very impressive and restful. Young Conwell often paced these wooded slopes for hours when studying his lessons. More attractive to him than classrooms or campus, however, was the library. In speaking of these early school days, Doctor Conwell says:

"The library was a most fascinating place. I had never seen so many books before in all my life. It

was such a feast to me that I simply could not remain away from them. I would keep from fifteen to twenty books in my room at one time, and every spare moment I had I would devote to them."

From these readings grew essays that attracted the attention of the professors. One in particular was on the creation of the world. Russell had found a book with rather a novel theory on this subject that had fired his imagination. He had searched for more information and, having read all that he could find on the subject, he wrote the results of his research with various deductions of his own. The paper caused much comment and he was invited to the homes of several of the professors to discuss further the theories which he had advanced.

But young Conwell's chief delight was in the debating societies of the institution. There were two of these, the Old Club and the Union Philosophical Society—"Philo" as it was commonly called. There was of course much rivalry between them. "Philo" prided itself upon being composed of thinkers, and the members of the Old Club vaunted themselves as not only thinking but expressing.

Russell joined the Old Club, which is claimed to be the oldest society of its kind in a preparatory school in the United States, having been founded in 1826. Its members say it has been of great value in training the students at Wilbraham in public speaking; and one of his classmates said of Conwell, "This debating society was just the stimulus he needed to waken and deepen and train his natural gift of oratory." Debating societies were not new to him, but this one was a very different affair from the home organization, as he found to his sorrow the night of his first debate.

"My first attempt at 'a set speech learned by heart,'" he says, "was when I attended the Wilbraham Academy in Massachusetts, in 1857, and when I had been made a member of the debating team at one of the ordinary meetings of the society. Never did ambassador to foreign court, or a newly-elected President of the United States, feel the appreciation of his honors more than I did when I saw my name on the written poster placed on the bulletin board at the door of the society. I walked through the pastures and forests and the valleys and mountains around Wilbraham before school and sometimes after church, and recited over and over the speech which I had carefully written out for the occasion.

"So long did I practice upon it that it seemed impossible for me to make a mistake; and my confidence in myself was quite strong when the hour for the debate arrived. But I sat trembling and bathed in perspiration while listening to the other speakers, and found that some things in my speech would need to be omitted, because of what had previously been said. When the time came for me to take my place at the debating table a great 'horror of darkness' came over my brain. My heart beat painfully strong and I lost entire control of my voice.

"I remember that I said, 'Mr. President,' and then began to stammer and tremble. Finally I quoted something which all school boys probably used then in their first orations, and which I had practiced upon so as to deliver with great effect, and I shouted, 'Give me liberty or give me death;' then I sat down, but in a moment rushed out of the room into the dark where I found some comfort in the society of two horses which had been hitched to the fence by some person who might have been attending the debate. Speaking

in that clubroom was very different from addressing the neighbors at home. For many months I could not be persuaded to try it again until brought out, unexpectedly, from my positive retreat by being called upon to say something at a funeral of one of the boys, who had been my playmate at school. The ease with which I did that without any previous preparation warned me that, if I would succeed, I must be very careful to be natural.

"Hence, in my life's work, I have never written a lecture or a sermon and have dictated my books. And while I can see that I have often made failures which cause me to blush after many years, yet, with my native eccentricity, I could have done nothing if I had attempted to read my addresses. I most decidedly approve of writing out addresses and sermons and have listened to many a reader with deep fascination. But, for myself, I have been unable to accomplish anything further, or more polished, than in doing my best in what is called extemporaneous speech."

Despite his first unfortunate experience, Doctor Conwell thoroughly believed in debating societies. "Free debate, where a boy or girl is prompted to make his best endeavor to persuade his hearers, is the best kind of oratorical instruction," he says. "Enunciation, pronunciation, voice culture and gestures are, of course, important; but they are often so magnified by the student that they are factors which destroy his usefulness in public speech. In conversation once with Mr. Wendell Phillips, this great anti-slavery orator said that his most useful instruction was found in such a free debating society and under the same embarrassing circumstances which characterized the training of Daniel Webster in the old district school in New Hampshire."

THE OLD DOOR-STEP, WILBRAHAM ACADEMY

Deeply Worn by the Feet of Thousands of Students

THE CAMPUS, WILBRAHAM ACADEMY

Shaded by Ancient Elms

That Russell Conwell was a firm believer in the benefits of the Old Club and a loyal member is shown by the fact that he marched the eight-year-old son of the Brewer home up to the club one night and had him enrolled, not only that he might be benefited by the club meetings, but that he might not in the years to come swell the membership of the rival club.

During his second year at Wilbraham young Conwell was appointed to teach elocution and reading—an unusual honor at that time for a student. It meant much to him financially, for it was quite a help towards paying his expenses. He was compelled to leave college during the third term and teach school in order to get the money to continue. He kept up his studies, however, and did not drop behind his class.

Russell also earned money during the last term at Wilbraham by selling the biography of John Brown, which had been published by James Redpath of Boston soon after the execution of Brown. Young Conwell was quite successful with this book, the sale of which also brought him other profits than money. In this work he began what might be called his first systematic course of public addresses. He obtained permission from the school authorities in the districts which he visited to speak to the school children upon the life of John Brown; and he visited regularly the various schools throughout that part of Massachusetts and delivered addresses upon the life of the man whom he had known as a boy, and who struck the first blow for the freedom of the slaves. This method of selling books is a good sidelight on the originality which has ever been a part of the Conwell method of doing things.

"Why did you address the school children?" was asked him when he was telling of his early work. "You didn't expect them to buy the book, did you?"

"No," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye; "but children do the best advertising in the world. In the course of my address, I always remarked that I had a book for sale that told a great deal more about this unique man than I could recall in the few minutes at my disposal. They would go home and enthusiastically tell their parents what they had heard; and when I arrived, my book and my errand were known—often eagerly awaited—and the sale was an easy matter. When you get the child in the home on your side, you have a good ally."

Russell Conwell graduated from Wilbraham in 1859, and his name was down on the program of the graduating exercises for a song, "The Fine Old Irish Gentleman," and a declamation. The two years at Wilbraham had been prolific in many ways. He had made a good record in his studies and had acquired greater proficiency in public speaking. He was a favorite with teachers and students, and had many warm friends among his classmates. But the most inspiring result was that starting practically without money or influence he had won the education that had been his objective and also many warm friends among teachers and students. This fact had more real life-substance in it for future needs than mere book learning.

CHAPTER XI

College Days at Yale

His Struggle to Get Through College. The Humiliation of those Days. A Dip into Atheism.

AS school days at Wilbraham drew to a close for the various students, there was much discussion among them about going to college. The value of a college education, the choice of a career and the purpose of life were flippantly or gravely talked over by these boys and girls, as the boys and girls of this age the world over have discussed these questions. The merits and demerits of different colleges and universities were described with the frankness of the outspoken, youthful mind.

Many of the students at Wilbraham had relatives at college. The faculties of the various institutions, the records of the graduates, the expenses of attendance—all the minutiæ of life there came under the microscopic eye of the youth at Wilbraham for dissection.

Russell Conwell listened with an attentive ear. He had determined to go to college, because his two years at Wilbraham had shown him the need of a more complete education than the academy could give. No matter how hard the fight might be to secure this, he saw that it would be better to make the struggle than to go through life with his education incomplete.

His first need was to find the college best suited to his circumstances. He, therefore, kept an open ear to all the discussions that went on about him as to the

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various colleges, their methods and standing. Thus he learned from fellow students whose brothers or other relatives had studied at Yale, and from professors at Wilbraham who were graduates of Yale or familiar with it, that the faculty at Yale were friendly to the poor boy and would often help him outside of school hours with his studies. It was this information that decided him to go to Yale. From all he had heard, he believed that the friendless poor boy had a better chance at Yale than at some of the other universities. And so Yale became his choice.

Russell Conwell entered Yale in 1860. He rented a room across the street from the New Haven Hotel and secured a position at the hotel as assistant to the steward. His work began at half-past four in the morning, and his duties were to help with the marketing, make the dining-room ready for meals, aid in the preparation of vegetables and assist with any other work that came within the province of the steward. For this service he received "left over" food. Therefore he had to work at other things in order to earn enough for his room rent, his tuition and clothes, and, as at Wilbraham, he took any job he could get.

But Russell found himself in a very different atmosphere from that at Wilbraham. There was at Yale a stronger contrast between the rich students and the poor students; and much greater wealth was in evidence. There was also a larger number of students, and the friendly atmosphere of the little New England town with its long, elm-shaded street, its little white houses and its student camaraderie was lacking. Then, too, it took more money for the expenses at Yale, and this entailed more work.

Hence Russell Conwell was little known among his classmates at Yale. He was sensitive, and it was a

great humiliation to him to go about in cheap, shabby clothes, his coat sleeves and trousers frayed as, he says, was often the case. He had the natural, boyish desire to look well and to take part in the usual gayeties of student life. He saw all about him happy, care-free boys of his own age, well dressed, with money for parties, for horses and carriages and for club life. But he had no money for any of these things and so he never touched this side of college life. He came and went to the classes solitary and friendless. He joined no clubs and he took no part in debates. He worked hard and studied hard. "Silent as a sphinx," those of his classmates at Yale, who remember him, describe him. This was not his natural temperament; it was but the result of the conditions about him. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he became introspective and he lived intensively instead of in the world about him.

This isolation from the social life of the other college students had one good result. It enabled Russell Conwell to accomplish more in his studies than otherwise he would have been able to do. He found professors who were willing to help him outside of school hours, and he took two courses—the classical course and the law course—at the same time. It is a feat that few students have ever accomplished. That he did it, in addition to the work he was compelled to do to pay his way, shows with what intensity he studied and at what a white heat burned his desire for an education. Nothing could stand against his resolve. All obstacles fell before it. He had proved before—in smaller ways—what determination will do. The principle, he found, held good as he went into larger things.

This absorbing ambition to get an education helped

young Conwell in another way. It carried him safely past temptations which—had his mind been less centered upon one object—might, in his entire isolation from the usual social life of the young, have laid hold upon him. But life just then had for him but one object—the reaching out for greater fulfilment; and so, for him, the evils of the college town did not exist.

But the humiliations he suffered; the contrast he saw between the rich and poor; the thought of the poverty and toil of his God-fearing father and mother and the wealth and ease of many who had no regard for a so-called all-powerful Deity, together with some of his studies, gave him the drift toward atheism that developed at this period of his life.

Church-going had been torture to Russell. As his mind went back to those long hours in the little meeting house at home, where he had to keep awake or be whipped, his reason revolted at believing any good could be evolved from so much misery. Nor could he see that his parents had gained anything by their faith. About him were many who had no such belief as theirs, yet were in far better circumstances. He had no deep understanding of the vital principles underlying religion. His church-going had not given him these, and life so far had brought no experience to make him grip the unseen. So he decided there was no God.

As his life became more solitary—his brother Charles, who had at first come to Yale with him, secured a position as secretary to Professor Agassiz at Harvard, and went to Boston—he grew more bitter and cynical and took delight in studying the Bible to find material to support his views. In fact, he became known among his classmates as an atheist. This little dip into atheism might have given an undesirable twist to his character,

had the beliefs which he entertained become firmly rooted. But what his mind was actually, if unconsciously, seeking was truth. Tennyson tells us:

> "There is more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Russell's search for truth was not in itself evil; evil did not, in the final course, come from it, and some good did. In later years, the experience helped him to view sympathetically and understandingly the same attitude in others. It did even more than this. When he entered upon his ministry, it enabled him to see the necessity of making the truths of religion overshadow its forms and of bringing them vitally and practically into everyday living.

The experience left temporarily its impress upon him. The Russell Conwell of Yale, scoffing, somewhat cynical, was different from the "good-natured boy, always laughing," of Wilbraham. But since the change meant that depths of his nature were being stirred which had not yet been roused, these two years at Yale were not without profit in ways other than in the education gained.

CHAPTER XII

The Outbreak of the War

A Visit to New York. Doctor Conwell Gives His First Impressions of Henry Ward Beecher and Lincoln. Speeches for Enlistment.

THE bloody conflict of the sixties broke in upon Russell Conwell's studies, as it did upon the studies of many another young man at that time. As strong as was his longing for an education, the call to arms was to him a higher call than the one to serve self. It was a call to help humanity; to stand—as his father had stood—for justice.

When Fort Sumter fell and the first blaze of war flamed up, memories of boyhood came with a rush—John Brown and his death; the cowering slaves he had seen in the woodshed; the discussions he had heard in the home; and his father's fatigue, perils and fearlessness in the cause of the runaway negroes.

The war itself would probably have been enough to rouse one of his temperament; but with such associations and memories, the call to arms brought a double appeal. And he had a still more recent picture to stir him to action. Speaking of this incident, which occurred but a short time before the war broke out, Doctor Conwell says:

"In 1860, when my elder brother and myself were teaching school, we were asked to go to Brooklyn with the body of a lady who had died near our schools. We went to Brooklyn on Saturday and, after the

funeral, our friends asked us to stay over Sunday, saying that they would take us to hear Henry Ward Beecher. That was a great inducement, because my father read the *Tribune* every Sunday morning after his Bible, and sometimes before it, and what Henry Ward Beecher said my father thought 'was law and Gospel.' Sunday night we went to Plymouth Church, and there was a large crowd an hour before the service; and when the doors were opened we were forced up the stairs and thrust back into a dirty corner where we could not see. Oh, yes, that is the way they treat the boys—put them any place—they're only boys! I remember the disappointment of that night when we went there more to see than to hear. But finally Mr. Beecher appeared and announced his text. I remember that I did not pay very much attention to it.

"In the middle of the sermon Mr. Beecher began in the strangest way to auction off a woman, 'How much am I offered for this woman?' he yelled. I remember standing up on tip-toes to look for that figurative woman who was being sold. After he had finished, and after the singing of the hymn, he said, 'Brethren, be seated,' and then said, 'Sam, come here.' A colored boy came up trembling and stood beside him. 'This boy is offered for seven hundred and seventy dollars. He is owned in South Carolina and has run away. His master offers him to me for seven hundred and seventy dollars, and now, if the officers of the church will pass the plates, the boy shall be set free.' When the plates were returned, over seventeen hundred dollars was on them!

"I shall never forget that scene. The awfulness of selling human flesh and blood came over me overpoweringly. I understood, better than I ever had before, my father's determination to help runaway

slaves and John Brown's willingness to give his life, if necessary, to free them.

"The night after we went to hear Henry Ward Beecher's great sermon, there was to be a lecture at Cooper Institute, a parade of political clubs, and some fireworks. Our friend wanted us to stay, so, as country boys, easily influenced, we decided that the schools could wait for another day, and we remained for the procession. We went to Cooper Institute and there was as great a crowd there as at Beecher's church. We finally got on the stairway and far in the rear of the great crowd. My brother stood on the floor and I sat on the ledge of the high window sill, with my feet on his shoulders. And he held me that way while I told him down there what was going on over yonder.

"The first man that came on the platform and presided at that meeting was William Cullen Bryant, our dear old neighbor. When we boys in a strange city saw that familiar face, oh, the emotions that arose in our hearts! How proud we were that he, our neighbor, was presiding on that occasion. He took his seat on the stage, the right of which had been left vacant for some one yet to come. Next came a very heavy man who was immediately followed by a tall, lean man. Mr. Bryant arose smiling and went toward him bowing. He was an awkward man and all about me people were asking, 'Who is that?' But no one seemed to know. I asked a gentleman who that man was, but he said he did not know. He was an awkward specimen, indeed. One leg of his trousers was about two inches above his shoe; his hair was disheveled and stuck out like a rooster's feathers; his coat was altogether too large for him in the back; his arms were much longer than his sleeves and with his legs twisted around the rungs of the chair, he was a perfect picture of embarrassment.

"When Mr. Bryant arose to introduce the speaker of that evening the latter was known to few, seemingly, in that great hall. Mr. Bryant said, 'Gentlemen of New York, you have your favorite son in Mr. Seward and if he were to be President of the United States, every one of us would be proud of him.' Then came great applause and Bryant continued, 'Ohio has her favorite son in Judge Wade, and the nation would prosper under his administration; but, gentlemen of New York, it is a great honor that is conferred upon me tonight, for I can introduce to you the next President of the United States—Abraham Lincoln.' Then through that great audience flew the query as to whom Abraham Lincoln was. There was but weak applause.

"Mr. Lincoln had in his hand a manuscript. He had written it with great care and exactness, and the speech which appears in his official biography is the one that he wrote—not the one that he delivered, as I recall it—and it is fortunate for the country that the newspapers printed the one that he had written. I think the one that he wrote had been set up in type that afternoon from his manuscript, and consequently the editors of the newspapers did not go over it to see whether it had been changed or not. Lincoln read three pages of his speech and had gone on to the fourth when he lost his place, and began to tremble and stammer. He finally turned the manuscript over two or three times, threw it upon the table and 'let himself go,' as they say in the West.

"Then the stammering man, who had created only silent derision up to that point, suddenly flashed out into an angel of oratory, and the awkward arms and disheveled hair were lost sight of entirely in the wonderful beauty and lofty inspiration of that magnificent

address. The immense audience immediately began to follow his thought and, when he uttered that quotation from Douglas, 'It is written on the sky of America that the slaves shall some day be free,' the applause was so great that the building trembled and I felt the windows shake behind me. I thought of the auction of the night before. Here, too, was a man enlisted in the cause of freeing the slaves. I went home from that visit to New York strangely stirred."

It is little wonder that, with these memories stirring him and his disposition always to put into instant action his desires, Russell immediately threw aside his books and enlisted in the army. But he was only seventeen and when his father learned of this action, he went to the recruiting officer and had Russell's name stricken from the roll. When the first troops marched away young Conwell, much to his disappointment, was not among them.

But he did not lose interest in the stirring events of those times and, although he continued his studies, he spoke whenever called upon to induce men to enlist. So eloquent was Russell in this cause that he became known throughout all that part of New England. He was in demand everywhere for recruiting purposes and, when it was known that "the boy" was going to speak, crowds flocked to the recruiting hall and there was sure to be a large enlistment. Writing of these days, Mr. Elizur Hayden, afterward Russell Conwell's father-in-law, says:

"Mr. Conwell and myself attended a war meeting last night and he made a speech that was eulogized by all. A young lady made a bouquet for the occasion and, at the close of the meeting, it was voted to give it to Russell. So the lady presented it to him." Writing later to his daughter, who was at Wilbraham at school, Mr. Hayden says:

"They had a war meeting at the Park last Saturday evening, when Conwell and Heath entertained the audience for some time by their eloquence and witticism. They were lionized by all. The ladies especially were all in love with R. H. A man who was a witness said that when he took the stand they showered bouquets all around him. At this demonstration he wilted like a cabbage leaf in the July sun and sat down. Heath kept up the excitement in his off-hand way until Russell came to. Then he got up and made some apology for thinking to entertain such a large assembly, being nothing but a boy with a juvenile mind, addressing superior and gray-headed veterans. But all at once the fire of eloquence began to burn and waxed hotter and hotter, until they were led by him strangely, so a good man told me in Westfield."

Another friend of this period says: "His youthful oratory was a wonderful thing which drew crowds of excited listeners wherever he went. Towns sent for him to help raise their quotas of soldiers; and ranks speedily filled before his inspiring and patriotic speeches. In 1862, I remember a scene at Whitman Hall in Westfield, Massachusetts, which none who were there can forget. Russell had delivered two addresses there before. On that night there were two addresses before his, by prominent lawyers, but there was evident impatience to hear 'the boy.' When he came forward there was the most deafening applause. He really seemed inspired by miraculous powers. Every auditor was fascinated and held closely bound. There was for a time breathless suspense and then, at some telling sentence, the whole building shook with wild applause. At its close a shower of bouquets from hundreds of ladies carpeted the stage in a moment, and men from all parts of the hall rushed forward to enlist."

CHAPTER XIII

Going to War

Enlisting. Raising Troops. His Election as Captain and Presentation of Sword. Doctor Conwell's Letter Home Describing His First Engagement.

IN the excitement of those days naturally Russell Conwell's studies suffered, but he did not greatly care. The call had come to larger living than the world of books afforded, though at one time that world had seemed so big. The news of battles; of friends and neighbors who had fallen or were wounded; the letters from the front that classmates received; the addresses made at war meetings; the excitement of the rush for enlistment that followed—all swept his thoughts to wider horizons than campus or classroom. The achieving of purely personal ambitions seemed small. The principles at stake were rousing men to heroic sacrifices, and he could not hold his mind to the message of a text-book, nor occupy his hands with catering to the patrons of the New Haven Hotel.

It is little wonder, then, that when Lincoln's urgent call came in 1862 for a hundred thousand men, Conwell could not longer be held back. The father yielded to his son's insistent plea, and the boy was allowed to enlist. He immediately went to work raising a company from among the men of the Berkshires. He spoke at Huntington, Blandford, Worthington, Russell and other nearby towns, and there was a rush to enlist under him.

The company became known as the "Mountain

Boys," and Russell was unanimously elected captain. He was but nineteen—an unusual age for an officer—but a committee waited upon Governor Andrews and laid the case before him; told him of young Conwell's success as a recruiting officer; of his popularity and the sort of man he was; and the Governor gave him his commission. The news was received with satisfaction by both young and old. The younger members of the company were openly enthusiastic; the older, quietly content. The latter felt a sense of guardianship over "the boy" that added to the pleasure of serving under him. It was an enthusiastic and united company that marched away under his leadership. In regard to his enlistment Doctor Conwell says:

"My brother and I enlisted as private soldiers in the Forty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia; and, although my brother insisted upon continuing as a private soldier, when I was offered promotion I accepted with pride the position as captain of Company F, when elected as its leader by the 'Mountain Boys,' whose homes were in the Highlands of Hampshire County. Although I was personally engaged in very few of the important battles of the war and had upon the whole a very easy military life, yet I was sustained during the privations which we endured and the lonely monotony of our camp life by the frequent messages from my home, and by the statement in my sister's letter that father mentioned us by name at every morning prayer. Many of my soldiers were pupils in the school where I had taught; some of them were old men from my own neighborhood, and two of my uncles were among the number."

Before going into camp at Springfield, a banquet was arranged for the men at Springfield. It was at this banquet that Russell Conwell was given the sword

that has played such an important part in his life. It bore this inscription: "Presented to Captain Russell H. Conwell by the soldiers of Company F, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, known as the 'Mountain Boys.' *Vera Amicitia est sempiterna* (True Friendship is eternal)."

A flagpole had been erected in an open space and around this staff had been built the platform for the presentation ceremony. Ranged about were the men. Colonel Shurtleff made the speech of presentation. The eloquent reply of the boy captain is yet remembered by those who heard it. He received the beautiful, glittering weapon in silence. Slowly he drew the gleaming steel from its sheath and solemnly held it upward, as if dedicating it to heaven, the sunlight bathing the blade with blinding flashes of light. His eyes were fixed upon the steel. Silence fell upon his waiting comrades. Thus, for a few moments he stood, and then he spoke to the sword:

"He called up the shade of the sword of that mighty warrior Joshua," wrote one who had heard the address, "which purified a polluted land with libations of blood, and made it fit for the heritage of God's people; the sword of David, that established the kingdom of Israel; the sword of that resistless conqueror, Alexander, that pierced the heart of the Orient; the Roman short sword, the terrible gladius, that carved out for the Cæsars the sovereignty of the world; the sword of Charlemagne, writing its master's glorious deeds in mingling chapters of fable and history; the sword of Gustavus Adolphus, smiting the battalions of the puissant Wallenstein with defeat and overthrow, even when its master lay dead on the field of Lutzen; the sword of Washington, drawn for human freedom and sheathed in peace, honor and victory.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL WHEN ELECTED CAPTAIN

AT NINETEEN HE WAS PLACED IN COMMAND OF COMPANY F,
FORTY-SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

"Then he bade the sword to remember all it had done in shaping the destinies of men and nations; how it had written on the tablets of history in letters red and lurid, the drama of the ages. Closing, he called upon it now in the battles for the Union to strike hard and strike home for freedom, for justice, in the name of God and Right; to fail not in the work to which it was called until every shackle in the land was broken, every bondman free and every foul stain of dishonor cleaned from the flag."

Before leaving for the front Russell's company went into camp for about six weeks near Springfield. It was fall and the weather began to get cold. There were heavy autumn rains and snow flurries, and the actualities of war began to come home to the men. It was Conwell's first experience of feeling, in a large sense, responsibility for others. He realized it now overpoweringly. These men had enlisted to a great extent through his influence. They had appointed him as their leader and he felt accountable for them. Up to the outbreak of the war he had been concerned, quite naturally, with self; with getting an education and with what he was going to do with his life. But these need experiences and responsibilities began to turn him from looking inward to looking outward.

This larger comprehension of life was not a matter of mere speculation or sensation. It took a practical form. Russell Conwell has ever been a practical man. In his ministry, he has followed up his preaching by work. And in these early days, as he went among the men, he responded in practical ways to their needs. To an ill-clad man shivering with cold, he gave his own overcoat. To the soldier with no money to buy medicines, he gave his own pay. In hundreds of other ways Conwell showed that he had been aroused from his theretofore self-centered life.

Dr. Richard Cabot says in "What Men Live By" that the sense of somebody's need is the most powerful motive in the world. This sense of need and also of responsibility pressed heavily upon Conwell at this time and rapidly changed him from a boy to a man. This was the beginning of that desire to serve others which has been such a marked characteristic of his work.

At last the order came to leave for the front. Captain Conwell's company was ordered to North Carolina, and the men sailed from Boston, on the steamers "Merrimac" and "Mississippi," November 5, 1862. A furious gale was blowing and, after battling down the harbor for a short distance, the boats were compelled to put back and anchor for several days. Captain Conwell took his men ashore and they slept in Fanueil Hall until the boats again sailed.

That Boston was well aware of their presence, history avers. The captain was young and full of high spirits, and he believed in keeping up the men's spirits. The pranks of the "Mountain Boys" were not soon forgotten, though Boston felt so kindly toward all soldiers that it only laughed over the escapades of these new recruits. But there was no homesickness, and when they again embarked it was with high spirits for the adventure ahead.

The trip south was uneventful. The soldiers landed at Newbern, threw up breastworks, dug trenches and made themselves familiar with drills and garrison duties. Four or five weeks passed before they had their first experience of battle, and then Company F was not in the severest part of it. The chief work of the "Mountain Boys" in this encounter was to carry off the wounded and bury the dead.

But shortly afterward they were engaged in severe

fighting which lasted for several days. The company was part of the force sent to Goldsboro to destroy the railroad which carried provisions to General Lee's army in Virginia. Captain Conwell in a letter home gave a graphic description of the experience of his men and himself. He wrote:

"I have been gone from camp two weeks, and during that time I have seen some of the most horrible sights. We started one week ago last Thursday from our camp here, taking with us nothing but our blankets and a pair of socks, and took up our line of march towards Kingston. Oh, it was a splendid sight to see that great body of men as it started toward the heart of North Carolina. In that vast army might be found the Third Brigade, and in that brigade could have been found Company F, and of course in that was your humble servant.

"I cannot wonder now that McClellan did not move faster, for it took us until noon of the first day to go two miles. The heavy artillery broke almost every bridge and sunk in every mud-hole, taking from half an hour to two hours to extricate it. We made more headway in the afternoon and, by traveling until midnight, we arrived tired and hungry in an open field about fifteen miles out, where, having eaten our hard bread, we laid our weary bones on that hard, bare ground to rest.

"And thus passed the second day and night! But the third day we 'saw another sight.' About ten o'clock in the forenoon the sound of terrific cannonading greeted our sensitive ears and, as we neared the scene of conflict, our hearts beat hard and our breath came short because of the terrible roar of the cannon, and the shouts of men, and cracking of muskets. The smoke curled up toward the heavens in little wreaths

and, far above the heads of the contending forces, formed a dark cloud which hung over the place like a pall over a bier.

"When we arrived at the scene of action, the artillery had driven the rebels from the edge of the woods where they had first entrenched themselves and they were then fighting in an open field beyond. Oh, it was a terrible sight to see men's legs, arms and heads shot away, scattering the blood about them like a shower; and to hear the whistle of thousands of bullets as they spread their message of death, while the shell's with a hellish scream, would burst over and among us, sending consternation and death into our ranks! But this state of things did not last long ere the enemy fled, leaving our shouting, victorious army in possession of the entire field.

"Soon we commenced to follow up their retreat. And, on a 'double-quick,' our army of 27,000 ran along the road in hot pursuit of the flying foe. We chased them until we crossed the Neuse River into Kingston and there for a moment we were shocked and halted; for the rebels had planted a battery of six guns on the other side of the river to keep us back while one of their number fired the bridge. As we—the Ninth New Jersey was ahead—turned a curve in the road close by the bridge, an awful shower of grape and canister met the rebels, mowing them down and tearing them into pieces. The fence beside the road was cut into kindling wood, and for six rods no piece could be found more than six inches long. But the men, 'Oh, where were they?' Scattered, shattered and torn, they lay about the fields a piece in a place.

"I shall not describe that horrid scene lest it make your blood run cold. But the end was not yet. Just before the volley came, I saw a man on the bridge

with two pails in his hands—one of turpentine and one of tar—setting the bridge on fire. But after our artillery had commenced to play on them and they had fled, I could not find him. I supposed he had fled with the rest and taken his combustible materials with him; but after we had succeeded in putting out the fire and our army commenced to cross the bridge, I discovered the incendiary. Oh, it was a sight that would freeze the blood! For there—on the bank of the river, with one leg shot off, and all covered with tar and turpentine which had burned and fried out his flesh—lay the unfortunate rebel writhing in terrible agony. But his tide of life soon ceased to flow. And when I passed over the bridge the next morning nothing but a black coal, which crumbled at every jar, was left to tell where the once human form had been.

"But I am making my story too long, so will cut it short by saying that when I come home—if I ever do—I will tell you of our leaving Kingston and resuming our march up the river; of our flight at Whitehall, and of how the General called for volunteers to go and clean out the rebels from a thick wood where they were posted in trees and behind stumps killing us off as we passed; and how forty-three of my company volunteered to go and went, meeting with many narrow escapes as bullets sizzed through their caps and clothes. But much to my satisfaction not a man was lost. And then I will tell you how we arrived at the railroad near Waynesborough, and how the fierce cannonading made the earth tremble, while about our heads the screeching shells whirled and burst, making it a very uncomfortable situation to be in; how the rebels charged our batteries and, literally torn to pieces, retreated under cover of the woods; how we tore up railroads for miles and burned a bridge, that being the object

for which we had started; how, as we continued on our march back, the rebels raised the river across which we had to go, to prevent us from crossing and, as a consequence, we had to swim.

"And I shall also tell you of our weary and tiresome march back, while beside the road lay the rebels which we had killed; 'unwept, uncoffined, and unrecognized;' and how we arrived here weak and footsore, hungry and sleepy, from our fatiguing march. Yes, all this and more I will tell you when I come, if I am not mistaken about the preparations which are going on for another expedition. Yet such is war, and we, as patriots, must submit to it. But, oh, it is terrible to see young men with their arms shot off! For I think of friends at home who perchance will grow cold and austere when these young men return as cripples to their homes. Well, we are now recovering from the fatiguing effects of the march and soon will be ready for another."

Of this engagement one of the men wrote, "We had to struggle back to camp through a burning forest. Hundreds of acres were on fire. The ground was a sheet of flames from the dry leaves and brush and pine needles that had lain there for years. Trees were falling everywhere and the flames shot up the resinous pine like a chain of lightning. We lost the wagons and every man had practically to run for his life. We could scarcely see for the smoke. It was a terrible experience."

It was on this trip, also, that the men went through what became known as the "Gum Swamp experience." It was an experience that tested the mettle of the men and the resources of the young captain, and was one which none of the survivors ever forgot. On their return to Newbern, the Confederates hung on their

rear, riddling their ranks with shot and shell. Suffering, maddened, with no way to turn and fight, for the enemy kept themselves well hidden; with no way of escape ahead if they remained on the road, they plunged into the swamp that swept up black and dismal to the very edge of the highway. The Confederate prisoners with them warned them of their danger; but the men were not to be stayed when a deadly rain of the enemy's balls was thinning their ranks every minute. The swamp was a black ooze with water up to their waists —a tangle of grass, reeds, cypress trees and bushes.

Loaded down with their heavy clothing and their army accoutrements, the men one after another sank from sheer exhaustion. No man could succor his brother. The only thing anyone could do was drag himself through the mire that sucked him down. But Captain Conwell would not desert a man. He could not see his comrades left to die before his very eyes— those men who came from his own mountain town; his own boy friends—the ones who had enlisted under him; marched and drilled with him. He worked indefatigably; encouraging, helping and carrying some of the more exhausted. A wet, straggling remnant reached Newbern. Even then, when Captain Conwell found that two of his own company were missing, he plunged back into the swamp to rescue them. Hours passed and, just as a relief expedition was starting out to search for him, he came back, his hat gone, his uniform torn into rags, but with one of the men with him and the other left on a fallen tree with a path blazed to lead the rescuers to him.

But the days were not all filled with fighting. There was much garrison duty. There were long days in which there was little to do but drill and perform guard duty. Drilling, however, under Captain Con-

well's direction was one of the most pleasant parts of the day's work. He felt his responsibility and threw himself into the work with an earnestness that infected his men. They preferred to drill with him two hours rather than with any other officer a half hour. They not only caught the contagion of his enthusiasm, but he changed the dull, monotonous drudgery of drilling into real, fascinating work by marching the men into seemingly hopeless situations and then; in some unexpected and surprising way, extricating them.

"One of the men of Captain Conwell's company tells how he marched them into a narrow place and successfully maneuvered them out again. The next day he sent another officer to drill them. The man marched them into the same place, thinking he could demonstrate a new way out. But he was unable to extricate the men at all, and finally was compelled to tell them, 'You'll have to turn around and get out the way you did yesterday.'" Another man of the company tells how Captain Conwell never spared himself any of the unpleasant phases of the work. He says:

"One day the Colonel, while drilling the regiment, noticed that many of the men of Company F marched far out of their places to avoid a mud-hole in the road. He marched and countermarched over the same ground to compel the men to keep their rank and file regardless of the mud. Captain Conwell saw his object and plunged into the mire. The men followed and were thus saved the reprimand which threatened."

In those long, dull days of garrison duty Captain Conwell also did what he could to keep up the spirits of his men. "He was always making stump speeches," said one of them. Those who know Doctor Conwell's ability as a speaker can readily see how he could enliven these dull days in this way. He organized a

minstrel show. With his pay he bought a melodeon, had it shipped from New York to camp, and many were the "sings" he and his men had around it. One of the men in a letter home speaks of the brass bands some of the regiment had, and so, he writes, "we were not shut out of the privilege of hearing good music once in a while." These "Mountain Boys" never lost their love of music and with none was it keener than with their leader. In another letter a man writes: "The captain has been in his tent singing." And another tells how the war songs were sent them as soon as published, and how eagerly the men would learn them as soon as they arrived.

All this seeming frivolity had a purpose. Captain Conwell knew that the singing, the minstrel shows, and the various other amusements which he devised kept the men during their long dull garrison days from becoming homesick and discontented. Hence he planned these entertainments and various diversions so that in Company F there might always be a feeling of expectancy—a sense of something about to be done. "He was a good captain and a good officer," said one of his men. "Everybody liked him. He was always doing something for us, and he would spend his last cent for the men."

Although he did all he could to keep his men amused and contented, for himself there was serious work. Whenever he had a spare minute he devoted it to study. Now that he was in the midst of the struggle and where he could at a moment's notice serve his country, he was able to study with a clearer mind than he could at Yale with classrooms and professors about him but his heart at the front. During the term of his first enlistment he committed to memory the whole of Blackstone and the process of visualizing which he

had learned in school was now of great help to him. He could, by means of this visual memory, see the printed page as if it were before him, and study it at times when it was impossible to have books with him.

Captain Conwell not only in this way went on with the studies he had dropped at Yale, but he was alert to acquire any helpful books that he could find among the people with whom he was now thrown. Indeed, the passion for books which caused him to keep fifteen to twenty volumes from the library in his room at Wilbraham still burned within him. In a letter home he tells of an effort to buy some books from a Southerner who had been ruined by the war. He had heard that the man had some books for sale and went to see him:

"I stated my business and he seemed very willing to sell me the book I wanted," he wrote, "so I paid him two dollars and took the book back with me. And I had a good long chat with the family, who told me all about the breaking out of the rebellion. The old man said he told the 'boys' when they seceded that he had lived in the old Union too long to believe that they could break it up. But the old man is now very poor, for a blasting army had swept over his land and taken almost everything he possessed. But as it was growing late, I took my leave much pleased with my visit and with my book.

(Signed) Captain R. H. Conwell,
Company F, 46 Regiment, M. V. M."

Nondum Murtuus.
(Not dead yet.)

CHAPTER XIV

The Second Enlistment

Captain of Company D. Accompanied by John Ring. In Charge of Newport Barracks. Attack of Pickett's Corps. Defeat of Conwell's Men. Death of John Ring. Appointment on General McPherson's Staff. Wounded at Kenesaw Mountain. Conversion.

WHEN the term of enlistment of Company F's men expired Governor Andrews of Massachusetts wrote Captain Conwell asking him if he would not raise another regiment. This he did. He spoke more widely throughout the state than previously and, as before, men flocked to enlist. The regiment thus recruited was the Second Massachusetts Regiment of Heavy Artillery, and he was made captain of Company D. The regiment went into camp at Readville and later sailed from Boston for Newbern, North Carolina, the same place to which Captain Conwell and the men of the first enlistment had been assigned.

It was with this company that John Ring went in care of Captain Conwell. He was a boy of sixteen or seventeen, the son of a neighbor—a "slim, handsome youth, quiet but very popular, idolizing Conwell and always with him," is the description given by his fellow soldiers.

It was only upon one question of reading his Bible that he refused to obey Captain Conwell. It was a source of regret to the boy that he felt that he

must disobey, and a deeper disappointment that the man whom he so admired disbelieved in the Bible. But though he disobeyed in this instance, he did not swerve in loyalty in other matters. He shared Conwell's tent, waited upon him, nursed him when sick and devoted himself wholly to him.

When the troops reached Newbern, Captain Conwell and his men were put in charge of a fort at Newport, outside of Newbern and near Fort Macon. They were supported by the Ninth Vermont Infantry, whose duty it was to protect the command from side attacks.

The control of this part of the Atlantic coast was important to both armies. It was a convenient point for the landing of supplies, both munitions and food. And, though the campaigns elsewhere were more spectacular and figured more prominently in history, there was a constant struggle here between the troops of both sides for control. The pickets of the two forces were but a few rods apart and the firing and skirmishes were continuous. Although no great battles were fought, as compared with some of the big battles of the war, constant alertness was required on the part of the Northern men not to be surprised and overpowered by the watchful enemy.

This necessary vigilance brought Captain Conwell into many dangers. While making the rounds one night with an orderly, he was attacked and fired upon by a picket of the other side. In the struggle he was knocked insensible. Fortunately the shot fired at him struck his watch and glanced aside. The dent in the timepiece where the bullet hit showed what a narrow escape he had.

At another time, with this same orderly and eighteen or twenty of men, he was foraging for horse feed, when the little body of Northern men came unexpectedly

upon a company of Confederates concealed in the grass and behind trees. Captain Conwell immediately ordered his men to lie down; but seeing a Confederate behind a large pine tree, he went forward to capture him. It was a big tree and the two men could not see each other around it; but they reached around as far as they could and shot at each other. The Confederate, however, was more experienced in the shooting of men than Captain Conwell and reserved his last bullet until he knew that Captain Conwell's ammunition was gone. Then he came boldly out to shoot Conwell.

Captain Conwell's men, who had been watching the firing, when they saw their officer's peril, rose as one man and came after the Confederate. He fired at Conwell, hitting him in the shoulder, and then turned and ran. But he stumbled, fell and was captured. His men fled when they saw him taken prisoner. Captain Conwell's wound at the time did not seem serious. The bullet was not even extracted, but in later years this oversight nearly cost him his life. For the bullet, instead of being lead, as is customary, was brass, the Confederates being compelled to melt brass rods to secure metal for their bullets. The brass corroded and ate into his lungs, causing hemorrhages that for months puzzled physicians and brought him to death's door.

In later years Doctor Conwell met the Confederate who had shot him and they became warm friends. "It goes to show," said Doctor Conwell, in speaking of their present good feeling towards each other, "how war will inflame men's hearts with the spirit of murder, even when there is no basic reason for it. If men were not stirred up by spasmodic eruptions of hate for each other, the sense of brotherhood would quickly develop. It is in most men waiting to be developed."

In one of these raids for horse feed he and his men visited a nearby farmhouse. The men always had orders not to force their way into the homes of the Southerners, but merely to take what they might need for their horses. On this occasion Captain Conwell went to the house to state his mission and, contrary to the usual custom, he was pleasantly received. In fact, the people professed to be quite friendly and later sent to him in camp some homemade persimmon beer. Captain Conwell never suspected treachery and gratefully accepted the seeming kindness; but the beer was poisoned and made him seriously ill. At one time his life was despaired of. It was weeks before he was able to be about; and years passed before his system was entirely free of the poison and its effects. During his entire illness in camp he was faithfully nursed by John Ring.

While Captain Conwell was ill his men's pay fell in arrears, and when he was able again to be about he found much dissatsifaction and discontent because they had not been paid. The men needed their money to send home, and to buy clothing and other necessities for themselves. He wrote the paymaster at Newbern about the matter and received the reply that if he would come to Newbern with the payroll, he would be given the money to pay his men.

He did not realize that it was necessary to get a leave of absence, as the officers had frequently gone between Newport and Newbern without a special permit, so Captain Conwell took his orderly and started. He reached Newbern that night; but as he rode into the little town where he had passed his first term of enlistment, he heard news that appalled him. The fort under his charge at Newport had been attacked by Pickett's Corps—the same corps that

made the famous charge at Gettsyburg—his men had been defeated, the fort had been abandoned, and the Confederates were victorious.

He immediately turned and galloped back towards the fort. Soldiers straggling by told him that he could not get through. Still he kept on, determined to reach Newport. Farther on he found the woods on fire, and the flames were sweeping in all directions. The heat was overpowering and the smoke blinding. He turned aside, hoping by a detour to reach his men; but other stragglers told him the country was full of the enemy and that an attempt to return would only mean capture.

He then tried to descend the Neuse River by boat, hoping to reach the vicinity of the fort in this way. But the posts all along the river had been captured by Confederates. After two days of ceaseless endeavor he reluctantly gave up and went back to Newbern. But when he reached this little town again, he heard the most crushing news of all—John Ring had lost his life in an effort to save the gold-sheathed sword from falling into Confederate hands.

As the men told Captain Conwell of the boy's struggle across the burning bridge; of the humane order of the Confederate officer to "Cease firing;" of the burned, blistered body that dropped into the outstretched arms of his comrades; of his last words in the hospital, "Tell the Captain I saved his sword," he was prostrated with grief and horror. This tragedy, coupled with the defeat of his men, the loss of the fort, his own over-exertions in trying to return, brought on an attack of fever. For days he tossed in delirium, endeavoring to rescue John Ring from the burning bridge, or to get back through fire and forest to his men.

Other troubles followed fast. The commanding

general at Newbern, was so severely criticised by Major-General Butler for the loss of the fort, that he looked about him for some one upon whom to lay the blame. He discovered that Captain Conwell, the officer in charge at Newport, was absent without leave, and forthwith ordered a court-martial.

Captain Conwell did not realize the full significance of this. He was still weak from his illness, and his thoughts were so filled with the death of John Ring that he gave little heed to other matters. He paid no attention to the summons. His record, he felt sure, would settle any question as to his bravery. He knew that his men believed in him, and he thought the matter of getting a regular leave of absence a mere technicality that would have little weight in comparison with his actual service. So he did nothing whatever to defend himself before the court. He did not even secure anyone to appear for him. Someone who knew but little of the facts was appointed to be his counsel by the officer in charge of the court-martial.

In addition, a member of the court-martial was the brother of a man who had wanted the captaincy of Company D and bitterly resented the appointment of Captain Conwell. Under such conditions it was little wonder the court-martial went against him. The verdict was discharge from the service but without loss of pay. Even then he did not realize all that this meant, for he was but a boy, not yet of age, until the chaplain of the regiment came to him and told him how unjust the decision was; how foolish he had been not to defend himself; how seriously such a stigma might affect his after life, and that he ought not to let it rest.

The earnest protests of the chaplain, together with the angry resentment of his men at what had been done, finally aroused Captain Conwell and he decided to act.

He immediately entered an appeal to General Butler at Fortress Monroe and went to see him. Butler granted him a personal interview, but said that he himself was just then in such a controversy with Hancock, at Washington, that he could do little. He said he would have to straighten out his own affairs before he could take the matter up, but that if Captain Conwell could wait he would then give it his attention.

In two weeks, however, Butler was removed, and returned to his home in Massachusetts, and was unable to do anything in the matter. He wrote from Massachusetts advising Captain Conwell to take his case to President Lincoln, and also sent a strong letter to Lincoln, saying that Captain Conwell's action was but an indiscretion of youth due to his lack of full knowledge of army regulations and strongly advised the President to reinstate him.

Acting upon this advice, Captain Conwell went to Washington. While there, he had a memorable interview with President Lincoln, of which he speaks in his lecture, "Acres of Diamonds." During this period, while the further decision as to the court-martial was pending, his friends were not inactive. A number of his comrades in North Carolina had organized a battalion and elected him as major. Of course he could not accept this command until the verdict of the court-martial had been set aside. However, another offer came while his case was held up, waiting for papers, which he accepted and returned to active service.

A friend had written General McPherson, in command of the Seventeenth Army Corps, recommending Captain Conwell as a staff officer. McPherson wrote him to come and see him at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and, after a talk, appointed him as lieutenant-colonel on his staff. The General talked over the matter of

the court-martial and advised Conwell to get it out of the way as quickly as possible in order that he might get his commission. But he also told him to take his place at once on his staff and report for active duty.

The General said that he would write to Lincoln himself, asking for a reversal of the decision of the court-martial in order that Conwell might the more quickly get his commission. But General McPherson was killed before the letter was written. Thus Captain Conwell served as lieutenant-colonel with General McPherson's staff, but received his commission after the General's death and after Lincoln was assassinated. The verdict of the court-martial was afterward reversed and Captain Conwell received his honorable discharge.

However, the receiving of the commission was a small matter compared with the vital experiences of life which this campaign brought to Colonel Conwell. Under McPherson he was in many battles from Resaca, Georgia, to Atlanta. But the engagement that had the most far-reaching consequences to him was that of Kenesaw Mountain. He was severely wounded here and left for dead upon the field. He heard the footsteps of those searching for the wounded, but was too weak to call for help. They passed him by and he lay there all night, amidst the dead and dying, not knowing but that he himself might pass away before morning. The next day, searchers seeking for his body, because he was an officer, found him and he was taken to the Big Shanty Hospital near Marietta, Georgia.

During those long night hours on the battlefield and again in the hospital, the great riddle of life and death—the meaning and purpose of it all—began to press in upon Colonel Conwell as these matters never had done before. His soul reached out for more knowledge than he had about these things. He wanted to know if there was some solution that would satisfy.

He sent for the chaplain, but when the chaplain came Colonel Conwell could not bring himself to talk publicly about religious matters, and said he wanted something to eat. However, the inner questioning would not be stilled. He sent for the chaplain again, and this time asked to be prayed for. The chaplain made a formal, perfunctory prayer which angered Conwell, and he said bluntly the prayer had done him no good. But, finally, the two came to understand each other and had many long talks, in the course of which Conwell asked three questions that had been troubling him:

"Is there a future life?"

"If there is, what does the character formed in this life have to do with it?"

"Will friends meet again in the other world and know each other?"

"I talked these things over long and earnestly with that chaplain," says Doctor Conwell, in speaking of this period of his life. "At last all became clear, and I have never for a moment doubted since."

"Is that what you would consider conversion?" was asked him.

He pondered a moment. "Yes, except that I would say decision must go with conversion. It is not only a matter of emotion. One must do something. Merely getting excited and doing nothing is not conversion. Decision and action must go with the change of thought, or else it is not real. It is only effervescence. True conversion changes the main purpose of life from selfishness to unselfishness; from the desire to have one's own way to a willingness to do whatever God commands, no matter what the consequences."

Of his life experiences, this one was the most momentous. It was his first real grasp of eternal things.

without which he began to see there could be no satisfaction. His father's and mother's religion now had a real significance. He saw the substance, when before he had seen but the form. He began to discern the great spiritual foundation upon which all of life's hopes and ambitions could securely rest.

Colonel Conwell promptly expressed his convictions and immediately upon leaving the hospital made a public profession of his new faith. This deeper understanding of life brought him great joy and eventually led to great usefulness. But he was not then considering the future. He simply took the next step. Spiritually he had come to a place of need and he sought help. But in allying himself with good, he discovered as the years went by, that "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to know the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." He found, as Tolstoy has expressed it, that "He who lives for soul, lives for good"—good for himself and good for others.

CHAPTER XV

New Ventures

Admitted to the Bar. Marriage. Removal West. Life in Minneapolis. Mrs. Conwell's Progressive Editorial as to Woman's Place and Interests. Loss of Home and Illness. Immigration Agent to Germany. Given up to Die in Paris. Health Restored. Reporter on "Boston Traveller." Trip Around World as Correspondent.

THE wounds that Colonel Conwell received at Kenesaw Mountain were a long time in healing. After he left the Big Shanty Hospital, he was compelled to go to Nashville for still further rest and treatment. Here he reported to General Thomas and, as soon as his condition would permit, was sent to Washington on a mission to General Logan. But the rough traveling and hardships of the journey reopened his wounds, and on the way he completely broke down. He was given a furlough and before he was able to again enter active service the war ended.

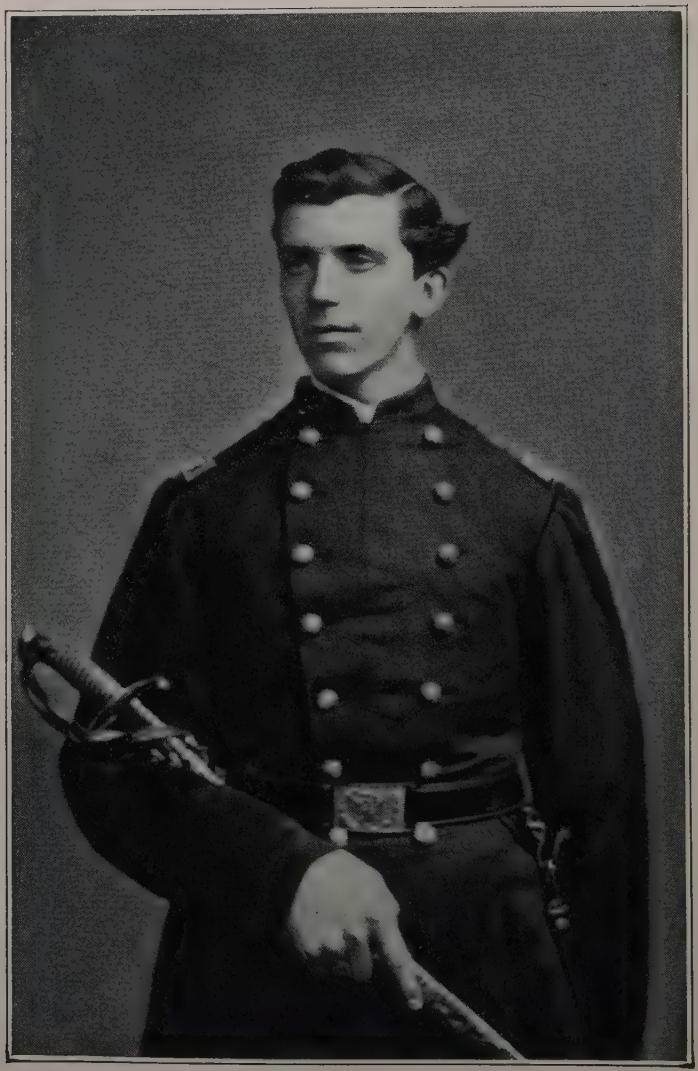
While at home waiting for his wounds to heal, Russell Conwell entered the law office of Judge Shurtleff, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and continued his law studies. Here, to the astonishment of the Judge, he repeated from memory the whole of Blackstone, which he had learned at Newbern. Judge Shurtleff considered it an unprecedented feat and called together a number of lawyers to hear it. They all agreed that, to their knowledge, such a thing was unknown in the history of the legal profession.

In speaking of his memory, Doctor Conwell insists that he did not have an especially good memory as a boy, but that he improved what he had. This, he maintains, anyone can do, and also accomplish all that he has done and more.

When the war was ended, although the wounds in his arm and shoulder were still not fully healed, he entered the Law School at the Albany University in New York State, completed his law studies and was admitted to the bar. Russell Conwell was now ready to face life for himself. What he had made of himself was now to be put to the test.

He was tall, still somewhat lanky, and thin and angular from sickness and work. But he had a personality that instantly won friends. The "good-natured boy, always laughing," of Wilbraham days was somewhat sobered. But the same eager interest in life that had led him at eight years of age to send for circulars, till his mail was the largest at the country post-office, was still there. So, too, was the appreciation of beauty that had moved him as a child of ten to welcome the dawn with Milton's "Invocation to Light;" and also the determination that had carried him as a lad unaided through Wilbraham. This keen interest in affairs, this love of the beauty of life, this democratic attitude toward work, made people like him. But these were no longer the dominant notes of his personality. The love of humanity and faith in God—the legacy bequeathed by the war—were first to impress and most strongly to attract those who met him.

With his law studies finished; with his equipment for work full ready, the sweetest experience of life became his. In 1865, shortly after he was admitted to the bar, he was married to Miss Jennie Hayden, of the nearby town of Chicopee Falls. She had



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CONWELL

SECOND ENLISTMENT

been among his pupils when he first taught school. She was a warm friend of his sister Harriet, a frequent visitor at the Conwell home, and a favorite with the entire family.

Life's greatest incentives were now his. Almost with joy he thought of those hard years at Wilbraham and Yale. They filled him with confidence for what now lay before him. They were a promise of what he might again do. For now, as then, he had nothing with which to start upon the new life but determination.

"I had no money," Doctor Conwell said, in speaking of this period of his life. "Nothing but my education."

"Don't you think it is rather hazardous to marry on such prospects?" was asked. "Wouldn't it have been better to wait?"

"No," was his emphatic reply. "Marriage is not a mechanical business. Married life is the normal life. The ambition to have a home is the greatest incentive a man can have. I don't believe in waiting to be married. I do not believe in being reckless; but there is always work a man can do, if he is earnest and willing. If he can't find one kind of work he can another."

In his wife he found a true helpmate. She had a sweet and loving disposition that matched and responded to his own affectionate nature. She was as courageous as he, and she faced their future as confidently. She was ambitious, but it was an ambition with high ideals. She wanted to live to do good; was utterly unselfish, and recognized her husband's capabilities and threw herself wholly into the task of helping him.

"Persistent faithfulness," Doctor Conwell has described as her chief characteristic. "She utterly effaced herself in her desire to help me," he has said. And permeating all these qualities was a forcefulness and self-reliance that swept on with his to dare and do. One who knew her well, in describing her said:

"She was a beautiful woman, with bright, dark eyes, good color and a fine form. She was very jolly and full of fun, and could see the funny side of anything. When others saw the dark side, she would always find something to make it bright. Russell adored her and depended on her. He confided in her and talked things over with her. She believed in him, encouraged him and was anxious to see him rise. She never thought of herself. She saw the potential power in him and gladly sacrificed herself to help him." A cousin, writing to Mrs. Conwell from Williams College, under date of March 4, 1865, has this to say of their marriage:

"I was very much gratified to find that the people among whom I have been visiting entertain so high an opinion of your husband, as a young man of firm principles, fine talents and great promise. I discovered that his friends have—and I judge not without reasons that fully justify them—high hopes of his future career, while I am very sure that it is my earnest wish that he may more than realize these expectations. To stand as well as he seems to in the opinion of others is, to say the least, a compliment to his intellect. I only hope, Jennie, that your two lives, joined in the highest, holiest bonds on earth, may ever surpass in success and happiness your most ardent anticipation for the future."

Almost immediately after they were married Russell Conwell decided to go West. He had not outgrown his childhood's habit of sending for literature of all kinds. An advertisement of Minnesota, and of the bright future of those who grew up with the country, had attracted his attention. He sent for the printed matter and after a careful study of it and of such other data as he could get, the two resolved to make their home there.

One week after their marriage he started, leaving

Mrs. Conwell to follow when he had made a place for her. He had barely enough funds to pay his carfare. But the lack of capital has never deterred Russell Conwell from going ahead with what he thought ought to be done. The first two dollars he earned in Minneapolis were obtained by sawing wood. He did not have then, nor has he now, any false pride. He planted potatoes and did whatever he could find to do during those first few weeks; but he also made friends. A letter to Mrs. Conwell from one of these new friends—Mrs. Keith, with whom he boarded—gives a good picture of his first days in the West.

"Dear Friend," it began, "Your husband has volunteered to hoe potatoes for Mr. Keith this afternoon if I will do his work, *i. e.*, to write you. As I have agreed to do so, I shall keep my word, and your loss will be our gain. I think, however, he will not refuse to assist me by sending you at least a note, so that you will not be so great a sufferer by this agreement.

"But, all joking aside, I have wanted for some time to assure you of the high appreciation that we cherish for your warm-hearted, noble, Christian husband, and to allay your fears that should sickness and suffering come to him, no one in this far-off country would minister to him or give him the sympathy and love of true friendship. Let me assure you, dear friend, that such fears are groundless. In the little while he has been among us he has gathered around him many friends, and if the hour of adversity should come, he will find them just as true as the old and tried ones.

"But we find that he does not forget old friends while enjoying the society of many new ones. We are looking forward with interest to your coming among us to join your husband, and trust you will decide to come out this summer. I think, if you wish to employ some

of your leisure, you can have the opportunity to teach; and as our schools are on the graded system that you are probably familiar with, you would find it pleasant.

"I think there is no doubt in regard to the success of your husband here. He has already done more business than you could reasonably expect a stranger to procure, and the foundation for a good and permanent business seems firm. In the meanwhile accept the assurances that, until you do come, he shall be as a brother to us, and in all ways that we can, we will seek to advance his interest and highest good."

Russell Conwell, as the writer of this letter says was not long in getting a foothold, as he soon became the Minneapolis correspondent of the *St. Paul Press*, and filled a column every day with news of the town. He began to practice law and also went into the real estate business. A few months after he had arrived practically penniless, he was in a position to send for Mrs. Conwell. Keenness, alertness, and a willingness to do whatever he could find to do, but not to be content with so doing, had quickly made him known and given him a footing in this bustling western town.

Mrs. Conwell arrived in August with her mother and brother, Joseph Hayden, who went into business with Conwell, and the prospects of the young couple began to look bright. As Minneapolis correspondent for the *St. Paul Press*, Conwell was not long in discovering that Minneapolis needed and could support a paper of its own. With him to see a need was to supply it if there was nobody else to do it. In company with Colonel Stevens he started the *Minneapolis Daily Chronicle*, which has since become the Minneapolis *Tribune*. The weekly edition of this paper was called *Conwell's Star of the North*. In the editorial of the first issue is given not only the purpose of the paper, but a

MRS. JENNIE CONWELL

First Wife of Dr. Conwell

good index of its editor's outlook on life. In this article he says:

"It will be appropriate in the first number of the *Star* to state fairly what the reasons were for bringing out a new paper at this time and also to say what position we intend to take upon the questions of the day. There has been a lack of such family reading as the intelligence and enterprise of Minnesota would seem to demand. The political papers cannot devote much time or space to matters of mental culture and do their parties justice. Whenever they do insert anything other than political news or comment it must necessarily be wholly subordinate to the main object of their publication, viz., to advance the interest of their party. Far be it from us to blame them. If they are party organs, let them speak the things of their party. It is in the contract.

"But with us these things are different. Claiming to be the organ of no party, bound by no political ties, having no political history, and doing whatever we do entirely within ourselves; taking nothing, asking nothing of anyone, we propose to speak our own mind freely upon any topic in which we believe the people to be interested. No 'stockholder' can come in and upbraid us if we differ from him. No 'private friends' can come to 'set us right' if perchance we tread upon their toes. This paper will be the organ of the editor only, and any injustice or wrong that is brought to his notice will be as openly and freely condemned if perpetrated by one man as by another, and anything commendable will be as quickly perceived in one place as in any other. It is, however, enough to say(which we are sorry to state is more than some can say) *we are ourselves.*

"We will try to the best of our ability to carry into the family with the *Star* a high standard of morality,

a love for the good, a respect for the noble, and an increased interest in education, refinement, and everything that elevates and dignifies mankind. We say we will *try* to do this; but should we at any time fail, or come short of our aim, it will be the fault 'of the head and not of the heart.' We start with the people. We will march on with them. They know the metal from the dross, and we will rest our cause with them."

Mrs. Conwell conducted the "Ladies' Department." Her initial editorial is not only a good indication of her broad outlook on life, but it shows how far in advance of the times was her thought, and how courageous and independent she was in voicing it.

"Upon assuming the care and labor belonging to the 'Ladies' Department' of this paper," she wrote, "we take upon ourselves a great responsibility. We feel how much happiness, morality and religion depend upon the reading matter furnished by the family newspaper. In view of all this we lay down our plan of operation for the future.

"We repudiate the ideas put forth by the *Star* Company in their prospectus relating to the 'Ladies' Department.' We will never consent to conduct any part of the paper which proceeds upon the supposition that fashions, receipts, cook-books, and nonsense are the only matters of interest to the female part of the community. Pshaw! Is Minnesota so far behind the age, that her people do not know that the 'reign of mind' has commenced on earth? Have they yet to learn that there are found among our sex the brightest, clearest literary minds of the day?

"Will the women of the Northwest be satisfied to be represented by a journal which concedes to woman only just enough thought to appreciate a cook-book? Answer us, ye men whose homes are cheerful and happy

in the presence of a *thinking* wife or daughter. We know full well what your answer will be. It will be just such a reply as should come from the hearts and heads of intelligent, honest, generous *men*. You would say that this is not the age of brute force. The stoutest arm, the strongest body, does not necessarily command the respect and reverence of a people now, as that ancient day. It is the strongest brain, the deepest *thought* that compels the homage of the world.

"Woman has been hampered by custom, spoiled by too much care, bound by the fascinating cords of fashion, and has never had the opportunity of proving whether she be man's equal or not. Whatever she has done, in nearly every instance, has been appropriated and claimed by men. Who supposed, until very recently, that the mowing machine—the greatest improvement of the age—a machine that saves our farmers hundreds and thousands of dollars every year—was the invention of a woman? How little did she realize the benefit she was doing mankind when she left the flower-beds she had been trimming with her scissors and asked her husband if a machine for mowing might not be made to work on the same plan!

"But we do not wish to enter into any argument. We wish simply to call attention to the matter, and to state that *we* believe woman is mentally man's equal; that she has her sphere of action; that *her place is not man's;* that her physical and mental constitution is different from man's and calls for different exercises; that there is enough for both to do in the world, and neither need be termed 'inferior.' We do not adopt the extreme stand of Anna Dickinson, George Francis Train and others, nor the other extreme which would treat woman as an 'inferior order of animals.'

"But we hold to the golden mean, claiming that

literature, art, and science are as appropriate studies for women as for men; that women are as interested in all that disciplines the mind as are men; that the milliner should have no more influence over women than the tailor over men; that millinery, dressmaking, tailoring, receipts, cook-books, and fashions are worthy of attention, but not of the *whole* attention, of any class of human beings; that in conducting this department we shall do as we please, without consulting the men as to the propriety of our action. We shall select, write, and insert such articles as we shall think of interest to 'woman as she should be;' and when we make up our minds that nothing else but the items recited in the *Star* prospectus are of interest to our lady readers, we will drop our pen and 'Hie to worlds unknown.'"

It is a fine, clear, vigorous statement, and far in advance of the general thought of her day. It brings out in a strong light her charmingly forceful personality. It gives a good picture of what a helpmate she was. One feels that she would put into everything she did the same force and the same fine mentality and high purpose that are here shown.

In addition to these undertakings, any other avenue for earning a living that opened was utilized by Russell Conwell. Singing lessons were given in his law office, and he also gave instruction on the piano. Thus many a dollar was added to the family income by his knowledge of music. But in this new life with all its new interests and needs, his time and attention were not wholly concerned with himself. Ever since his conversion in the Big Shanty Hospital near Marietta, Georgia, and his open profession of faith when able to leave the hospital, he had been active whenever and wherever possible in the cause of Christ.

Although a stranger in a strange land, Russell Con-

well's activity did not cease upon his arrival in Minneapolis. He spoke in the cause of temperance, and he made addresses at Sunday-schools. On one occasion, when a funeral service was to be held and the minister was detained by a storm, Conwell preached the funeral sermon. "It was an inspiring sermon, too," said one who heard it. He organized a quartet, himself singing bass, Mrs. Conwell soprano, Mr. Hayden tenor, and a friend alto; and, with him at the organ, the four gave their services wherever such help was needed.

But perhaps his most important work in this line was the establishment of the Y. M. C. A. of Minneapolis. He had been holding a noon prayer-meeting every day for a year in his law office. It was similar to the Fulton Street noon prayer-meeting in New York—one of the most remarkable prayer-meetings of the country. So successful was this prayer-meeting in Conwell's office that those who came felt they would like to branch out into some larger work. A committee was formed consisting of a member of one of the large dry goods firms of the town, a deacon in the church of which Conwell was a member, and Conwell, as chairman. The field was carefully surveyed and, as a result, the Y. M. C. A. of Minneapolis was started.

Thus several years slipped away and prosperity seemed assured. Conwell's business was growing; his friends were increasing and he was, as well, taking an active part in the religious life of the community—a work which, had he been willing to admit it, brought him more genuine satisfaction than anything else he did. Already he was beginning to feel an inner pulling toward the ministry that was given increased strength by the remembrance of his father's and mother's wishes in the matter. But as yet he had not seen this work in its true light and he resisted the call.

Then, suddenly, disaster came. One night in 1868, when the entire family were away, the house caught fire. Conwell was attending a G. A. R. meeting about a mile distant. When word was brought to him, he ran the entire distance, hoping to arrive in time to save some of the household goods. It was a bitter night, with a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero. The running, the excitement, and the cold, brought on a hemorrhage of the lungs. At first, this was thought but a passing ailment.

The family fixed themselves in a few rooms and cheerily set their faces toward retrieving their lost fortune; but the hemorrhages continued. Often as much as a pint of blood was lost at one time; he rapidly grew weak and thin, and business was impossible. The doctors hinted at tuberculosis and held out little hope. Everything had been lost in the fire; funds were low; no money was coming in; and, with health and business gone, the future looked black. At last it was decided to take the little money that was left and return East. His family and friends, if not Conwell himself, thought his life was but a matter of weeks.

These were dark days for Russell Conwell and his wife. Everything he had worked so hard to achieve was lost, and the money he had saved was gone. The position he had labored to make was valueless, and death might be but a few weeks or months away.

"How did you have the courage even to try to go on?" was asked him. "Under such circumstances, most people would have just given up."

His mouth settled into grim lines. "They were dark days," he said, "but I never acknowledge to myself that I am defeated. I held on, then. I kept planning in my mind things to do. Then, too, one is more disheartened if failure comes through one's own

fault. When it comes—as this did—from nothing for which I could blame myself, I think one has more heart to try again."

Not only did he refuse to give up hope himself, but his friends stood by him. It was thought that possibly a trip abroad might benefit him; and the warm and wide circle of friends he had made in Minneapolis secured his appointment as Immigration Agent to Germany for the State of Minnesota.

With this appointment, he and Mrs. Conwell returned to Massachusetts, and he sailed for Germany to take up his duties; but his health did not improve. He finally gave up the commission upon which he had been sent, as he felt he was not able to do the work properly. Then he wandered about Europe from one health resort to another, hoping to find relief. At last he joined a surveying party and went to the Holy Land, for the inner voice was calling more insistently to follow in the footsteps of Christ and preach and teach and heal the sick. He desired greatly to see the country where the Saviour had gone up and down doing good.

But the trip was of no benefit physically, and the hemorrhages became more and more frequent. He could not keep up with the party and, in 1869, he left it and went to Paris. Here he was so weak that he could no longer care for himself and he entered the Necker Hospital for treatment. After an examination, he was told he could live but a few days.

But his life was not to flicker out among strangers in a strange land. He now had faith in a supreme and loving Being, and he prayed with all his fervor that he might be permitted to again see his wife, his father and mother and the woods and streams of his native land. His prayer was answered in greater measure than he had dared hope.

His case had aroused much interest among the physicians of the hospital, because the blood from the hemorrhage, when analyzed, disclosed traces of brass. The talk about it spread outside the hospital walls and finally came to the ears of a famous Berlin doctor then in Paris. He was a man always on the alert for anything new and remarkable in his profession. He came to the hospital and studied the case of the young American.

"Were you ever shot in the shoulder?" he finally asked.

Then came back to Conwell the recollection of the duel with the Confederate around the tree in the North Carolina woods, and the bullet which had lodged in his shoulder near his neck and which had never been removed. He told the physician the incident.

"There is the trouble," said the doctor. "That bullet had brass in it, and it has worked down into your lung. Only the most skilful operation can save you, and there is only one man—so far as I know—who can do it. He is a surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, New York. Even then, your chance is slight.

But the physician's words brought hope—hope of again seeing his people and home, and perchance of life itself. It buoyed him to attempt the trip home. It was a fearful ordeal and required all his determination and grim tenacity to help him carry it through. Even when almost unconscious from weakness, he clung to that one purpose to reach home. Few can realize the suffering and loneliness of that trip, but he survived it.

Upon landing in New York, Russell Conwell was taken to the Bellevue Hospital, the case explained and the opinion of the famous physician given. The surgeon of whom the doctor had spoken made an

examination, and the bullet was found near the third rib. It had worked down from the shoulder through the tissue of the lung to this position. To remove the bullet would be an exceedingly delicate operation, and the chance of recovery was slim; but without it, death was inevitable.

It was an anxious time for all who loved him; but the operation was successful. The bullet was removed and, in a short time, health and strength were back in full tide. With returning vigor came the old desire to work. Conwell went to Boston in 1870, and secured a position on the *Boston Traveller* at fifteen dollars a week. He and Mrs. Conwell established themselves in a few rooms and practically began life anew.

But, though poor, these were happy days. The fear of ill health had been lifted; congenial work had been found; and their first child, Nima, was born. The name given to her is indicative of the originality of Conwell's mind. It is a Bohemian word meaning "none such." Doctor Conwell has a dislike for nicknames and never wanted his children to have a name that could be thus misused.

As in Minneapolis, his indefatigable work soon began to tell, and his circumstances to improve. He opened a law office and also began to lecture. His work on the newspaper, too, began to arouse comment. Then came his first big commission. He was sent by his paper to write up the battlefields of the rebellion, and "Russell's Letters from the Battlefields," became famous all over the country. They were quoted and commented upon widely. Simply as descriptive writing they were vivid pieces of literature. But the human interest element was woven in, together with memories of the battles that had been fought; and not only the soldiers, but everyone throughout the country read

them eagerly. (See Appendix, "Russell's Letters from the Battlefields.")

These letters were followed by a trip around the world as special correspondent for the *Boston Traveller* and the *New York Tribune*. He was already the New England correspondent for the *Tribune*, so it was an easy matter to place his articles from abroad with the big New York paper as well as with the *Boston Traveller*.

When Conwell returned from this trip, he brought out his first book, published by Lee and Shepard of Boston, "Why and How the Chinese Emigrate and the Means They Adopt of Getting to America." The Chinese question was causing great excitement just then, and this book was timely and popular.

CHAPTER XVI

Busy Days in Boston

Doctor Conwell Tells about Meeting Tennyson, Gladstone, Garibaldi, Henry Ward Beecher, Whittier, and Many Other Famous People. His Work as a Lawyer. Free Legal Advice to the Poor. The Boston Young Men's Congress. His Tremont Temple Sunday-school Class.

UPON his return from his trip around the world, Russell Conwell was offered an editorial position upon the *Boston Traveller*. This he accepted. His work now broadened in many ways, and his days became increasingly active. He wrote not only for his own paper, but he did special work for other papers and periodicals throughout the country, and this necessitated much traveling.

The demand for lectures increased and these took him to various parts of the country. In addition, he went abroad many times in the interest of different newspapers and publications, and interviewed many distinguished men and women of that period.

He thus obtained a wonderful kaleidoscopic picture of life. From the West—where his work took him to the very frontiers of civilization and he mingled with hardy pioneers and obtained their primitive outlook upon life—he went to the very heart of the slums of Boston among the poor and suffering, and from there he boarded a steamer bound for the old and cultured civilization of Europe, to view its superfine luxuries and mingle with some of its best representatives.

On one of these foreign trips he saw Bismarck—"A great, large-hearted German," Doctor Conwell describes him, "with a laugh that fairly shook the building. He was a rough, rude soldier with hard features; but I do not believe," he observed, thoughtfully, "that he would have shot Miss Cavell."

Doctor Conwell also saw Von Molke, whom he remembers as a dignified soldier and a most polished gentleman. His interview with Tennyson remains vividly in his memory, and is one of the most pleasant that he recalls.

He went to see Tennyson in company with Harriet Beecher Stowe and spent an afternoon with the poet. It was during this interview that Tennyson told about the writing of the poem, "Break, Break, Break," which is probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

This poem was written shortly after the loss of a loved one. The poet had gone to the seashore, upon the advice of friends, in the hope that new scenes might fill his mind with other interests and lessen his grief. As he walked upon the beach and gazed out over the waters the view took form in:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea."

Then over him swept the memory of his bereavement. The scene before him vanished. All that he saw or thought was his loss, and the mental picture ended in:

"I would that my heart could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me."

The following day he had the same experience and, as he gazed out over the sparkling waters, his thought took shape in:

"The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill."

Then again the overwhelming sense of his loneliness swept over him, and he finished:

> "But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

Conwell stayed a week with Garibaldi and walked with him around Caprera, the island owned by Garibaldi, and where he made his home. "It was a great experience," Doctor Conwell says in recalling it. "We would sit up and talk half the night. That week with him was practically the whole of Italian history. It made me keenly interested in Italian affairs—an interest I have never lost. All these interviews, however, were a great education. They made me want to read and know more about the people and countries I saw."

"My interview with Dickens, for instance, gave me a greater desire than I had previously had to read his books. I saw him a few days before he died, so, of course, he was scarcely his usual self. He was fussy and nervous, but wonderful, despite the state of his health. He kept us much longer than we had expected to stay."

Doctor Conwell's recollection of Gladstone is most pleasant. "He was a good, kindly old English gentleman and he talked long with me about American affairs. I was amazed at the scope of his knowledge of them."

Just before the outbreak of the Franco-German war, Conwell attended a banquet in Paris at which the Emperor and Empress were present. "Eugenia was a beautiful woman," he says, "and," he added, "she really was the whole government."

Victor Hugo impressed him as a stern, reserved man, who hated Napoleon the Third, and looked upon his ascension to the throne as a great crime.

Doctor Conwell saw Emperor Francis Joseph, and attended a reception to William the Third of Germany at his palace. In fact, there were few people of note that he did not interview, or events of importance at which he was not present as a journalist.

Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinese statesman, was among those interviewed during these years. He impressed Conwell as a stingy old man—careful not to spend a cent. An indication of this was his failure to serve his visitors with tea—the custom in China. "He had a genial side to his nature, though," concluded Doctor Conwell, "and when I called upon him, he was playing leap-frog with his grandchildren, and also letting them ride on his back, under the pretense that he was an elephant."

However, not all of Doctor Conwell's interviews were with distinguished people abroad. He also met many men of note in America. In this way he came to know Henry Ward Beecher very well. The man—whose sermons as a child he had read and whom, as a young man, upon his first visit to New York, he had heard preach that remarkable sermon in which Beecher auctioned off a slave woman—came to have an important place and a strong influence in his life.

"My acquaintance with Henry Ward Beecher," Doctor Conwell says, "was the most intimate that I had with any public man. I was often in New York for several months at a time doing special work on the *Tribune*. At such times, I always reported Beecher's sermons. When he had anything special to be written up, he would send for me. We traveled together a great deal, and, later, when I myself was lecturing, I met him often on my lecture trips."

Bayard Taylor was another of Conwell's intimates of these days. Taylor was one of the editors of the

New York Tribune and Conwell, through his connection with the paper, had become acquainted with him. They had chanced to meet upon one of Conwell's trips abroad and had traveled together from London to Italy. After his death Doctor Conwell wrote a biography of him; and when the great memorial service was arranged for him in Tremont Temple, Boston, the Young Men's Congress asked Conwell to call upon Oliver Wendell Holmes and request him to write a poem upon Bayard Taylor's death for the occasion.

"I called upon Mr. Holmes and told him what was wanted," says Doctor Conwell in recalling the incident. "I remember the occasion well. He was sitting in a rocking chair. He rocked back and kicked up his feet, and ridiculed the idea as absurd.

"'I write a poem on Bayard Taylor?'" he said. 'No; but I tell you, if you will get Mr. Longfellow to write a poem on Bayard Taylor's death, I will read it!' So I went to Mr. Longfellow and told him what Doctor Holmes had said, and here is the poem he wrote." And Doctor Conwell recited:

"'Dead he lay among his books!
The peace of God was in his looks.
As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
So these volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.
Ah, his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o'er.
Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.
Let the lifeless body rest!
He is gone who was its guest.
Gone as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.
Traveler! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet tonight.
Poet, thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse,

Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own.
On the ruins of the past,
Blooms the perfect flower, at last.
Friend, but yesterday, the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells.
And today they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea.
Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.' "

Whittier was another distinguished American with whom Conwell spent many hours in the poet's charming, old-fashioned home in Amesbury. "I used to run out to his home frequently," says Doctor Conwell, "and in his study, talk over with him matters in which we were both interested."

That study is a restful room. Many pleasant hours the aged poet and the young newspaper man passed together in it. It looks out upon a peaceful garden. The walls are covered with photographs, autographed poems and mementos of many kinds from friends and admirers all over the world.

The furniture is old-fashioned and the desk upon which the poet wrote is small and cramped according to present-day standards; but an atmosphere of peace and charm pervaded the place that was an inspiration and strength to the busy young newspaper man who came here so frequently.

"I once asked Whittier what was his favorite poem," says Doctor Conwell when recalling these days. "He replied that he had not thought very much about it, but said there was one that he especially remembered. It was this:

" 'I know not where His islands lift,
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.'

"I also asked him, 'Mr. Whittier, how could you write all those war songs which sent us young men to

war, and you a peaceful Quaker? I cannot understand it!' He smiled and said that his great-grandfather had been on a ship that was attacked by pirates; and, as one of the pirates was climbing up the rope into their ship, his great-grandfather grasped a knife and cut the rope, saying 'If thee wants the rope, thee can have it.' He said he had inherited something of the same spirit."

Another question which Conwell put to Whittier was of an extremely personal nature, and shows how intimate they were. "Several of us had been discussing one day in the newspaper office after our work was done, why Whittier had never married," said Doctor Conwell in speaking of this particular interview. "I said I would go and ask him. I went out to his house and approached the subject from all possible sides, with what I thought were leading questions; but the poet did not respond in the way I wished. Finally I asked him point blank. He smiled but again evaded, and I returned to my co-workers no more enlightened on the subject than when I left. The next day, however, I received a letter from Whittier, which read:

"'DEAR COLONEL:—I thank thee for thy interest in my humble past and hazy future. It was a blest conference we had on First-day. Come again and let us walk longer by the river. I enclose the answer I could not give thee yesterday.

"'Thy Friend,

"'J. G. WHITTIER.

"'Amesbury, July 10, 1871.'"

Enclosed was the poem entitled "Memories." (See Appendix.)

But busy as Conwell was with his newspaper, magazine and book work—for he wrote many books in

those days—this was but a small part of his activities. He became more and more widely known as a lecturer and the calls for him to speak became more and more frequent. While upon one of his trips abroad, he gave a series of lectures at Cambridge, England, on Italian history, that attracted much favorable comment. They grew out of the interest in the subject which Garibaldi had aroused in him.

It was also during these busy days in Boston that Conwell wrote a biography of Daniele Manin, the great Venetian statesman, for whom Garibaldi had aroused his admiration. This manuscript was thought to have been destroyed by a fire at his Boston home; and it was not until years afterwards that it was found in a barrel in the barn where, in the confusion, it had been hastily placed for safe keeping, and then forgotten.

Conwell's law practice steadily increased. He had an office in Somerville, practically a suburb of Boston, where he now lived, and also one in Tremont Temple in the city proper. In this law practice he took a step unprecedented in the history of the profession in Boston. He was ever ready to respond to the needs of the poor, and in his newspaper work he often saw how a little legal advice would lift the poor and ignorant over a rough place in the road. So he inserted in the Boston paper the following notice:

> "Any deserving, poor person wishing legal advice or assistance will be given the same free of charge, any evening except Sunday, at No. 10 Rialto Building, Devonshire Street. None of these cases will be taken into court for pay."

These cases Conwell prepared as attentively and took into court with as great a determination to win as those for which he received large fees. This pro-

ceeding laid him open to much professional criticism. His action was said to be unprofessional, sensational and a "bid for popularity." But criticism did not stop him. The wrongs of many an ignorant man, suffering through the greed of men over him, were righted. Those who robbed the poor under various guises were made to feel the hand of the law.

And for none of these cases did Conwell the lawyer ever take a cent of pay. He kept his law office open at night for those who could not come during the day, and gave counsel and legal advice free to the poor. Often during the evening he had as many as half a hundred of these clients, too poor to pay for legal aid, yet sadly needing help to right their wrongs.

Another class of clients who brought Conwell much work but no profit were the widows and orphans of soldiers seeking aid to obtain pensions. To such he never turned a deaf ear, no matter what multitude of duties pressed. He charged no fee, even when to win the case he was compelled to go to Washington. Nor would he give up the case—no matter what work it entailed—until the final verdict was given. His partners say he never lost a pension case, nor ever made a cent by one.

Attorney Conwell was considered an expert in contested election cases, and he frequently appeared before the legislature in behalf of cities and towns on matters over which it had jurisdiction. One who knew him personally, speaking of these days says:

"Conwell prepared and presented many bills to Congressional committees at Washington, and appeared as counsel in several Louisiana and Florida election cases. His arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States in several important patent cases were reported to the country by the Associated Press.

He had at one time considerable influence with the President and Senators in political appointments; and some of the best men still in government office in this state (Massachusetts) and in other New England states, say they owe their appointment to his active friendship in visiting Washington on their behalf. But it does not appear that, through all these years of work and political influence, he ever asked for an appointment for himself."

An unwritten law in Conwell's law office was that neither he nor his partners should ever accept a case if their client were in the wrong or guilty. But this very fact made evil-doers the more anxious to secure him. They knew it would create the impression at once that they were innocent.

A story that went the rounds of legal circles in Boston, and finally was published in the *Boston Sunday Times*, shows how he was cleverly fooled by a pick-pocket. The man charged with the crime came to Attorney Conwell to get him to take the case. So well did he play the part of injured innocence that Colonel Conwell was completely deceived and threw himself heart and soul into the work of clearing him.

When the case came up for trial, the lawyer and client sat together in the court-room and Colonel Conwell made such an earnest and forceful plea in behalf of the innocent young man, and the harm already done him by having such a charge laid against his door, that the district attorney agreed to dismiss the case at once. So lawyer and client walked out of the court together, happy and triumphant, to Colonel Conwell's office, where the pickpocket paid Attorney Conwell his fee out of the lawyer's own pocket-book which he had deftly abstracted in the court-room.

"What was your most interesting case?" was once

asked Doctor Conwell. He thought a moment and replied, "It was a murder case. I came into it after the supposed murderer had been sentenced for life. He pleaded 'not guilty,' but made no defense. The verdict went against him, and when I came into the affair he was serving his life sentence. I was called to settle the estate of his son and discovered that the son had in his possession some property of the murdered man.

"Suspicion had never been directed to the son at all; but when I went to see the man in prison to get him to sign some papers concerning the son's estate, I said, 'You did not kill that man. It was your son that did it.' At my words he broke down. But still he did not admit it. I was so convinced of his innocence that, without his permission, I took the matter up and brought it again through the court, with the result that he was finally pardoned. He had suffered to shield his son."

Into work for temperance Colonel Conwell went earnestly. He spoke for the cause and also helped individuals suffering from the habit. Many a drunkard he took to his Somerville home, nursed all night, and in the morning endeavored to awaken him to a desire to live a different life. Deserted wives and children of drunkards came to him for aid, and many of the free law cases were in behalf of those wronged through drink.

Friend always of the workingmen, Colonel Conwell was persistently urged by their party to accept a nomination for Congress; but he as persistently refused. However, he worked hard in politics for others and managed one campaign, in which General Nathaniel P. Banks was running on an independent ticket, and elected him by a large majority.

Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson presented Conwell's name for United States Consulship at Naples

because his lectures at Cambridge, England, on Italian history had attracted so much favorable comment on account of the deep research they showed and keen appreciation of the Italian character. At one time he was guardian of more than sixty orphan children and three of the most destitute of these were left a fortune of $50,000 through his intercession with a relative.

In addition to his newspaper work, his lecturing and practice, Colonel Conwell went actively into real estate operations. In Somerville, a growing suburban section, he started the *Somerville Journal*, a newspaper, and began various real estate operations that materially assisted in the growth of the place. Two streets in Somerville were named after him—one, Conwell Street and the other, Conwell Avenue. He built a beautiful home in what is now the Tufts College district. This is one of the loveliest sections around Boston. The land is elevated, and beautiful views are obtained of Boston and the towns along the Mystic River.

Despite these many and far-reaching business activities, he found time for interests other than his own. As in Minneapolis, he entered energetically into all work of the community that made for betterment and progress.

One of the institutions which Colonel Conwell founded at this time and which has played an important part in Boston's civic life, was Boston's Young Men's Congress. It was organized in 1875 by Conwell after he had discussed the project with Charles Sumner. So important a body did it become that it was incorporated in 1885. It was modeled after the Lower House of Congress of the National Legislature and was a school of the actual work of the House of Representatives. The Manual of the Massachusetts Legislature was used for its rules. Its sessions opened the first Monday in

October and it met every Monday night during the winter.

The congress had at one time more than a hundred members, and it became one of the notable associations of Boston. Bills were introduced as in the legislature, and all the important subjects of the day were discussed. The tariff, suffrage, immigration—whatever was foremost in the public mind—was argued pro and con; and many were the heated debates, and widespread was the interest in the conclusions reached.

Many of the prominent men of Boston were members of this congress. Hon. John D. Long, Governor of Massachusetts in 1880-83 and afterwards Secretary of the Navy, was one of its members; so also was Elmer A. Stevens, at one time Treasurer of the State of Massachusetts. Mr. Stevens says that his success as a public speaker was due to the training he received in the "Young Men's Congress."

Other members included Charles H. Innes, then a young attorney and later a member of the Massachusetts Senate; William T. A. Fitzgerald, a lawyer, who became a Senator and afterward register of deeds in Suffolk County—one of the most remunerative positions in the gift of the people; Judge Barnes of East Boston court, who was for many years a member and speaker of the congress; March G. Bennett, a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; Benjamin C. Lane and Malcolm G. Nichols, who became members of the Boston city council, Judge Riley of the Malden court and a prominent figure in the Democratic politics of Massachusetts; John Buckley of Cambridge, a deputy collector of internal revenue; and Harry Grigor of the customs service. Later these two men went prominently into social welfare work.

In speaking of the work of the congress, one of its

members has said, "The congress was not sectarian. Many Catholics bore no inconsiderable part in its success during the many years of its existence. I mention this to show that, while the congress was founded by Colonel Russell H. Conwell, who was not a Catholic, it partook of none of the petty religious prejudices of the day."

Another member regarded the congress as the highest class debating society he had ever attended. It was widely copied. The Law School of Boston University and the Young Men's Christian Association both organized similar societies. Visitors were admitted to its sessions and occasionally a Ladies' Night was held. Once a year a supper was given which was a most delightful and interesting function, as it included among its members and guests notable men, not only from Boston, but from many parts of the country. The congress disbanded in 1913-14, but for nearly forty years it was one of the prominent and influential organizations of Boston.

Another association that was almost equally far-reaching in its influence was the Tremont Temple Bible Class organized by Colonel Conwell. When he returned to Boston to live, he allied himself with Tremont Temple Baptist Church, the church of his boyhood friend, Deacon Chipman, who figured in his first adventure in Boston. Conwell started a Bible class which grew so rapidly that it soon beame necessary to secure a hall in which it could meet. Its membership numbered about eight hundred, but between two and three thousand people often attended its meetings.

The Sunday-school lesson for the day was taken up by Conwell, who gave a little talk upon it, and questions and answers and discussions followed. The originality and the vitality of the discussions, and the applica-

tion of the truths taught to the everday problems of life, made the class meetings unusually helpful and interesting, and attracted to them thousands of the business men of Boston.

In addition to the study and discussions of the lessons, the class did much work in the slum district of the North End. The poor and sick were visited, and books, clothing and provisions distributed among them. The class had an excellent male quartet—wherever Conwell was there was always good music—and the quartet helped the work of the class in this section by its singing.

A second child was born in the Conwell family during these years—a son, Leon—now editor and publisher of the *Somerville Journal*, founded by his father. He is a prominent and influential resident of Somerville, has been a member of the Massachusetts State Legislature, and mayor of Somerville.

Thus, writing, lecturing, traveling, practicing law, dealing in real estate, conducting a newspaper, helping in the civic and religious life of the community, Colonel Conwell's days were filled with incessant activity. He lived life as zestfully as he had done in boyhood, but to larger ends. Then the years were giving. Now he was using what they had given. Even now, as he gave, he was receiving. His contact with all phases and conditions of life, his keen interest in all he saw and heard, his warm sympathies that carried him right into the heart of things, enriched and broadened him. These busy years were prolific of much building other than houses, legal emoluments and bank accounts.

CHAPTER XVII

His Entry into the Ministry

The Death of Mrs. Conwell. Increasing Interest in Religious Work. Doctor Conwell's Second Marriage. The Lexington Church. His Decision to Enter the Ministry.

LIFE seemed to be flowering out once more for the Conwell family in happy and useful activity. Colonel Conwell himself was becoming widely known by his writings and lecturing; was building up a good law practice; was conducting large and successful real estate operations; and was prominent in the social, political and religious life of the community. Mrs. Conwell was equally popular and busy in social and religious circles; and was as ably and forcefully conducting a woman's department in the *Somerville Journal* as she had done in the Minneapolis *Star*. The two children—Nima and Leon—were growing into sturdy youngsters, brightening and making happy the family circle. A handsome home was nearing completion for them in one of the most beautiful parts of Somerville.

Then a tragic blow fell. In 1872, after a few days' illness which was not thought to be serious, Mrs. Conwell passed away. With her usual cheery spirit, she had made light of her sickness. She had refused medical help, insisting that her ailment was trifling. The last time she went upstairs she laughed and joked, the family say, as she lifted herself from step to step, the pain, though she would not admit it, being too severe for

her to walk. She was brave, cheery, and self-effacing to the end. Her husband left her in the morning, thinking she was better, to return to find her dead. The rheumatic trouble from which she was suffering suddenly went to her heart and before aid could be secured she had left them.

The months that followed were dark ones for Colonel Conwell. Ordinary occupations palled. He continued his editorial work, his law practice and his real estate operations. He worked even harder, if possible, so that his thoughts could not stray to his loss. It was during these years that he learned five languages by studying on the train to and from his office and his home.

But zest in his many activities was largely gone. The lonely man needed something beyond these to satisfy. As in the Big Shanty Hospital at Marietta after his injury in the Battle of Kenesaw, the death angel roused him to look into her world—the world of the unseen, she again urged him to seek the things of the spirit. This time the call reached depths unsounded before and he sought to know eternal life and the governing power of the universe more earnestly than when he was converted.

Anything that concerned the Bible and Bible people attracted Colonel Conwell now. He gathered a valuable theological library, sending to Germany for a number of the books. When he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, he delivered an address that same evening in Washington on "The Curriculum of the School of the Prophets in Ancient Israel." From all parts of the Old World he collected photographs of ancient manuscripts and sacred places, and kept up a correspondence with many professors and explorers who were interested in these

subjects. He lectured in schools and colleges on archæological subjects with illustrations prepared by himself. He also began lay preaching and spoke to sailors on the wharves, to idlers in the streets, and at little straggling missions where help was needed.

Gradually, through his speaking and teaching and studying, the true understanding of what it meant to be a minister of Christ came to him. The misconceptions and narrow views of his boyhood days regarding the profession dropped away and the joy of the work, its great value, and the world's need of workers in this field began to dawn upon him.

While engaged in evangelical labors Colonel Conwell met Miss Sarah Sanborn, of a wealthy and influential family of Newton Centre. She was an active worker in mission and church circles; a woman of culture, refinement, force of character and executive ability, and widely interested in religious affairs. They met frequently in religious work. Their common interest in such activities drew them together and, in 1874, they were married.

After his marriage Colonel Conwell removed to Newton Centre, the seat of the Newton Theological Seminary. His new home was but a few blocks from the Seminary buildings. Mrs. Conwell already had many friends among the professors, and Conwell was at once thrown intimately into the atmosphere of theological study and discussion.

This brought to his attention and thought another side of the ministry. He thus obtained, through the actual work he was doing in lay preaching and teaching, and through the theological atmosphere into which he was now brought—a view of the profession as a whole. He could see the work from all sides.

As Colonel Conwell meditated upon the need of

religion in men's lives and the effects it produced there, the struggles of a little Baptist church in Lexington to prolong its existence, suddenly cleared his vision as to his course. He saw what his true work was and decided to enter the ministry. He closed his law office, gave up his real estate business, and offered his services as preacher to the little church in Lexington.

CHAPTER XVIII

His First Pastorate

Doctor Conwell Tells Why He did not Earlier Enter the Ministry. His Advice upon Choosing a Life-Work. The Condition of the Church at Lexington. The First Service. Building a New Church. His First Church Fair. The Activities and Growth of the Lexington Church. His Help in Developing Lexington. His Ordination. The Call to Philadelphia.

THE relinquishment of a good law practice and a successful real estate business to take the pastorate of a church that was on the verge of ruin seemed an act of folly to Colonel Conwell's worldy-minded friends. Speaking of Conwell's decision and his quick action, Mr. Hayden, his brother-in-law, said:

"My wife and I were in New York at the time on a brief visit. We returned to Boston by boat and, as I wished to see Conwell about something, I went immediately to his law offices in Tremont Temple, only to find them closed and to learn of the change he had made. I was dumfounded." That was the way many of his friends and relatives regarded his action. But he himself viewed the change in no such light.

When questioned about the matter in later years, Doctor Conwell said with a happy smile, "I knew I had found my work. I was perfectly satisfied. I have never had any disposition to change it, to do anything else. Before that, I was always changing. I was restless. Though I was busy; though I was what the

world would call successful, I wasn't satisfied. From the moment I decided on this work, I was contented and happy. I felt a great satisfaction that cannot be described in words.

"Had I known what the ministry meant, I would undoubtedly have gone into it sooner. I always had a pulling that way but fought against it, for my idea of the work was formed from my childhood experiences; from gloomy, harsh sermons I had heard as a child, from the torture I suffered in church when I could not keep awake and I knew I would be whipped if I didn't. All these things meant to me the church and church work, and I could not force myself to inflict anything of that sort on others. It took me a long time to find out that one could be independent of such methods.

"I remember, as a boy, an old preacher who was always asking me, 'How is your soul?' As I had an inner conviction that it was not altogether commendable in his sight, I was eternally seeing it flying off to some region of eternal woe—not, I must confess, a pleasant thought to entertain continually. The uneasiness it gave me, I somehow blamed upon the ministry.

"I remember another incident of my boyhood that set me against the ministry. Our minister was given a donation party, and sixteen dollars was collected and presented to him. But the expense of feeding the horses of those who came, and the cost of repairing the furniture that was broken during the evening's hilarity, was greater than this amount. Such things made the ministry seem foolish and futile and lacking in good sense. I could not see any connection between it and purposeful living. Yet I always had the desire—as I think most men have—to do good; to be of use to others; and to make my life worth while. Had I realized that these were the foundation principles of

the ministry, I would have entered it sooner. But my early ideas of a minister's life and work and accomplishment held me in a spell which I could not shake off for many years." At another time Doctor Conwell said, in reference to this sudden and decided change in his life:

"I have been often asked how I came to choose my life's work, as though it were a matter of my own selection, instead of a case of being forced to do that which I did not like. But the feeling within my soul that I ought to preach the Gospel was never fully out of my heart, after the days when my mother insisted that I should be a preacher and told all the neighbors who came to our house of her great ambition for me.

"That feeling would often rise to a very strong desire, and I seldom ever listened to a religious address or a fine sermon without feeling conscience-stricken and often half inclined to throw away everything and enter upon the humble service of the Lord Jesus Christ. But I tried to destroy that feeling, or at least bury it by taking hold of other things and putting my whole mind and time into them.

"I studied law while in the army, and paced the beach many weeks at Fort Macon, in North Carolina, memorizing the entire works of Blackstone. I thought I had at least conquered my previous inclination toward the ministry, and that I should be contented as a lawyer. But my practice was much broken at first by the failure of my health, due to my army wounds, and I was forcibly thrust into newspaper writing by the necessity of earning a living and traveling for my health.

"One of the first law cases which came to me after the opening of my law office in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1866, compelled me to take possession of a printing

establishment connected with a weekly newspaper which had failed. That led to a financial interest in the *Minneapolis Chronicle*, which Colonel Stevens persuaded me to undertake, and afterward led to the establishment of *Conwell's Star of the North*, a weekly paper later merged into the present *Minneapolis Tribune*. Then, for several years, I traveled around the world, making a complete circuit of the earth for the *New York Tribune*, the *Boston Traveller* and my own Minneapolis newspaper.

"But I always kept up the ambition to return to the practice of law, which I did when I recovered my health, opening one office in Somerville, Massachusetts, and another in Boston. There I practiced law, speculated in real estate, entered into active politics, and began the publication of the *Somerville Journal*. All the time these various matters were being used by me to keep out of mind that mysterious call of the spirit to preach the Gospel.

"Unexpected and probably undeserved success came to my law practice in Boston through accident and the kindness of friends, so that I seemed to be prospering beyond my highest hopes, when, among my clients there came a young widow—Mrs. Barrett of Lexington, Massachusetts—who consulted me as to what could be done with the property of an old Baptist church in Lexington, which had been practically abandoned.

"I had been continuously lecturing in the lyceums and speaking on the Sabbath to Sunday-school conventions and anniversaries, so that I was not out of touch with religious life and work. I had also organized a large Bible class of nearly eight hundred members in the Tremont Temple Church in Boston, of which I was a member. My advice as a lawyer to Mrs. Barrett was that they should sell the property and turn the

proceeds over to the State Convention for the general use of the Baptist denomination. But the first little gathering which I attended in Lexington was such a sad occasion that we could not get the few old people, who loved the place so much, to do anything about selling the property; and Mrs. Barrett suggested that I should go to Lexington the following Sunday and give an address to such people as might come to the old building.

"The address, which I delivered there the next Sunday, was attended by very few people and it would not have been safe for more persons to have stood upon the dangerous floor. But it was an occasion when all the old-time desire arose in full power within me, and my conscience resumed complete control of my actions. I resolved that night—after hours of struggle with myself and prayer to my Lord—to at last dedicate myself to the cause which I should have adopted years before. I was then thirty-seven years of age and settled in a profession in a large city, with prospects of wealth and success, which were very attractive; but I felt, 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,' and I dared not disobey that divine call.

"My family were greatly surprised, my relatives were indignant, and even the church members thought me to be unbalanced in mind to do so wild a thing as to launch out from my settled and successful life into the uncertainties of poverty and failure, which seemed all there was before me in the life of a preacher. But I surrendered all and kept on amid the scoffs and reproaches of my best friends. And while I have seen hours of trial; met sore defeats; been wounded by jealousies; injured by misunderstandings; yet, as I look back upon life now, I cannot see that I ever suffered greater hardships than I had expected.

"Instead of those expected privations, I have been

especially blessed. The Lord has sent to me successes beyond my highest expectations, and I have had friends and comforts which I am sure I could not have deserved. Not for one moment since I came to a full decision to follow the Lord in his work have I ever been sorry that I made the change and, although I have not wealth nor fame, I can lay down my armor now with a feeling that I have succeeded more than I had ever hoped or expected.

"I have seen so many men, who have worked much harder, made more sacrifices, and had more talent, who have fallen in the rear and sunk into oblivion, that I cannot take to myself any pride; nor am I willing to accept these results as more than accidental. But I would have my friends—as I would myself—give the glory or the honor to the Great Power which has designs of His own and who promotes those whom He will or keeps in obscurity those who may serve Him best.

"No one in the service of the Lord can say that he is in the wrong place—no matter where he may be situated—if his conscience does not tell him that he himself has entered into conscious sin. Defeats are often the greatest victories; and the Lord may use most those who seem to be—from a human point of view—of the least account. It is absolutely impossible for any servant of God to tell in this life whether his efforts are going to be of future avail, or whether his losses may not after all be of more account in the future Kingdom than the gains of the great."

This first service at which Colonel Conwell preached is often recalled by the members of the Lexington church. "When we heard that Colonel Conwell was coming to preach," said one of these members, in describing his work in Lexington "we felt that we must get together an audience for him. We scoured the

town to induce people to come, and succeeded in securing eighteen to attend his first service. But after that first service we did not need to do any missionary work. People came of their own account. Soon they could not be accommodated in the church and they stood outside on the pavement. Colonel Conwell is not limited for lung power, though, so they all heard him."

The church building in which the services were held was in a dilapidated condition, and the steps leading up to it were really dangerous. The structure was heated by a stove "which," one of the members said, "the janitor always insisted upon shaking down in the middle of the service." A small melodeon was the musical instrument. For this first service, in addition to securing a congregation, the interest of some of the music lovers of Lexington was also enlisted.

"I went to some of my Unitarian friends who sang," said one of the workers, "and asked them if they would not come and sing for us. They agreed, and so we were able to have a quartet for that first service."

One can feel the anxiety of the few devoted members left, who had the welfare of the church at heart, for that first service. Could they have glimpsed the future they would not have been anxious. As has been said, that first service was electrical. The second Sunday saw the place dangerously crowded. The building was thronged, and people stood upon the sidewalk at both morning and evening service. Lexington realized that the church had come to life, and there was something so vital in this new life that the town was stirred. But it was not mere curiosity that attracted the people. It was a recognition of the fact that the Gospel of Christ was being given to them in a form that practically and helpfully entered into their lives, and they were eager for it.

The crowds and the interest shown pointed out to Conwell the need of a larger building, but he felt that it would be useless to say anything upon the subject to the present members. How could he ask a congregation, whose previous attendance fell at times as low as five or six, and whose former collections—though the members gave nobly and self-sacrificingly—were usually less than a dollar on Sunday, and in whose treasury at his coming was but a dollar and a half, to erect a new church building? Indeed, the treasurer of the church said laughingly, in regard to the dollar and a half that was on hand: "We were so thankful that in his letter saying he would come and preach that first Sunday, he wrote, 'I will take no pay,' for we needed that dollar and a half to fix the door latch."

Surely never was the outlook for building a church more hopeless. But Colonel Conwell is not a man to give much time to viewing the obstacles in his path. It is the need to which he gives the most of his attention and, if this seems definite enough, he believes the very fact of the need implies a supply.

As he knew it would be useless to propose to the church members to build a new church, Colonel Conwell started the work himself. Bright and early upon the Monday morning after his second Sunday at Lexington, he appeared with saw and hammer and began tearing away the steps that had broken down under the pushing and stamping of the crowd. Vigorously he went to work. The neighborhood was aroused by the sounds of blows, the rending of boards and the falling of timbers. By night the most dilapidated parts of the old building were gone and only a fraction of the original porch remained.

But more had been done than the tearing down of a building. That day's work had aroused Lexington

and the whole town was talking about it. For not only was the old building almost razed, but a large amount of money had been subscribed toward a new one. Every one who had stopped and asked what was going on had been told the church's need. The first person had voluntarily given one hundred dollars. Others, when told of the gift, had added what they could. And when Colonel Conwell laid down his pick one evening he had nearly five thousand dollars toward the new edifice.

"The church members could not object to building a church when I told them how much money I had secured toward it," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as he recalled those days. "The question was settled without any discussion or doubt."

If Colonel Conwell's preaching had been electrical in its effect upon Lexington, his method of building a new church was even more so. Equally so were the other activities that quickly followed. While the church was being made over, the services were held in the Town Hall, in which was also held a fair to raise money for the building fund. This fair was unlike anything of the kind that had ever been held before in Lexington.

The whole of the Town Hall was used for it. Upstairs was a restaurant in which meals were ready at all hours. On the balcony was an old-fashioned kitchen in which was served all manner of old-time dishes—cider-apple sauce, doughnuts, baked beans and other famous New England delicacies. When the dinner was prepared a man in the uniform of a Colonial soldier came out on the balcony, blew a silver trumpet, announced that dinner was now served, and read the ménu.

Everything imaginable in merchandise was on sale

from farming tools to the daintiest of hand embroidery. Orders were taken for the winter's supply of vegetables, or for coal or wood. Anything anybody needed was furnished if possible. The only exception was dry-goods by the yard. The fair cleared $1,600.

This event stirred the town and the neighboring community profoundly. Everyone was talking about it and the church work it stood for. One of the pleasing incidents was the action taken by the Roman Catholics of the community. Sometime previously the Roman Catholic church of the town had given a supper. The church did not have enough dishes and tried to borrow supplies from the various Protestant churches of Lexington, but without success. Finally application was made to Colonel Conwell for whatever his church might have. He gladly loaned the dishes at his disposal and, when payment was offered, refused it.

The Catholics were not unappreciative and, when the fair for Conwell's church opened, the priest specially addressed his congregation in regard to it. He told them how kind the Baptist church had been in helping them and said to his parishioners, "I want you to go to that fair and spend money. Don't only buy a ticket to go in. But buy something at the fair." As the Roman Catholic church had a membership of about a thousand, their good-will and help had much to do with the success of the fair.

A Young People's Society was formed, a Bible class for young men organized and many entertainments were given. Activity was the word and the church was thoroughly alive. Everyone connected with it was set to work doing something. Energy seemed to flow from it in many directions and to reach many circles.

Colonel Conwell's method of choosing a Sunday-school superintendent is indicative of the simple and

direct manner in which he worked. His knowledge of men told him that a certain member of the church would make a good Sunday-school superintendent, but he knew that the man if asked would refuse from timidity and self-distrust, as he had never filled any public position.

Conwell, however, knew the real capabilities of the man and that all that was needed was for the man himself to discover them. So he arranged a little social gathering of church members at the man's house and, at the psychological moment, introduced him as the new Sunday-school superintendent. Of course the man protested; but Colonel Conwell held to his point, agreeing that he would himself be on hand, if desired, to make an address, but that the other could easily attend to the routine work. At last the man agreed, and "he made one of the best Sunday-school superintendents Lexington ever had," said one of members who had been present at the affair, in concluding her recital of this event. "Why, we no more thought he would make a superintendent than a butterfly would. But Mr. Conwell was right."

Music was an important part of the church services, and it was not long before the church was said to have the best music within ten miles of Boston. In describing the rôle music played in the church work, a member said, "Mr. Conwell would usually arrive a half hour or so before the service, and, seated at the organ, would play and sing and conduct a general musical service in which the assembling congregation joined. It brought tears to every one's eyes to hear him sing 'Where is my wandering boy tonight?'"

The finances of the church improved immediately, as collections increased from a few dollars to an average of about eighty dollars a Sunday. Not only did the fairs

and entertainments bring in considerable money for the work going forward, but individually the people of Lexington gave generously. In speaking of the liberal financial support received, a member of the church said that a friend had remarked to him, apropos of the financial record the church was making, "If anybody had asked me two years ago, 'How much can these Baptists raise, I would have said six cents. I would not even have made it six and a quarter.'" In the eighteen months Colonel Conwell was there the church raised $8,000.

He lived at Newton Center—ten miles distant—and drove to Lexington. On one of these trips he lost his necktie, and his little daughter Nima who was with him was quite horrified at the thought of her father preaching without a necktie. But such trivialities did not bother him. At another time the horse ran away, and he was thrown and sprained his ankle; but he limped into the pulpit on an improvised crutch. In the winter he often had to shovel his way through snowdrifts; yet such things did not deter him. Love for the work so filled him that anything extraneous to it did not count.

Nor did Colonel Conwell confine himself solely to routine church services or activities. The spirit of religion he believed should pervade all of life's enterprises, and so he entered sympathetically and heartily into all the interests of Lexington. He was as ready to help any person or any interest of the town as he was those under his immediate charge. His earnest desire to be of service to his fellow-men was not bounded by creed or class.

In one section of Lexington was a somewhat rough element. It was Pastor Conwell's wish to reach these people. One night in passing through the streets of this

district, he met a crowd of boisterous young men singing on the corner. He approached them; said a few words in praise of their singing, and then remarked, "Come up and sing for me at the church. Your voices are just what I want. Bring your friends if you want to."

His invitation was met with scoffing and jeers, but he persisted, and finally persuaded them to come. They were at the next service and became regular attendants. Many of them reformed and became respectable and useful members of the community.

Colonel Conwell also did much other personal work. It is told in Lexington how he sat up night after night with a man well-known and liked, but addicted to alcoholism, to prevent him from going out and becoming intoxicated. In the business life of Lexington he became an important factor. He was a keen business man as well as a preacher and had been interested—both in Minneapolis and in Boston —in building up communities. He saw business possibilities in Lexington which had not been made the most of, so he undertook to develop the town commercially.

At Conwell's invitation the Governor of the State, Honorable John D. Long, visited the place. Large business enterprises were started and strongly supported by the townspeople. From the date of Colonel Conwell's installment as pastor, the town took on a new lease of life. He showed them what could be done and encouraged them to do it. Strangers were welcomed to the town, and its unusual beauty became a topic of conversation. The railroad managers heard of its attractiveness and provided better accommodations for travelers. Conwell himself had printed and distributed the following card:

THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF LEXINGTON

Are now open for the residence of business men, and the advantages of the town may be briefly stated as follows: First, official statistics show it to be one of the healthiest localities in the State; Second, its lands are nearly three hundred feet above the sea level; Third, the water is so pure, that an analysis of some of the springs show but a trace of difference between them and the celebrated Poland Springs, said to be so valuable in kidney diseases; Fourth, the location is away from the piercing east winds, although only ten miles from Boston; Fifth, there are eleven trains each way every week-day and more will soon be put on the road; Sixth, it is an historic town, known over the whole civilized world; Seventh, its houses and lands and farms are valuable and so cheap that every citizen can afford to have at least a large garden tract; Eighth, the people are descendants of old New England stock, enterprising, industrious, social, cultured and intelligent; Ninth, its schools are not excelled by those of any other town in the State; Tenth, its public library, its gas company, its local stores, markets, etc., are now fully equal to the demand of the time; Eleventh, there are four religious denominations having houses of worship—Unitarian, Orthodox-Congregational, Catholic, and Baptist.

The writer of this card has no financial interest whatever in the sale of any real estate or other property, but will gladly answer any inquiries about the town or its places of residence, either personally or by mail.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL,
Room B, Tremont Temple.

March, 1881.

One of the town officers writing at that time says: "Lexington can never forget the benefit Mr. Conwell conferred during his stay in the community."

The beginning of all this work Colonel Conwell did before he was ordained, as he merely had a license to preach. When he made the definite decision to enter the ministry, he immediately enrolled at Newton Theological Seminary and pursued his studies there during the busy days of preaching and building at Lexington.

Russell Conwell was ordained in the year 1879. The council of churches called for his ordination met in Lexington and President Alvah Hovey, of Newton Seminary, presided. Among the members of the council was his life-long friend, George W. Chipman, of Boston —the same good deacon who had taken him, a runaway boy, into the Sunday-school of Tremont Temple. The only objection to the ordination was made by one of the pastors present who said, "Good lawyers are too scarce to be spoiled by making ministers of them."

For a year and a half he thus labored. A new church was built. The Baptists of Lexington were working with an enthusiasm and a consecration they had not experienced for years. The town itself was stirred to new life, new activities. Then a call came to larger work. He resigned the pastorate at Lexington to come to Philadelphia to enter upon what has proven to be his great life work—a work which has benefited thousands upon thousands of the people of this country.

THE FIRST "CHURCH HOME" OF GRACE BAPTIST CHURCH

THE TENT ERECTED AT BERKS AND MERVINE STREETS, PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER XIX

The Early Days of the Philadelphia Pastorate

The Beginning of Grace Baptist Church. A Letter Describing a Church Service. John Wanamaker's Tribute to Doctor Conwell's "Different" Methods. The Growth of the Church.

THE church in Philadelphia to which Russell Conwell came was, in a sense, in almost as sore straits as the one to which he had gone in Lexington. It was started in 1870 as a little mission in a rapidly developing section in the northern part of the city. A number of young men from the Tenth Baptist Church, seeing the need for religious services in this district, secured a hall at Twelfth Street and Montgomery Avenue and began holding meetings.

The work prospered and finally a clergyman was employed to take full charge. Under his ministry the mission became still more successful. In 1872, evangelistic services were held which brought a large increase in the membership. It was then decided to form an independent church; and Grace Baptist Church was formally organized, February 12, 1872, with forty-seven members.

The membership soon outgrew the accommodations of the hall, and steps were taken to secure larger quarters. A lot was purchased at Berks and Mervine Streets and a tent, with a seating capacity of five hundred was erected. This was the first "church home" of the members of Grace Baptist Church.

But the little church was growing rapidly in members. Soon the tent could no longer accommodate those who wished to attend, and the problem of erecting a church building confronted the band of workers. This step was finally decided upon. The tent was moved to a neighboring lot, where it was used for mission work, after the church services in it were discontinued. Homeless wanderers were given food and shelter in it, and helped to a useful life. From this work grew the Sunday Breakfast Association of Philadelphia.

The edifice for Grace Baptist Church went rapidly forward. In 1875, the membership was able to use the basement of the building. But troubled days came; bills could not be met; judgments were entered, and finally the sheriff descended and foreclosed. But, after much persuasion, the mortgagor was induced to wait and the little band of workers bent with fresh energy to the task of raising the money and holding their church together.

This was the condition Russell Conwell was asked to meet when the call was made to him—an unfinished building with a mortgage of $15,000 upon it. But failure and debt did not daunt him. He had seen how hard work and determination could overcome both. The only point to be considered was, "Did the cause of Christ need his services here more than in Lexington?" This was the only issue with him.

He came to Philadelphia and looked over the field. He quickly saw that a live church could do much good in the rapidly developing section in which this church was situated. And the earnestness of the church members—their willingness to work and sacrifice—touched him. They were of a spirit kindred to his own and he decided to accept the call.

To many of those interested in his welfare, Russell

Conwell's decision again seemed an act of folly. To relinquish work that was proving highly successful, and which was giving him an influential position in the community, in order to take charge of a church that was on the verge of failure, appeared to many to show an utter lack of wisdom. But worldly standards had little weight with Doctor Conwell. When he was once convinced there was a work to be done, he went ahead and did it.

His congregation in Lexington was loath to give him up. But when he pointed out the precarious condition of the Philadelphia church; how the people there were saying what practically the Lexington congregation had said, "Help us to save the church;" how the church at Lexington could go forward of its own impetus, and that in this new field he could be more useful, they sorrowfully acquiesced in his decision.

"It was a sad day in Lexington," said a member of that church, "when he preached his farewell sermon. But we believed that the church in Philadelphia needed him more than we did, and that he could do a greater work there than he could in Lexington. And so we agreed regretfully to his going."

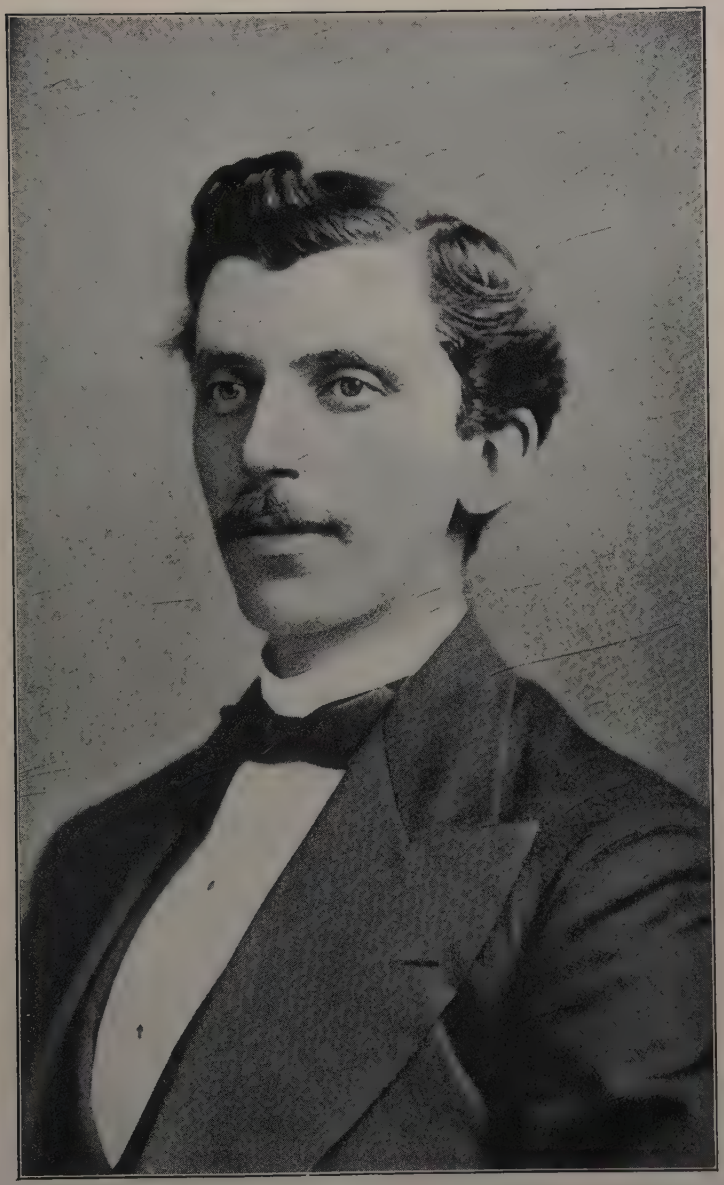
Doctor Conwell entered upon his duties on Thanksgiving Day, 1882. He at once went to work with characteristic energy—preaching, planning, organizing and getting the people busy. He followed no traditions or conventions, unless they could be of use in the work he was doing. He surveyed the field and studied the people. Then he began in the most simple, direct and effective manner to accomplish what needed to be done with the means at hand.

His sermons were simple, direct, full of homely illustrations that stayed in the memory and enabled his hearers to make the spiritual truths he preached a part

of their everyday life. (See Appendix for Sermon Outlines.) A Methodist minister from Albany who happened to be in Philadelphia in the early days of Russell Conwell's pastorate, gave, in a letter home, a good description of one of Doctor Conwell's sermons and of the entire service. He wrote:

"I arrived at the church a full hour before the evening service. There was a big crowd at the front door another at the side entrance. I was determined to get in, so I waited. I was dreadfully squeezed, but finally got through the back entrance and stood in the rear of the pretty church. All the camp chairs were already taken; also the extra seats. The church was rather fancifully frescoed; but it is an architectural gem. It is half amphitheatrical in design; is longer than wide; and the choir gallery and organ are over the preacher's head. It looks, underneath, like an old-fashioned sounding board; but it is neat and pretty. The carpet and cushions are bright red, and the windows are full of mottoes and designs; but in the evening, under the brilliant lights, the figures could not be clearly seen.

"There was an unusual spirit of homeness about the place, such as I never felt in a church before—I was not alone in feeling it. The moment I stood in the audience room, an agreeable sense of rest and pleasure came over me—and everyone else appeared to feel the same. There was none of the stiff restraint most churches have. Everybody moved about and greeted each other with an ease that was very pleasant, indeed. I saw some people abusing the liberty of the place by whispering, even during the sermon. They may have been strangers and evidently belonged to the lower classes. But it was a curiosity to notice the liberty everyone took at a pause in the service, and the close attention there was when the reading or speaking began.



RUSSELL H. CONWELL WHEN HE ENTERED THE MINISTRY

At the Age of Thirty-seven

"All the people sang. I think Doctor Conwell has a strong liking for the old hymns. Of course I noticed this selection of Wesley's favorite. A little boy in front of me stood upon the pew when the congregation rose and piped out in song with all his power, just like a spring canary. It was difficult to tell whether the strong voice of the preacher, or the chorus choir, led most in the singing. A well-dressed lady near me said, 'Good evening' most cheerfully, as a polite usher showed me into a pew. They say that all the members do that. It made me feel welcome. She also gave me a hymn book. I saw others thus kindly greeted. How it did help me to praise the Lord! At home with the people of God! That is just how I felt.

"I was greatly disappointed in the preacher. Agreeably so, after all. I expected to see an old man and he did not appear to be over thirty-five. He was awkwardly tall. I had expected some eccentric and sensational affair. I do not know just what, but I had been told many strange things. I think now it was envious misrepresentation. The whole service was as simple as simple can be—and it was surely as sincere as simple. The reading of the hymns was so natural and distinct that they had a new meaning to me. The prayer was very short, and offered in homely language. At its close the minister paused a moment for silent prayer, and every one seemed to hold his breath in the deepest, real reverence. It was so different from my expectations.

"Then came the collection. It was not an asking for money at all. The preacher put his notice of it the other way about. He said, 'The people who wish to worship God by giving their offering into the trust of the church could place it in the baskets which would be

passed to any one who wanted to give.' The basket that went down by me to the altar was full of money and envelopes. Yet no one was asked to give anything. It was all voluntary, and really an offering to the Lord. I had never seen such a way of doing things in a church collection. I do not know if the minister or church require it so.

"The church was packed in every corner, and people stood in the aisles. The pulpit platform was crowded so that the preacher had nothing more than standing room. Some people sat on the floor, and a crowd of interested boys leaned against the pulpit platform. When the preacher arose to speak, I expected something strange. It did not seem possible that such a crowd could gather year after year, to listen to mere plain preaching; for these are degenerate days. The minister began so familiarly and easily in introducing his text that he was half through his discourse before I began to realize that he was actually in his sermon. It was the plainest thing possible. I had often heard of eloquence and poetic imagination; but there was little of either, if we think of the old ideas. There was close, continuous attention. He was surely in earnest, but made no attempt at oratorical display. Of course, there were exciting gestures at times, and lofty periods; but it was all so natural.

"At one point the whole audience burst into laughter at a comic illustration, but the preacher went on unconscious of it. It detracted nothing from the solemn theme. It was what the *Chautauqua Herald* last year called a 'Conwellian evening.' It was unlike anything I ever saw or heard. Yet it was good to be there. The sermon was crowded with illustrations and evidently unstudied. They say that Doctor Conwell never takes time from his many cares to write a sermon.

That one was surely spontaneous; but it inspired the audience to better lives and a higher faith. When he suddenly stopped and quickly seized a hymn book, the audience drew a long sigh. At once the people moved about again and looked at each other and smiled. The whole congregation were at one with the preacher. There was a low hum of whispering voices. But all was attention again when the hymn was read. Then the glorious song! One of the finest organists in the country—a blind gentlemen named Wood—was the power behind the throne. The organ did praise God. Every one was carried on in a flood of praise. It was rich.

"The benediction was a continuation of the sermon and a closing prayer—all in a single sentence. I have never heard one so unique. It fastened the evening's lesson; but was not formal. The benediction was a blessing, indeed. It broke every rule of church form. It was a charming close, however. No one but Doctor Conwell could do it. Probably no one would try. Instantly at the close of the service, all the people turned to each other, shook hands, and entered into familiar conversation. Many spoke to me and advised me to come again. There was no restraint. All was homelike and happy. It was blessed to be there."

Both Russell Conwell and his work were widely discussed, and often harshly criticised. Many said he was sensational; but his critics were frequently those who had never heard him and who drew their conclusions from the reports of others, or from distorted newspaper accounts. His so-called sensationalism consisted only in doing things differently from the way they had been done.

Speaking once of the manner in which people had misunderstood and criticised him, Doctor Conwell said

with a grim setting of his jaw: "I do not do reckless things. That would be wrong. But when I think I am doing right, I go ahead, and let people say what they will. I take my stand."

In speaking of these early days, the Hon. John Wanamaker, upon the occasion of a celebration in Philadelphia in honor of Doctor Conwell's seventieth birthday, said:

"Thirty-one years ago a poor Baptist minister, of whom none of us had then heard, came to Philadelphia and took charge of a little, struggling church. Not that he was a poor minister, or a poor Baptist, but a man whom the world would call financially poor.

"When that same man, then in the early prime of splendid manhood, first came to this city, it did not take long for the people to discover that in some way he was different from the average minister; and there are those in this world to whose minds to be 'different' means to be wrong. His brethern in the ministry of all denominations looked upon him first indifferently, then curiously and finally many of them with suspicion.

"Why should this man take the trouble to do this and that and the other thing? Why should he work so much harder than his profession required? By what magical art did he seem to understand the heart of the common people? Wise heads were shaking, and it was said: 'A new broom sweeps clean—but wait awhile. It won't last. He is a sensationalist—a faddist!' When the Baptist Temple was projected, there were those who called it 'Conwell's Folly,' and a theater company joyfully anticipated taking it for their own purposes when the inevitable failure should come.

"Then we remember, when perhaps ten years had passed away, hearing the story of a white azalea. We violate no confidence, for it was publicly told by a

minister then prominent in the city, who now has gone to the glory land. He confessed to having harbored a full share of the suspicion and envy which many others felt toward this 'different' worker, and that he also was waiting for the failure which nearly all prophesied.

"But one day he was very ill, and a beautiful white azalea came to his bedside. At first he almost resented it. Why did that man send him a flower? What motive was back of it? Did he intend to buy him with a present? Well, he wasn't to be bought—that was all! Nevertheless he would watch him, and watch him he did. He began to see the motive of a great Christ-like life, of which that white flower was just one expression, He found Russell Conwell doing little kindnesses here and there—to high and low alike. He found a great, wide, deep interest in humanity for Christ's sake such as he had found in no other life, such as he presently longed for in his own. And upon the day of that man's funeral, Doctor Conwell said, 'I feel personally bereaved, for in my Philadelphia ministry he was one of my earliest, dearest, and most sympathetic friends.'

"The same distrust to which this brother freely confessed personally, existed in larger circles also—just because he was 'different.' When he read that Jesus went about, 'preaching, teaching and healing.' Doctor Conwell said, 'That is the model for every organized Christian institution; preaching is not enough; there must be added teaching the ignorant and healing the sick.' Hence the night school which has grown into the Temple University, and the Samaritan Hospital—and later the adoption of the Garretson Hospital.

"When the hospital and university first outgrew the possibility of his own personal care, Russell Conwell offered them to his denomination—and even plead with it to come to his assistance in the responsibility

and the harvest. Had his own people recognized him then, as they do now, these organizations would have undoubtedly been great Baptist institutions. But God's plan was a wider one; it was to place these institutions among the great Christian factors of human uplift upon a basis as broad as the love of the Father Himself; and today they are so recognized. Considered in the light of that white azalea's revelation —a single act that has been duplicated a million times in its outshining of an inward Christ-like love for everyone in need—this celebration takes on even deeper significance."

Although criticised and misunderstood, Russell Conwell went ahead. The church was soon completed and the financial obligations, as they came due, were easily met. The church became an influence in the community. Not only was the immediate neighborhood stirred, but people from all parts of the city thronged to hear him. He soon had Philadelphia as much aroused as Lexington, when he began tearing down the old church there. The banging of hammers and ripping of saws were not any more disturbing to that sleepy, old town than was Russell Conwell's forceful sermons and his efficient, practical ways of going about church work to Philadelphians.

He was a tireless worker. Day and night he went about the duties that devolved upon him. He made himself intimately acquainted with the members of his church family and entered sympathetically into their ambitions and interests. Such personal history as they cared to tell him was not forgotten and he was ever ready to advise and help. His manner was so simple and informal that no one felt any hesitation in going to him for counsel, and the practical suggestions he gave—drawn from his own wide experience of men and

affairs—were right to the point in solving problems and lifting burdens.

The same spirit permeated the membership. The church fairly radiated kindliness, cheer and help. Religion was not merely preached as being able to give satisfaction to life; but the fact was demonstrated. Such work of pastor and people could not but tell. The church became more and more crowded. In less than a year—although the seating capacity was increased to twelve hundred—people stood throughout the services. It finally became necessary to admit the members by tickets at the rear, as it was almost impossible for them to get through the throngs of strangers at the front. Upon request, cards of admission were sent to those who desired them.

This was one of the things for which Russell Conwell was much criticised. Word went about the city that admission to "Conwell's church"—as it was at that time scoffingly called by some—was only by ticket; and others went so far as to say that one had to pay for these tickets. This is but one illustration of the misunderstanding and criticism that first met him, and of how little foundation there was for it. Anyone could enter by the front door who wished to become one of the crowd and wait; but it was impossible for members to get through this crowd in time to reach their seats for the beginning of the service. Always many were turned away. So, for the convenience of the members and strangers, who perhaps could not come again if they missed a certain service, tickets of admission were instituted. But even these, though they simplified the process of entering the building, did not provide additional accommodations. In greater and greater numbers were people turned away.

"I am glad," Russell Conwell once remarked to a

friend "when I get up Sunday morning and can look out of the window and see it snowing, sleeting and raining, and hear the wind shriek and howl. 'There,' I say, 'as I preach this morning, I won't have to look at people patiently standing through the service, wherever there is a foot of standing room.' "

The membership rose from two hundred to more than five hundred within two years, and the question began to shape itself in the minds of the pastor and people, "What shall we do?" As a partial solution, the proposition was made to divide into three churches; but each section wanted Doctor Conwell as pastor, so the idea was abandoned.

Still the membership grew, and the need for larger quarters faced them and could not be evaded. The house next door was purchased, which gave increased space for the work of the Sunday-school and the various associations. But it was a mere drop in the bucket. Every room was filled to overflowing with eager workers before the ink was fairly dry on the deed of transfer. Then into this busy crowd, wondering what should be done, came a little child, and with one simple act cleared the mist from their eyes and pointed the way for them to go.

CHAPTER XX

A Child's Legacy

The Beginning of the Building Fund of the Baptist Temple.

ONE Sunday afternoon, Hattie Wiatt, six years old, came to the church building at Berks and Mervine Streets to attend Sunday-school. But, large as the Sunday-school was, there was not room for even one more tiny child. Other little girls had been turned away that day, and still others on Sundays before. And so she was told there was no place for her.

It was a bitter disappointment. Hattie did not take it as other children had done; sobs that came from the heart shook her as she went home, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she told her mother that she could not go to this Sunday-school because there was not room. She dwelt upon her disappointment all the afternoon and when bedtime came, and she said her evening prayer, she included in it a special petition that a place might be found for her in the Sunday-school.

But this was not enough. Doubtless she had heard some word dropped about faith and works, or, perhaps, her childish mind thought it out for herself. No one knows what led to the resolve; but she arose in the morning with the determination to save her pennies and build a larger Sunday-school.

To older persons it might have seemed a big undertaking, but to her simple faith, it did not seem impos-

sible. From her childish treasures she took a little red pocketbook, and into this she put her pennies. The temptations that assailed Hattie to spend those pennies, none but her own heart knew. But she did not waver in her purpose. Day by day the little hoard increased and, as she counted it, her eyes grew bright and her heart light at the thought of the Sunday-school that was to be.

But there were only a few weeks of her planning, hoping and saving. The little Temple builder fell ill. She was sick but a brief time, and then the grim reaper knocked at the door of the Wiatt home and bore the unselfish child spirit away. With her dying breath she told her mother of her treasure—told her it was for Grace Baptist Church to build.

In the little red pocketbook was just fifty-seven cents. That was her legacy. With swelling heart, Doctor Conwell reverently took it and, with misty eyes and broken voice, he told the congregation of the little one's gift.

"When we heard how God had blessed us with so great an inheritance, there was silence—the silence of tears and earnest consecration," said a member in describing the event. "We felt that the corner-stone of the new church was laid."

CHAPTER XXI

Building the Temple

How a Poor Congregation Built One of the Finest Church Edifices in the Country. Doctor Conwell's Ideas as to What a Church Edifice Should Be Like. His Own Plans for The Temple. His Warnings Against the Perils of Success.

HATTIE WIATT'S legacy settled the question as to what the church should do to relieve the overcrowding. The decision was made at once to build. But it was no light task that confronted the membership. They were men and women who toiled for their daily bread, and there was no one among them to aid by large contributions.

It may be helpful to other struggling churches to briefly recount how this church raised the money to build. Since they were a people with no one among them to give largely, and yet succeeded in building one of the largest, handsomest and most valuable church edifices in the country, no other church membership—no matter how unfavorable may seem the prospect of success—need hesitate to go forward into large work if the need is imperative.

It was not a question simply of giving. What was given had to be saved. Few could give outright and not feel it. Incomes for the most part just covered living expenses; and expenses had to be cut down, if incomes were to be stretched to build the church. So these practical people put their wits to work to save money. Walking clubs were organized—not for

vigorous cross-country tramps in search of pleasure and health—but with an earnest determination to save carfare for the building fund.

Tired men, with muscles aching from a hard day's work, and women, weary with a long day behind the counter or at the typewriter, cheerfully trudged home and saved the nickels. Men ceased to smoke tobacco; women economized in dress and vacations in the summer were dropped. Even the boys and girls saved their pennies, as little Hattie Wiatt had done—and the money poured into the treasury in astonishing amounts, considering how small was each individual gift. All of these sacrifices helped to endear the place to those who wove their hopes and prayers about it.

Another effort that brought splendid results was the giving out of little earthen jugs in the early summer to be brought to the "harvest home" in September with their garnerings. It was a joyous evening when the jugs were brought in. A supper was held and, while the church members enjoyed themselves at the tables, the committee on the platform broke the jugs, counted the money and announced the amount.

Innumerable entertainments were held at the church and at the homes of the members. Suppers were given in Fairmount Park during the summer and every worthy plan for raising money that clever brains could devise and willing hands accomplish was used to swell the building fund.

A fair was held in one of the largest halls of Philadelphia in the central part of the city. It was as electrical in thoroughly awakening Philadelphia to what this live church in the northern part of the city was doing, as had been the fair at Lexington. As at Lexington, almost everything salable was on hand. Meals were served and orders were taken for supplies that could

not be handled at the hall. The affair was planned along business lines; conducted in a practical, sensible fashion—and it went with a vim. It was visited by thousands of people and netted nearly nine thousand dollars toward the building fund.

The underlying principle of this effort in behalf of the building fund was to meet any need that the discerning eye of any member could descry, or to devise a new way to raise money that would appeal by its novelty. The various methods employed would probably not serve now; but the principle holds good whenever and wherever such work needs to be done.

By all these various channels, funds flowed in, and in September, 1886, the lot on which The Temple now stands at Broad and Berks Streets was purchased. The price was $25,000, but only fifty-seven cents, little Hattie Wiatt's legacy, was paid down. The beginning thus made, the work for the building fund was pushed, if possible, with even greater vigor. Ground was broken for The Temple on March 27, 1889. The corner-stone was laid on July 13, 1890, and on the first of March, 1891, the structure was occupied for worship.

But raising money and erecting a building did not stop the spiritual work of the church. Rather it increased it. People heard of the church through the fairs and various other efforts to raise money, came to the services—perhaps out of curiosity at first—were awakened to the needs of the spirit, and joined. Never did the spiritual light of the church burn more brightly than in those days of hard work and self-denial. The membership steadily rose and, when Grace Church moved into its new temple of worship, more than twelve hundred members answered the muster roll.

The only large amount received toward the building fund was a gift of $10,000, on condition that the church

be not dedicated until it was free of debt. In a legal sense, calling a building by the name of the congregation worshiping in it is a dedication, and so the structure, instead of being named the Grace Baptist Church, was called the Baptist Temple—a name which will probably cling to it as long as one stone stands upon another.

The first Sunday in The Temple was a day long remembered by its members. "During the opening exercises, over nine thousand people were present at each service," said the *Philadelphia Press* in describing the event, "The throng overflowed into the Lower Temple and into the old church building. The whole neighborhood was full of the joyful members of the Grace Baptist Church, and the very air seemed to thrill with the spirit of thanksgiving abroad that day. All that Sabbath—from sunrise until close to midnight—members thronged the building with prayers of thankfulness and praise welling up from glad hearts." Writing from London several years later, Doctor Conwell voiced in words what had been in his mind when the church was planned:

"I heard a sermon which helped me greatly. It was delivered by an old preacher, and the subject was, 'This God is our God.' He described the attributes of God in glory, knowledge, wisdom and love, and compared Him to the gods that the heathens worship. He then pressed upon us the message that this glorious God is the Christian's God, and that with Him we cannot want. It did me so much good and made me long for more of God in all my feelings, actions and influence. The seats were hard; the back of the pew hard and high; the church dusty and neglected; yet, in spite of all the discomforts, I was blessed. I was sorry for the preacher who had to preach amid all those discomforts, and did not wonder at the thin congregation.

"Oh! it is all wrong to make it so unnecessarily hard to listen to the gospel. They ought for Jesus' sake to tear out the old benches and put in comfortable chairs. There was present an air of perfunctoriness and lack of object, which made the service indefinite and aimless. This is a common fault. We lack an object and do not aim at anything special in our services. That, too, is all wrong. Each hymn, each chapter read, each anthem, each prayer, and each sermon should have a special and appropriate purpose. May the Lord help me—after my return—to profit by this day's lesson."

No hard benches and no air of cold dreariness marks The Temple. The exterior is beautiful and graceful in design, and the interior both cheery and homelike in furnishing. Doctor Conwell sketched the plans for The Temple himself and the building embodies his ideas of what a church edifice should be. These rough drafts were given to the architect, who drew them to measurement and put them into practical form for materialization in stone.

The Baptist Temple is of hewn stone, with a frontage on Broad Street of one hundred and seven feet, a depth on Berks Street of one hundred and fifty feet, and is ninety feet in height. On the front is a beautiful half-rose window of rich stained glass; and on the Berks Street side there are a number of smaller memorial windows, each depicting some beautiful Biblical scene or thought. Above the rose window on the front is a small iron balcony upon which the church orchestra and choir often played sacred melodies and sang hymns on special occasions, such as Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve and Easter, thus filling the hours with melody and delighting thousands of interested spectators. Of late years this custom has been replaced by a large electric cross that can be seen for miles blazing against the midnight sky.

The auditorium of The Temple is one of the largest among Protestant church edifices in the United States. Its original seating capacity, according to the architect's plans, was forty-two hundred opera chairs; but, to secure greater comfort and safety, only thirty-one hundred and thirty-five chairs were used.

Under the auditorium and below the level of the street is the Lower Temple. Here, also, are many beautiful stained-glass windows. In this part are the Sunday-school rooms with a seating capacity of two thousand. One of these rooms also answers for the dining-room, in which five hundred can be seated; and folding tables and hundreds of chairs are stowed away in the nearby store rooms.

Adjoining the dining-room are the rooms of the various associations of the church; and the kitchen, carving-room and cloak-room. The rooms of the various societies are pleasantly furnished and homelike. In pantries and cupboards is an outfit of china and table cutlery sufficient for five hundred persons, and the kitchen is fully equipped with large ranges, hot-water cylinders, sinks and drainage tanks. The annex beyond the kitchen contains the boilers and engines and the electric light plant. All appointments here are modern.

The steam heating of the building is supplied by four 100-horse-power boilers. In the engine-room are two 135-horse-power engines directly connected with dynamos having a capacity of twenty-five hundred lights, which are controlled by a switchboard in this room. The electrician is on duty every day, giving his entire time to the management of this plant. The building is also supplied with gas, and behind the puplit is a small closet containing a friction wheel, by means of which, should the electric light

fail for any reason, every gas jet in The Temple can be lighted from dome to basement. For cleaning the church there has been installed a vacuum plant which does the work quickly and thoroughly.

In the rear of the auditorium on the street floor are the business offices of the church, Doctor Conwell's study, and the offices of his secretary, and associate pastor. The offices are equipped with desks, filing cabinets, telephones, speaking tubes, and everything necessary to conduct the business of the church in a business-like way.

The acoustics of the great auditorium are practically perfect. There is probably no building on this continent with an equal capacity which enables the preacher to speak and the hearers to listen with such perfect comfort. The weakest voice is carried to the farthest auditor, and lecturers who have tested the acoustics of halls in every state in the Union speak with praise and pleasure of The Temple.

At one time telephonic communication was installed between the auditorium and the Samaritan Hospital and private homes. Patients in their beds and people in their homes could hear the sermon and the music of the Sunday services. In fact, a sermon was once taken down in shorthand, in Newark, by this telephone service, which was later discontinued because of the cost.

A helpful device has been installed for those of the congregation who do not hear well. In front of the desk on the pulpit is a small apparatus—the audiphone—by which the speaker's voice is carried to a device in certain seats. This device is connected with an earpiece and thus those who otherwise could not hear are enabled to enjoy what is said on the platform. These ear pieces are furnished free in the business office of

the church upon request, though many who use them regularly have their own.

Compared with other assembly rooms in this country, the auditorium of The Temple is a model. It seats 3,135 persons. The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, seats 2,900; the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, 2,433; the Academy of Music, New York, 2,433; the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, 2,250; and the Music Hall, Boston, 2,585.

The walls of the first floor of the church are finished with glazed tiles in a soft pinkish tint, that is restful to the eye and harmonizes with the furnishings of the church. In each tile is burnt the name of the giver or the name of some one the donor may desire to honor. It was a method of raising money for the church that not only proved very successful but very pleasing to the membership. The tiles are substantial and are substantially set into the walls and will remain while the building stands.

But greater than the building is the spirit that pervades it. The moment one enters the vast auditorium with its crimson chairs, its cheery carpet, its softly-tinted walls, one feels at home. Light filters in through rich windows, in memory of some member gone before, or of some class or organization. Behind the pulpit stands the organ, its rich-looking pipes rising almost to the roof. Everywhere is rich, subdued coloring—not ostentatious, but cheery and homelike.

Large as is the seating capacity of The Temple, when it was opened it could not accommodate the crowds that thronged it. Almost from the first, overflow meetings were held in the Lower Temple, that none be turned away from the House of God. From five hundred to two thousand people crowded these meetings in addition to the large audience in the main auditorium above.

The Temple workers had come to busy days and large opportunities. But they accepted them with a full sense of their responsibility and prayed that they might use them worthily. Their leader knew the perils of success and with wise counsel guided them against its insidious dangers.

"Ah, that is a dangerous hour in the history of men and institutions," Doctor Conwell said, in a sermon on the "Danger of Success," "when they become too popular; when a good cause becomes too much admired or adored, so that the man, or the institution, or the building, or the organization, receives an idolatrous worship from the community. That is always a dangerous time, and small men always go down, wrecked by such dizzy elevation. Whenever a small man is praised he immediately loses his balance of mind and ascribes to himself the things which others foolishly express in flattery. He esteems himself more than he is and, thinking himself to be something, he is consequently nothing.

"How dangerous is that point when a man, or a women, or an enterprise has become accepted and popular! Then, of all times, should a man or the society be humble. Then, of all times, should they beware. Then, of all times, the hosts of Satan are marshaled to overcome by every possible insidious wile and open warfare. The weakest hour in the history of the greatest enterprises is apt to be when they seem to be—and their projectors think they are—strongest. Take heed lest ye fall in the hour of your strength. The most powerful mill stream drives the wheel most vigorously just before the flood sweeps the mill to wildest destruction."

"The mission of the church is to save the souls of men," he told his congregation. "That is its true

mission. It is the only mission of the church. That should be its only thought. The moment any church admits a singer that does not sing to save souls; the moment a church calls a pastor who does not preach to save souls; the moment a church elects a deacon who does not work to save souls; the moment a church gives a supper or an entertainment of any kind not for the purpose of saving souls, it ceases in so much to be a church and to fulfil the magnificent mission God gave it. Every concert, every choir service, every preaching service, every Lord's Supper, every agency that is used in the church must have the great mission plainly before its eye. We are here to save souls of dying sinners. We are here for no other purpose. And the mission of the church being so clear, that is the only test of a real church."

CHAPTER XXII

How the Temple Works

Doctor Conwell Discusses the Church Work and Tells the Underlying Principles which He Believes should Govern. The Various Organizations. The Temple Fairs and their Purpose. Doctor Conwell Gives His Ideas of a Church Fair. The Various Entertainments. How they are Planned and Managed.

IN looking at this magnificent church building on Broad Street and the manifold uplifting activities it houses; in gazing at the great University adjoining, where more than a hundred thousand men and women have broadened and made more useful their lives, and then glancing backward over the life of Russell Conwell, it seems as if a miracle had been wrought—a miracle that had flowered forth in visible form in these two granite buildings, and in great buildings in other parts of the city, but more in the invisible and more potent expression in the forces for good that flow in a never-ceasing stream from them.

Of the work of the church Doctor Conwell himself says:

"Looking back over my life's work with the Church of Christ, all seems unreal. I cannot fully fathom the depths of abiding peace, nor understand the powers, which have combined to make my life so happy and so peaceful amid such a harvest. I could not be honest with myself without stating distinctly that it has been brought about by persons and powers entirely beyond myself and my control. Strange things—unaccount.

able by any human law or in any known human experience—have come into the religious work, which make me a firm believer in the interference of a divine Spirit who casts down and lifts up at will.

"The hundreds of consecrated martyrs who worked out of sight; the self-sacrificing givers who labored so hard to earn the money; the favorable conditions which surrounded our work; and the fortunate combinations in the beginning made by men and women wholly consecrated to the cause of Christ, made possible what no human genius could have accomplished alone. I—here and now—sincerely reject any tributes of praise to myself, for I honestly feel that it has been a fortunate combination of providences which built up the great church in Philadelphia, and which brought so many to an open confession of their faith in the Lord.

"I was often a 'looker-on in Israel,' when great events were transpiring and when people turned in from the streets to seek their Lord. It often appears very foolish to assume that the Lord of Heaven would care what became of a little missionary church nor would give any special attention to the upbuilding of one organization—or even of one great denomination. Yet it is probably true that the Lord loves each individual and takes as full charge of his private affairs as if that individual were the only person living on the earth. It is a comfort to believe in such a doctrine.

"I have found many people, however, who yet disbelieve the statement that just seven different people appeared in our congregation every week during five full years and stated their desire to find their Lord. Summer and winter—rain or shine—holidays or workdays—the same number presented themselves without any previous attempt to regulate it, to the continued astonishment of myself and all the people. There are

THE BAPTIST TEMPLE

First Occupied March 1, 1891

hundreds of living witnesses that know such to have been the fact, by having been present through the entire five years. All attempts at an explanation have utterly failed to establish any definite reason for such a condition of affairs.

"Of the nearly six thousand people whom I have led through the waters of baptism at The Temple in Philadelphia, there has hardly ever been a person who was not led to a profession of his religious faith by some personal advice or influence—and seldom have any evangelistic meetings had a special influence upon the number of accessions to the church. They came steadily and without crowding, and we seemed to be the reapers from the harvest other people sowed.

"The remarkable history of the great church in its harmony, peace and earnest enthusiasm is also something exceedingly mysterious. The church membership have been given the largest liberty and have been encouraged to individual enterprises, and must have had their eccentricities and sometimes had their conscientious notions. Many of the church must have been ambitious for place and power and must have recognized the fact that a public position in such a conspicuous body was of great value in social, professional or business life; and yet all these desires have been subordinated to the greater purpose of keeping to the front the needs of humanity as represented in the Gospel of Christ.

"I do not recall that in the thirty-three years of my church life in Philadelphia, there has ever been called before the 'Discipline Committee' a single member accused of wrongdoing in the church. There must have been evil persons among the thousands who came and went through the membership of the church in those years. But the spirit of worship and sincere consecra-

tion was so powerful that such persons either soon left the church or repented and turned into the current with the rest, without friction or scandal.

"The ritual of the church and its religious meetings were very democratic—even as a congregational body—and the absolute freedom of each member in the exercise of his rights, where each person was the equal of every other in all his church rights and obligations, made the surprise great. Yet all these kept in abiding fellowship and peace, through so many years without a disturbance of any kind that is worthy of mention.

"The membership was composed largely of the common people who were dependent on their daily wages for their living and for what they could give towards the cause of Christ; and many young people joined the church who had not chosen their profession, or who were beginners in the attempts to take care of themselves. And yet, through twenty-five years, there was not known to be a single member of that church out of work a month who desired a position.

"The social life of the church was so universal and so close that each member had the opportunity to make friends among the various classes of people, and when he saw that he was to be out of employment, it was a very easy matter for him or her to mention the fact socially to some of his friends in the church; and their fraternal interest led them to inquiries and efforts which secured another position without referring the needs of that person to any formal committee of the church. There were no poor people connected with the church, so far as the public knew, and church members did not hear about the poor fund and did not realize that anybody could be in actual need; because the personal friendship which existed throughout the congregation was such that any poor person, reduced

to need, would be anticipated and cared for, so that there was no necessity for a call for help upon the church or upon public funds.

"I once heard that a widow was in probable need—as she had been ill for some time and had earned her own living for several years—and I sent a member of the congregation to visit her and asked him to take a basket of provisions. He brought the basket back to my office and said that the lady told him that she had already had seven baskets which she had not unpacked; and that she wished she knew where she could send those baskets to people who needed them more than she did. The members ever sought for the opportunity to do good in that quiet and Christian way, which made it a delight to know them and a blessing of God to be associated with them in their endeavors to make Christ known to the world by their example."

At another time Doctor Conwell summed up in a few brief sentences the general purposes that ruled and the motives that guided in the church work. In regard to the church services, he said, "Generally speaking, all church services should be natural—just as natural as they can be made. The same means should be used in the pulpit to convince men and women of the necessity of religious life as one would use if talking to a friend on the street."

In respect to church growth, he said, "It is not a matter of human planning. It is a matter of outgrowth by the promptings of the spirit. Profound consecration to religion will lead a church membership to have that faith which will do the next thing. They will be led by a power higher than themselves and will have no fear."

"The principle for raising money should be," Doctor Conwell stated, " 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and

all these things shall be added unto you.' Any method of raising money where you can take your religion with you is righteous. But the presence of the spirit of Christ should be the first consideration, and the making of money secondary."

He believed that the social side of church work is necessary. "Preaching from the pulpit is not sufficient," he said. "Individual work is necessary, and the social life of the church gives opportunity for this. That is the advantage and the necessity for a social side to church life." Doctor Conwell did not believe in a mixture of church and politics. "Teach men to be good and the government will be right," was his creed on this point.

"The Sabbath should be kept in the Sabbath spirit," he said in speaking of the observation of Sunday. "It is not what one does on Sunday, but the spirit in which one does it that counts. If every one would live Sunday in the Sabbath-day spirit, we would have no trouble as to how Sunday is observed. For the sake of physical and mental health, every one requires one day in the seven for rest. But there are many ways to rest. One cannot limit it or prescribe the method for another. But if the real Sabbath-day spirit rules, Sunday will not be observed by any one in an unwise fashion."

In regard to the general conduct of affairs, Doctor Conwell said in an address on "The Church:" "The Church of Christ should be so conducted always as to save the largest number of souls. It matters little what your theories are or what mine are. God, in His providence, is moving His Church onward and upward at the same time; adjusting it to new situations; fitting it to new conditions; advancing civilization and requiring us to see the new instrumentalities which He has placed in our hands for the purpose of saving the greatest number of human souls."

With such underlying principles, one can see that the work of Grace Baptist Church is elastic and flexible. If one were to choose a single word to describe the governing principle, it would be "Adaptability." Generally speaking, the members of the church are divided into four groups: The women into a Ladies' Aid or some similar society; the men into a business men's organization of some kind; and the young women and young men into individual organizations of their own. In addition to these there are a number of subsidiary societies for special purposes.

Broadly speaking, the organization in which the women of the church are banded stands ready to extend its aid to any social, religious, or financial project that may arise; to give receptions in honor of noted visitors; to hold series of special meetings; to plan suppers and festivals, whenever it is necessary to raise money. The creed of this organization is:

"Use every opportunity to bring in new members.

"Remember the name of every new church member.

"Visit useless members and encourage them for their own sake to become useful.

"Visit persons when desired by the pastors.

"Speak cheerfully to each person present on every occasion.

"Regard every patron of your suppers or entertainments, and every visitor to your religious meetings, as a guest calling on you in your own house.

"Accept contributions and subscriptions for the various Christian enterprises.

"Bring in every suggestion that you hear which is valuable, new or effective in Christian work elsewhere.

"Never allow a meeting to pass without your doing *some practical* thing for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

"Make yourself and your society of some certain use to some person or cause each week."

The Ladies' Aid Society assists in the prayer meetings; in refurnishing and improving the church property; in celebrating anniversaries; in missionary enterprises; in securing the insertion of tablets in The Temple walls; in supporting the local missions connected with the church; in calling socially on church members or members of the congregation; in evangelistic meetings; in household prayer meetings; in supporting reading rooms; in comforting those in special affliction; in visiting the sick; in aiding the needy, and in clothing the poor.

The society also aids in paying the church debts; in looking after the domestic wants of The Temple; in sewing for the hospitals, the missions, the Baptist Home, the Orphanage, the church fairs, missionary workers, and the poor; and in managing the church suppers and receptions connected with the ordinations, conventions, and other religious gatherings together with other activities of a similar nature.

The men of the church through their organizations plan and execute various projects for raising money. They also take a deep personal interest in each other's welfare, as is shown by the following incident, published in the *Philadelphia Press:*

"At one time a member of Grace Baptist Church became involved in financial difficulties in a very peculiar way. Previous to connecting himself with the church, he had been engaged in a business which he felt he could not conscientiously continue after his conversion. He therefore sold his interest and engaged in mercantile pursuits with which he was unfamiliar. As a result he became involved and his establishment was in danger of falling into the sheriff's hands.

"The situation became known to some members of the Business Men's Union of the church and a committee was appointed to look into his affairs. His books were found to be straight and his stock to be valuable. The members immediately subscribed the thousands of dollars necessary to relieve him of all embarrassment, and the man was saved."

The young women of the church, in whatever way they may be associated, work to secure new members; attend the meetings; propose new work; assist the prayer meeting; volunteer for social meetings; aid in the entertainments; originate plans for Christian benevolent work; welcome young women to the church; visit the sick members of the parish; seek and encourage inquirers; hold household devotional meetings; sustain missionary work for young women; make the church home cheerful and happy; arrange home gatherings for various charitable or church enterprises; solicit books or periodicals for the reading rooms or circulating library.

The young women of The Temple also co-operate to secure employment for the needy; treat all visitors to the rooms as special personal guests; undertake for the church and Christ large things that may be suggested by new conditions and needs; instruct in the domestic arts, dressmaking, millinery, cooking, decorations, and—through the Samaritan Hospital—aid in the art of nursing. They also furnish instructive entertainments for the young; develop the various singing services; specially care for and assist young sister members; co-operate in sewing enterprises of all sorts; aid the pastors by systematic visitations; increase the scope of city missions especially by developing women as workers therein; maintain suitable young women as missionaries at home or in foreign

fields, and carry sunshine to darkened hearts and homes. There is a wide field of work for their activities and they endeavor to fill it conscientiously.

The work of the young men of The Temple follows similar lines. In addition, they help to increase the membership and efficiency of the Young Men's Bible Classes and other organizations; watch closely the meetings of these associations and keep them under the control of able, consecrated managers and officers; make and keep the reading room attractive and helpful; sustain the Sunday morning prayer meeting; invite passersby to enter the church, and welcome the strangers who do enter; advise seekers after God; bring back the wanderers; organize relief committees to save lost young men of the city; look after traveling business men at hotels and bring them to The Temple.

The young men of the church also promote temperance, purity, fraternity and spiritual life; initiate the most important undertakings of the church; surround themselves with strong young men, and inaugurate vigorous fresh plans and methods for bringing the Gospel to the young men in store, shop, office, school, college, on the streets and elsewhere. They visit sick members and help the unsuccessful into lucrative employment; organize religious meetings and make the church life of the young bright, inspiring and noble; plan for sociables, entertainments, for closer acquaintance and for raising money for Christian work. And they also use their pens for Christ among young men whom they know, and also among strangers.

Both the young men and young women working as separate organizations or combining, as they frequently do, are among the most vital of the factors in the Temple's successful work.

The Ushers' Association is one of the strongest and

most helpful organizations in furthering the church work. The ushers are united in a businesslike association for mutual pleasure and good fellowship, and also to better conduct their work and the church interests they have in hand. They are under the leadership of a chief usher, who is president of the association. The spirit of hospitality that prevades The Temple finds its happiest expression in the courteous welcome and ready attention accorded to visitors by the ushers.

All members of the church who are willing to give up their seats to strangers on special occasions send their names to the chief usher. And it is no unusual thing to see a member cheerfully relinquish his seat, after a whispered consultation with an usher, in favor of some stranger who is standing.

One of the important ways in which the church work is extended is through its annual fair. Nowadays, church fairs are considered old-fashioned and out of date by many; but they are not so regarded at The Temple. To the members of Grace Baptist Church, a church fair has a special spiritual significance and is looked upon by them as one of the most useful means of furthering the spiritual life and work of the church.

"The true object of a church fair should be to strengthen the church, to propagate the Gospel, and to bring the world nearer its God," said Doctor Conwell. "When you can get a man or woman who is not especially interested in religion to give something to a church fair, his interest will follow that gift. Therefore, raising money for church work or obtaining donations for a church fair is evangelical, if done in the right spirit. Some of the best workers in our various organizations have been men and women who were non-church givers, when we approached them, but became interested by giving. A man who became one of the

trustees and faithfully served us for ten years was not in the least interested in church work when we first went to him for a gift for a fair. In fact, he rather emphatically expressed an opinion not at all favorable to church work and religion generally; but his prejudice was overcome to the extent that he gave a second-hand safe that was sold for a good sum. A letter of thanks was sent to him and then one of the members called upon him and told him how much his gift had helped the committee that received it. The man became interested, finally discovered that religion and church work were somewhat different from what he thought, and was—as I have said—one of our trustees for a decade.

"I could multiply such instances many times. A man who never went to church was interested in the same way and later became a trustee of one of our hospitals. Raising money—whether through the fair or otherwise—has built up our church; but it must be done in the right spirit. The true mission of the church must be held ever in view. The money raised is merely the 'sign following.'"

With Conwell, however, practical methods went hand in hand with spiritual motives. The fairs of The Temple are carefully planned. The membership, of course, know that a fair is to be held; but before any definite information of the coming fair is given them a strong foundation of careful and systematic preparation is laid. Doctor Conwell and certain officials of the church decided on the executive committee and called it together. Officers were elected, Doctor Conwell always being appointed president.

The whole church membership was then carefully studied, and every member put to work upon some committee, a chairman for the committee being appointed

at the same time. A notice of their appointment, the list of their fellow-workers, and a letter from the pastor relative to the fair were sent to each. The chief purpose of the fair—that of saving souls—was ever kept in view. The pastor in his letter to each member always laid special stress on it. In one such letter he said:

"The religious purpose is to consolidate our church by a more extensive and intimate acquaintance with each other and to enlarge the circle of social influence over those who have not accepted Christ.

"This enterprise being undertaken for the service of Christ, each church member is urged to enter into it with earnest prayer, and to use every opportunity to direct the attention of workers and visitors toward spiritual things.

"Each committee should have its prayer circle or a special season set apart for devotional services. This enterprise being undertaken for the spiritual good of the church, intimate friends and those who have hitherto worked together are especially requested to separate on this occasion and work with new members, forming a new circle of acquaintances.

"Do not seek for a different place unless it is clear that you can do much more in another position, for they honor God most who take up His work right where they are and do faithfully the duty nearest them.

"Your pastor prays earnestly that this season of work, offering, and pleasure may be used by the Lord to help humanity and add to the glory of His Kingdom on earth."

This is the tenor of the letters sent each year, and this purpose is held ever before the workers. Each committee is urged to meet as soon as possible and, as a rule, the chairman calls a meeting within a week after the receipt of the list. Each committee upon meeting

elects a president, a vice-president, secretary and treasurer, which, together with the original executive committee, form the executive committee of the fair.

Until the opening of the fair these various committees work to secure contributions or whatever may be needed for the special work they have been appointed to do. If they need costumes or expensive decorations for the booths, they give entertainments to raise the money; all depending upon the character of the fair in general. Sometimes it is a fair in the accepted sense of the word—an occasion devoted to the selling of such goods as interested friends and well-wishers have contributed. In other instances, it has a special significance. At one fair, each committee represented a country; the members dressed in the costumes of its people; and the booth was typical of a home or some special building. Such products of the country as could be obtained were among the articles sold or exhibited.

Every committee meeting is opened with a prayer; and each night during the fair a prayer meeting is held. In addition, a committee is appointed to look after the throng of strangers visiting the fair and, whenever possible, to get them to register in a book kept specially for that purpose at the entrance. To all those who sign the register, a New Year's greeting is sent, as a little token of the church's appreciation of their help.

Much of the great tide of membership that flows into the church comes through the doors of these church fairs, which are really revival seasons. They are practical illustrations of how a working church prays and a praying church works. Then Christianity has on its working clothes; but it is Christianity none the less—outspoken in its faith; fearless in its testimony; and full of the love that desires to help every man and woman to a higher and happier life.

The church entertainments also form another important feature of church life. Indeed, from the first of September until summer is well advanced, few weekday nights pass without some religious service or entertainment taking place in The Temple. In the height of the season, it is no uncommon thing for two or three of such entertainments to be given in various halls of The Temple during the same evening.

In regard to church fairs and entertainments, Doctor Conwell said in a sermon: "The Lord pity any church that has not enough of the spirit of Christ in it to stand a church fair, wherein devout offerings are brought to the tithing house in the spirit of true devotion. The Lord pity any church that has not enough of the spirit of Jesus in it to endure or enjoy a pure entertainment. Indeed, they are subjects for prayer if they cannot—without quarrels, without fightings, without defeat to the cause of Christ—engage in the pure and innocent things that God offers to His children." And in an address on "The Institutional Church," he says:

"The institutional church of the future will have the best regular lecture courses of the highest order. There will be about them sufficient entertainment to hold the audience while, at the same time, they will give positive instruction and spiritual elevation. Every Church of Christ is so sacred that it ought to have within its walls everything that helps to save souls. If an entertainment is put into a church for any secular purpose—simply to make money—that church will be divided; it will be enmeshed in quarrels, and souls will not be saved there. There must be a higher end. As between the church and the world we must use everything that will save and reject everything that will injure. This requires careful and close attention.

"You must keep in mind the question, 'Will Jesus come here and save souls?' You must carefully eliminate all that will show irreverence for holy things or disrespect for the church. You must carefully introduce, wherever you can, the direct teachings of the Gospel, and then your entertainments will be the power of God unto salvation. The entertainments of the church need to be carefully guarded; and, if they are, the church of the future will control the entertainments of the world. Then the theater that has its display of low and vulgar amusement will not pay because the churches will hold the best classes and, for divine and humane purposes, will conduct the best entertainments. There will be double inducement that will draw all classes, and the institutional church of the future will be free to use any reasonable means to influence men for good."

The Baptist Temple—as can be seen—believes in good, pure and elevating amusements; but every entertainment to be given is carefully considered. In such a vast body of workers—many of them young and inexperienced—this consideration is necessary. By a vote of the church, every program to be used in any entertainment in The Temple must first be submitted to the Board of Deacons; and what this Board disapproves cannot be presented to the congregation of Grace Church under any circumstances.

The concerts and oratories of the chorus are of the very highest order and attract music lovers from all parts of the city and nearby towns. The other entertainments in the course of a year cover such a variety of subjects that every person is sure to find something to his liking. The lecturers have included some of the most prominent men and women of the country, among them being ex-Presidents of the United States, Govern-

ors of states, ex-members of Presidential Cabinets, and leading educators and writers. No matter what the entertainment is, however, the true mission of the church is never forgotten—that mission which its pastor so earnestly often says is "not to entertain people. The church's only thought should be to turn the hearts of men to God."

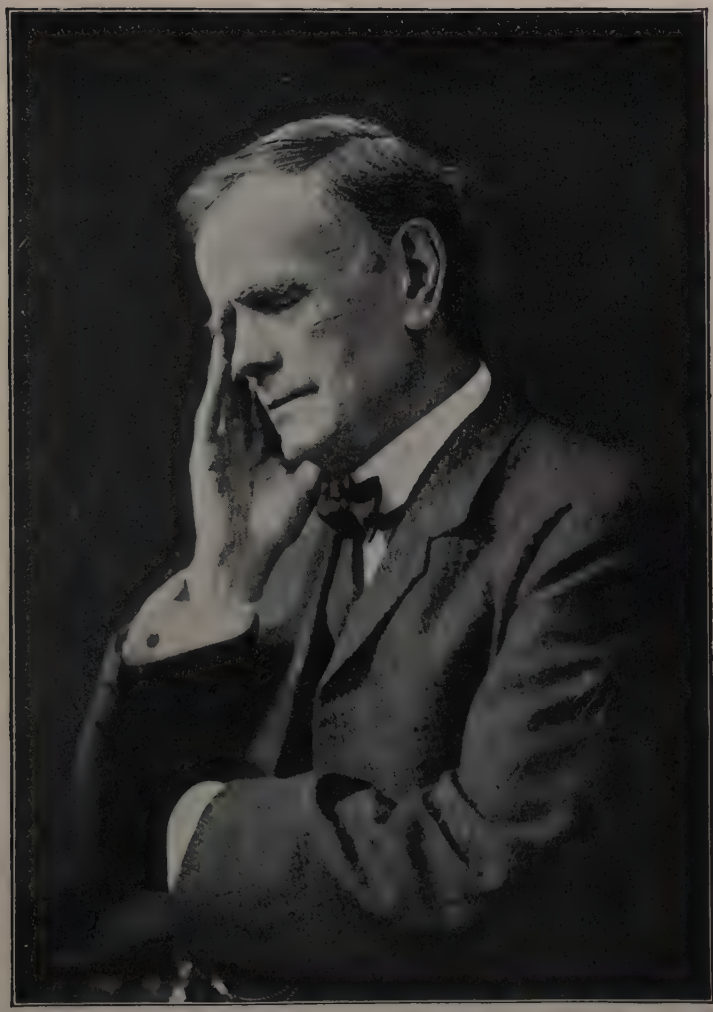
"We are often criticised as a church," said Doctor Conwell in an address, "by persons who do not understand the purposes or spirit of our work. They say, 'You have a great many entertainments and socials, and the church is in danger of going over to the world.' Ah, yes; the old hermits went away and hid themselves in the rocks and caves and lived on the scantiest food and 'Kept away from the world.' They were separate from the world. They were in no danger of 'going over to the world.' They had hidden themselves far away from men. And so it is in some churches where —through coldness and forgetfulness of Christ's purpose, of Christ's sacrifice, and the purpose for which the church was instituted—they withdraw themselves so far from the world that they cannot save a drowning man when he is in sight; they cannot reach down to him because the distance is too great and the life line is too short.

"Where are the unchurched masses of Philadelphia today? Why are they not in the churches at this hour? Because the church is so far away. The difference that is found between the church which saves and that which does not is found in the fact that the latter holds to the Pharisaical profession that the church must keep itself aloof from the people—yes, from the drowning thousands who are going down to everlasting ruin, to be forever lost. The danger is not now so much in going over to the world as in going away from it—

away from the world which Jesus died to save—the world which the church should lead to Him."

To keep members and friends in touch with the many lines of activity in which the Baptist Temple works, a magazine—the *Temple Review*—is published. It is a private business enterprise, but it chronicles church work, and published Doctor Conwell's sermons each week. Many people living at a distance who cannot come often to the Temple found the magazine most enjoyable and helpful; thus obtained their pastor's sermons and looked through its printed pages into the busy life of the church itself. The publication also helps members in one branch of the church work to keep in touch with what members in other branches are doing. The work of the hospitals and university from week to week is also recorded, so that the journal is a very good mirror of the many activities of the Grace Baptist Church membership.

Thus, in good fellowship, the church works unitedly to further Christ's kingdom. The Temple is a tremendous force for good in the life of Philadelphia and each member feels a keen joy in being a part of the church, and in knowing that he can help in the great work that it is doing. The little band of members in the early days builded better than they knew, when they struggled so valiantly to preserve the life of Grace Baptist Church and called the almost unknown pastor of a little church in Lexington to help them.



PROFESSOR DAVID D. WOOD

Famous Organist—First Leader of the Temple Chorus

CHAPTER XXIII

The Business Management

Doctor Conwell Tells How the Business Affairs of The Temple are Conducted. The System of Handling the Church Finances.

"THE plain facts of life must be recognized," says Doctor Conwell. The business affairs of Grace Baptist Church are plain facts and big ones. There is no evading them. The membership numbers about three thousand. A constant stream of money is pouring in, and as quickly going out for expenses and charitable purposes. It must all be looked after. A record of the membership must be kept; changes of address made; and the members themselves kept in touch with. It all means work of a practical, business nature; and to get the best results from least expenditure of time and money, it must all be done in a most efficient manner. Doctor Conwell, in speaking of the way in which the business affairs of the Temple are conducted, says:

"What has contributed most as the means used of God to bring Grace Church up to its efficiency? It was the inspired, sanctified, common sense of enterprising, careful business men. The disciplined judgment; the knowledge of men; and the forethought and skill of those workers who were educated in the school of practical business life helped most. The trustees and working committees in all our undertakings—whether for church, hospital, university or missions—have been, providentially, men of thorough business

training who used their experience and skill for the church with even greater care and perseverance than they would have done in their own affairs.

"When they wanted lumber they knew where to purchase it and how to obtain discounts. When they needed money they knew where the money was and what securities were good in the market. They saved by discounting their own bills, and kindly insisted that contractors and laborers should earn fairly the money they received. They foresaw the financial needs and always insisted on securing the money in time to meet demands.

"Some men make religion so dreamy, so unreal, so unnatural, that the more they believe in it the less practical they become. They expect ravens to feed them; the cruse of oil to be inexhaustible; and the fish to come to the right side of the ship at breakfast time. They trust in God and loaf around. They would conduct mundane affairs as though men were angels and church business a series of miracles. But the successful church worker is one who recognizes the plain facts of life, and their relation to heavenly things; who is neither profane nor crazy; who feels that his experience and judgment are gifts of God to be used; but who also fully realizes that—after all—unless God lives in the house, they labor in vain who build it.

"None of our successful managers have been flowery orators; nor have they been in the habit of wearying man and the Lord with long prayers. If they speak they are earnest and conservative. They are men whom the banks would trust; whose recommendations are valuable; and who know a counterfeit dollar or a worthless endorsement. They read men at a glance, being trained in actual experience with all classes.

They have been the pillars of the church. While others have been praying with religious phraseology that the stray sheep might be sent home, these men have gone after him and brought him back. They have faithfully done their part, and God has answered their earnest prayers for the rest."

One of the associate pastors of The Temple, in speaking of the business management of the affairs of the church, said: "Many persons imagine that the financial organization of Grace Baptist Church must be something out of the ordinary, because the results have been so unusual. There is nothing peculiar in the general plan of financial procedure, but great pains are taken to work the plan for all it is worth. Special pains have been taken to secure consecrated and competent men for the Board of Trustees. And the trustees do this one thing, a rule of the church permitting a man to hold but one elective office. Competent financiers—consecrated to this work and doing it as carefully as they would do their own business—is the statement that tells the whole story."

All of these business matters are in the hands of the deacons and trustees; the deacons—if any distinction in the work can be made—look after the membership, and the Board of Trustees attend to the financial matters. After a person has signified his intention to join the church, he meets the deacons who explain to him the system by which members contribute to the support of the church. If he desires to contribute by taking a sitting, he is assigned a seat; or if he lives at a distance or cannot come regularly, he may only pay the dues—one dollar and twenty cents a year for those under eighteen years of age and three dollars for those over that age.

For the collection of the money from sittings, and

whatever in addition members may wish to give to the charitable work of the church, envelopes are distributed the first of the year among the members. Each member is given a packet of fifty-two small envelopes. These envelopes are divided into two sections. In one section is placed the weekly offering for the church work—for the upkeep of the church, as it were; and in the other section is placed whatever is contributed to general benevolence and missions. The latter amount is used for the charitable work of the church and the missionary work of the denomination, on a percentage basis arranged by the church authorities. For instance, the deacons at present receive ten per cent of this amount for the work of the church among their own poor. The various missions and other work of the denomination receive five per cent, ten per cent, and twenty per cent, according to the size and need of the organization to which it is given. This eliminates all special collections for missions, homes and the various societies for which, in the past, special collections were taken on special days.

The money which pours into the business office of the church is taken in charge by the Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees and duly recorded by the financial secretary. All payments are entered on cards or in books and, at a moment's notice, a member can ascertain just what he has paid or how much he owes on the year's account.

This income is deposited to the order of the church treasurer, who is then at liberty to draw against it as directed by the Board of Trustees and properly certified by the chairman and secretary. The business office is kept open during the entire week with the exception of two afternoons and evenings. The sum raised by Grace Baptist Church during Doctor Con-

well's pastorate, and paid out for running expenses, missions, charitable work, Temple University, the Samaritan, Greatheart and Garretson hospitals runs high into the millions.

The Pew Committee, which is composed of three members of the Board of Trustees, attends to the rental of the many sittings in The Temple. A large number of the regular attendants at the services are not members of the church. They enjoy the services and rent sittings that they may be sure of a seat when they attend.

The third committee drawn from the Board of Trustees is the House Committtee of three members. This committee has charge of The Temple building; sees to its being kept in order; arranges for all regular and special meetings; superintends the heating and lighting; decides all questions regarding use of the structure for any purpose, or for the use of a part of it for special purposes; manages the great crowds that so often throng the building; has charge of the doors during entertainments; in short, makes the most and the best of the great building under its care. Six persons are constantly employed in taking care of The Temple, and often there is necessity for securing extra help for the caretakers of this church whose doors are never shut.

The deacons, as always, attend to the welfare of the membership. On Communion Sundays, cards are issued to the members upon which they may sign their names. These cards the deacons collect and by them record the number of members present and those absent. If a member is absent three successive Sundays, the deacons call on him, if he lives in the city, to ascertain the cause of his absence. If he resides in some neighboring town, they send a kindly letter to

know if it is not possible for him to attend some of the Communion services. In person or by letter they keep a loving watch over the vast membership, so that every member feels that even though he may not attend often, he is not forgotten.

Thus the business of Grace Baptist Church is managed prayerfully but practically. If some part of the machinery seems cumbersome, it is taken in hand by shrewd and experienced minds to see how it can be improved. What may seem a good method today, a year from now may be deemed a waste of time and energy, and cast aside for the new and improved system that has taken its place in the world of every-day work. The church keeps abreast with the times in its business methods as well as in its spiritual work, because it knows that otherwise it cannot continue to grow.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Music of The Temple

The Chorus of The Temple, and Its Organization and First Leader, Professor David D. Wood, Professor Wood's Views on Choir Organization and Work. The Business Management of The Temple Chorus. The Special Organ.

WITH a pastor who had loved music from childhood—who taught it in his early manhood, and who was himself proficient on several instruments—music naturally has assumed an important place in Temple life and work. From the moment of his entering upon the pastorate of Grace Baptist Church, Doctor Conwell made the music a feature of the services.

During the early work of organizing and developing a church choir, he found an able and loyal leader in the late Professor David D. Wood, who threw himself heart and soul into helping the church to grow musically. He was to the musical life of the church what Doctor Conwell has been to its spiritual growth; and, next to their pastor himself, it is doubtful if any man was so endeared to the Grace Church membership as was Professor Wood, their blind organist.

He came to them in May, 1885, the regular organist being sick. His connection with the church was formed in the most simple manner and yet it was invaluable to the work of The Temple. His son was an attendant at the church and, when the regular organist fell ill, asked his father if he would not take

his place. Ever ready to do a kindness, Professor Wood consented. The regular organist never sufficiently recovered to return to his post, being compelled to go west finally for his health. Doctor Conwell asked Professor Wood to accept the position and, from that day until within a short time of his death, he faithfully and delightfully served the church as organist.

During his life Professor Wood was one of the most widely known organists of the country, being acknowledged everywhere as a master of the instrument. He was a member of the faculty of the Philadelphia Musical Academy and principal of the music department in the Pennsylvania School for the Blind. He is said to have trained more good organists than any other teacher in Philadelphia.

In the old church at Mervine and Berks Streets he directed a volunteer choir of about twenty persons—all that the little organ loft could accommodate. The members of this choir could sing as the birds sing, because they had good voices and loved music: but of musical training or education they had little. They were drawn from the membership of the church which was composed of poor working people.

From this nucleus grew the chorus of The Temple, which was organized in 1891, six weeks before the membership took possession of its new building. With the organization of this large chorus, Professor Wood faced a new and difficult problem. How was he to hold from one hundred to one hundred and fifty people together, who were not paid for their services and who were not people of leisure to whom rehearsals are no tax on time or strength? These were nearly all working people who came to rehearsal after a day's tiring employment. That he succeeded so splendidly

in the fourteen years in which he worked with them proved his fine leadership.

Professor Wood had a body of workers devoted to the church—people before whom was ever held the fact that they could serve the Master they all loved by singing, if they could in no other way; that they could give their voices, if they could give nothing else. He had a body of workers devoted also to himself, who would have obeyed him unhesitatingly, no matter what commands he might have given them. But he felt they should have some other encouragement—some other interest to hold them together; so, almost immediately upon their organization he took up the study of Haydn's "Creation."

It seemed a stupendous undertaking for a young and inexperienced chorus—one with no trained voices, and few of whom could even read music at sight. But they plunged into the study with spirit. No incentive was needed to come to rehearsals; no one thought of dropping out. Indeed, the opportunity to study such music under such a master brought many new members. And in the fall of that year the oratorio was given with splendid success.

This method was followed through the years that ensued. Every year some special work was taken up for study and rendered in the fall. It was an event that became a recognized feature of the city's musical life, eagerly awaited by music lovers not only of Philadelphia but of nearby towns. In addition to Haydn's "Creation," which was sung four times, the chorus has rendered Handel's "Messiah" three times, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" twice, Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and Miriam's "Song of Triumph." It has also given a number of secular concerts. For this extra work,

neither Professor Wood nor any member of the chorus ever received one cent of pay. It was all cheerfully contributed. The oratorios were given with a full orchestra and eminent soloists.

In the secular concerts the music was always of the highest order. Guilmant, the celebrated French organist, gave a recital at The Temple while in this country. The chorus believes in the best, both in the class of music it renders and the talent it secures, and has long been looked on by those interested in the city's musical welfare as a society that encourages and supports all that is high and fine in music. Among the selections given at the Sunday services are Gounod's "Sanctus," the magnificent "Pilgrim's Chorus," the "Gloria," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," Handel's beautiful "Largo," the "St. Cecilia Mass," and others of the same character.

The plan of fining members for absence from rehearsal, which was adopted at the time the chorus was organized, had also much to do with its success, though it was rather unusual for a choir. Instead of being paid to sing, they paid if they did not sing. The fine at first was twenty-five cents for each failure to attend rehearsal or Sunday service. Many shook their heads and said it was a bad idea; that the members wouldn't come and couldn't pay the fine; and that the chorus would go to pieces. But the members did come and, when for any reason they were compelled to stay away, they cheerfully paid the fine, and the chorus flourished. These fines helped to pay the current expenses of the chorus. Later the amount was reduced and finally the practice was discontinued.

Speaking of the organization and work of such a chorus, Professor Wood said: "In organizing a church chorus, one must not be too particular about the

previous musical education of applicants. It is not necessary that they be musicians, or even that they read music readily. All that I insist upon is a fairly good voice and a correct ear. I assume, of course, that all comers desire to learn to sing. Rehearsals must be scrupulously maintained, beginning promptly, continuing with spirit, and not interrupted by disorder of any kind.

"A rehearsal should never exceed two hours; and a half hour less is plenty long enough, if there is no waste of time. In learning new music, voices should be rehearsed separately; that is, all sopranos, tenors, basses and altos by themselves first; then combine the voices. You should place before a choir a variety of music sufficient to arouse the interest of all concerned. This will include much beyond direct demand for church work. The chorus of The Temple has learned and sung on appropriate occasions war songs, college songs, patriotic songs and other grades of popular music.

"No one man's taste should rule in regard to these questions as to variety, although the proprieties of every occasion should be carefully preserved. Due regard must be paid to the taste of members of the chorus. If any of them express a wish for a particular piece, I let them have it and, when my time comes to select, they are with me. Keep some high attainment before the singers all the time. When the easier tasks are mastered, attempt something more difficult. It maintains enthusiasm to be ever after something better, and enthusiasm is a power everywhere. In music, this is 'the spirit which quickeneth.'

"In the preparation of chorus work do not insist on perfection. When I get them to sing fairly well, I am satisfied. To insist on extreme accuracy will discourage singers. Do not, therefore, overtrain them.

An incredible amount may be done even by a crude company of singers. When the preparation began for the opening of The Temple, there was but a handful of volunteers and time for but five rehearsals. But enthusiasm rose, reinforcements came, and six anthems, including the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' were prepared and sung in a praiseworthy manner. Do not fear to attempt great things. Timidity ruins many a chorus.

"Do not be afraid to praise your singers. Give praise, and plenty of it, whenever and wherever it is due. A domineering spirit will prove disastrous. Severity and ridicule will kill them. Correct faults faithfully and promptly, but kindly. In the matter of discipline I am a strong advocate of the 'fine system.' It is the only way to keep a chorus together. The fines should be regulated according to the financial ability of the chorus. This system is far better than monthly dues.

"The advantages of being a member of a chorus are many and of great value. Concerted work has advantages which can be secured in no other way. A good chorus is an unequaled drill in musical time. The singer cannot humor himself as the soloist can, but must go right on with the grand advance of the company. He gets constant help, also, in the accurate reading of music. Then, too, there is an indescribable, uplifting, enkindling power in the presence and co-operation of others. The volume of song lifts one, as when a great congregation sings. It is the *esprit de corps* of the army—that magnetic power which comes from the touch of elbows and the consecration to a common cause. No soloist gets this.

"Some would-be soloists make a great mistake right here. They think that chorus work spoils them as soloists. Not at all, if they have proper views of

individual work in a chorus. If they propose to sing out so they shall sound forth above all others, then they may damage their voices for solo work. But that is a needless and highly improper use of the voice. Sing along with the others in a natural tone. They will be helped and the soloist will not be harmed.

"The best conservatories of music in the world require of their students a large amount of practice in concerted performance and will not grant diplomas without it. All the great soloists have served their time as chorus singers. Parepa-Rosa, when singing in the solo parts in oratorio, would habitually sing in the chorus parts also, singing from beginning to end with the others.

"Many persons have expressed their astonishment at the absence of the baton both from the rehearsals and public performances of the chorus of The Temple. Experience has proven to me, beyond a doubt, that a chorus can be better drilled without a baton than with it, though it costs more labor and patience to obtain the result. To sing by common inspiration is far better than to have the music 'pumped out,' as is often the case, by the uncertain movements of the leader's baton."

With a membership that has ranged from one hundred to two hundred and fifty, skilled business management is needed to keep everything running smoothly in the chorus. The record of attendance is regulated by the use of checks. Each member is assigned a number. As they come to rehearsal, service, or concert, the singer removes the check on which is his number, from the board upon which it hangs, and gives it to the person appointed to receive it, as he passes up the stairway to his seat in the choir. When the numbers are checked up at the close of the evening, the checks

which have not been removed from the board are marked "absent."

The bill for sheet music for one year has run at times to about five hundred dollars. To care for so much music would be no light task if it were not reduced to a science. The music is in charge of the chorus librarian, who gives to each member an envelope stamped with his number and containing all the sheet music used by the chorus. Each member is responsible for his music; thus the system resolves itself into simplicity itself. In the Lower Temple enclosed closets are built into the wall and divided into sections, in which the envelopes are filed according to number, so that it is but the work of a moment to find the music for any singer. An insurance is carried on the music.

Typical of the spirit of self-sacrifice that animates the chorus is the fact that for nearly ten years after the choir was organized, one of the members, in order to reduce the expense for sheet music, copied on a mimeograph all the music used by the members. It was a gigantic task, but he never faltered while the need was felt.

In order to avoid confusion—both in rehearsals and at each service—every singer has an appointed seat. There is also a system of signals employed by the organist, that are clearly understood and promptly responded to by the chorus, for rising, resuming their seats, and for any other duty. This regularity of movement; the precision with which the great choir leads the movements and voices of the congregation in all the musical services; and the entire absence of confusion, impresses the thoroughness of the chorus drill upon every one, and adds greatly to the effectiveness and decorum of the service.

Most remarkable of all the work of the chorus, per-

haps, is the fact that it has not only paid its way, but has also contributed financially to the help of the church. The importance of this achievement is better understood when it is remembered that most choral societies are supported by guarantors, or friends or members must make up the deficits that occur with unpleasant regularity.

The chorus has furnished a private room in the Samaritan Hospital at a cost of $250; has paid half the cost of the telephone service to a shut-in member, so that while lying on his bed of sickness he could still hear the preaching and singing, and has contributed to members in need. In fact, whenever help was required, the choir has come forward and shouldered its share of the financial burdens of the church. Out of the chorus has grown many smaller organizations which not only assist from time to time in the church and prayer-meeting services, but are in frequent demand by lyceums and other churches. All the money they earned by these smaller organizations is devoted to some part of The Temple work.

The organ which rears its forest of beautiful pipes at the back of the church is one of the finest in the country. It was specially built for the Baptist Temple, and its voicing is considered marvelous by experts. It cost about $16,000; has sixteen sets of pipes, five sets of percussion instruments; and the pipes are enclosed in chambers as nearly sound-proof as it is possible to make them.

The basis of the organ is a thirty-two foot diaphone. This great pipe weighs about a ton and extends from the floor of the organ chamber to the roof of The Temple. The tibia plena is another special stop which gives pure foundation tones. It extends for a sixteen-foot octave and has seventy-three pipes.

Other diapasons are the horn with eighty-five pipes; the dolce; the concert flute with ninety-seven pipes; and the chimney flute with ninety-five pipes.

There are two wonderfully voiced sets of string tone pipes, each having eighty-five pipes.

The reed work includes a vox humana of sixty-one pipes; a clarionet of seventy-three pipes; an oboe horn of seventy-three pipes; an orchestral oboe of seventy-three pipes; a cornopean of seventy-three pipes; a French trumpet, sixteen feet long, of ninety-five pipes; and a wonderful tuba mirabilis of ninety-five pipes.

In the percussion department are cathedral chimes of twenty-five gongs; harmonic gongs of thirty-seven notes; a xylophone of thirty-seven notes; electric bells of twenty-five notes, shimmer bells of twenty-five notes; a bass drum; a snare drum, and a triangle.

The organ is blown by a thirty-horse-power electric blower and the wind pressures are thirty-five inches, twenty-five inches and ten inches. All the pipes are enclosed in swell chambers. The key desk is in front of the chorus gallery so that the organist can direct the chorus.

With such a chorus and such an instrument to aid it, the music of The Temple is an inspiring, uplifting part of the service. Doctor Conwell read the hymns with an impressiveness that put new meaning into them. The melody pealed forth; the chorus, as one individual, rose and a great flood of song filled the vast auditorium. As it ebbed and sank into silence, faith was refreshed and strengthened, hardened hearts softened, and the love of Christ left as a precious legacy with many a man and woman there.

CHAPTER XXV

Temple Services

The Sunday Routine. The Children's Church. The Sunday-school and Sunday Prayer-Meetings. Baptismal Services. The Dedication of Infants. Special Services. Watch Meeting.

SUNDAY is a joyous day at The Temple, and a busy one. It is crowded with work and it is good to be there. Services begin at 9.30 with a prayer-meeting in the Lower Temple. This service is lead by some member of the association which has the meeting in charge. A different leader is appointed for each Sunday and a special topic is considered. The subjects for discussion cover a period of three months and at one time, together with the names of the leaders, were printed on little folders.

These folders were distributed among the members, so that each was informed as to who would conduct the services and what the subject would be. The pastors of the church are present; but the appointed leader has full charge of the meeting. For twenty-one years Doctor Conwell, without a single break, appeared at the door of the prayer-meeting room exactly on the minute of nine-thirty. But of late years he was often constrained to be away because of his lecture trips.

Following the prayer-meeting in the Lower Temple the regular church service begins at 10.30 in the auditorium. At the close of the service, Doctor Conwell descended from the pulpit and met strangers and friends with a hearty handclasp and a cordial word of greeting.

While morning service is being conducted in The Temple, a Young People's Church is being held in the Lower Temple. Doctor Conwell had not forgotten those wearisome Sundays of his boyhood, when, too young to appreciate the church service, he fidgeted, strove to keep awake, whittled, and ended it all by thoroughly disliking church. He wanted no such unhappy youngsters to sit through his preaching; no such dislike of the church embedded in childish hearts and minds.

"If the church service cannot be adapted to the children," Doctor Conwell said, "they must have a service of their own, that is so adapted; otherwise they will be driven away." So he planned a Young People's Church. Boys and girls averaging from three to fourteen years attend it; and Sunday morning the streets in the neighborhood of The Temple are thronged with happy-faced children on the way to their own church, the youngest often in the care of parents who are later to enjoy more fully The Temple services, since they are not compelled to keep a watchful eye on a restless child.

The Children's Church is one of the very successful features of the work of The Temple, and it has been copied by many other churches who find it equally valuable. The children are divided into what might be called two departments—the Junior, which includes children over ten years of age, and the Kindergarten, composed of individual classes averaging from six to ten pupils, in which are children under ten years. Each of these classes is in charge of a skilled kindergartner. A very pretty graduation service was held on Doctor Conwell's birthday for those old enough to pass from a kindergarten class into the Junior Department.

Particular attention is paid to the selection of teachers for these young church-goers. Not only must

these teachers be bright, attractive and of good character, lovers of children and the kind whom children instinctively love; but they must be trained, experienced kindergartners thoroughly familiar with modern methods of teaching.

The Kindergarten Department opens with the doxology, followed by a hymn and the collection. A short story—Biblical in character—is told from the platform, and then each teacher takes this story and elaborates it. For instance, if the life of Joseph is under consideration, some part of it will be told each Sunday from the platform, followed by individual instruction by each teacher. Frequently there are models in sand or clay to help illustrate the platform talk.

The Junior Department, since it is intended to fill the gap between the small children and the older people upstairs, is a little more advanced in its methods. It has its own ushers and takes up its own collection and attendance records. Those in charge are appointed much after the manner of regular church procedure.

The service opens with the doxology, followed by a prayer and hymn and the reciting of a verse assigned previously in a special way. That is, the children will be told to bring a verse from some special chapter, or a verse beginning with some letter of the alphabet. The recitation of this verse is quite a feature of the exercises. Rarely does a boy or girl fail to respond. A sermon follows based on some verse in the Bible.

Both sessions come to an end at a given time, and then moving pictures are shown. These motion pictures are on religious subjects, or are moral stories, animal stories, or child stories in which a worthy or notable hero or heroine is featured. Or the scenes may be travel pictures of the countries to which the

church sends missionaries, showing the conditions there which the missionaries have to overcome. As the pictures are thrown on the screen, some one qualified gives a talk, pointing out what is desired the children should learn from the exhibition. The machine is thoroughly modern in every respect—the kind that is used in seventy-five per cent of the moving picture houses of the city—and a daylight screen is used.

The children do more, however, than merely attend these attractive services. The spirit of work which permeates the various organizations of The Temple is felt here. Every year, the children give one or two entertainments. They have a booth at the fair, and they give annually a New England dinner. For the dinner, the mothers of the children co-operate with the teachers. The work not only furthers the growth of the church, but helps to defray expenses of the organization; for the cost of running the Children's Church is no small item.

When a child becomes a member of the Children's Church, his name and address are registered on a card together with the date of his birth. He is then given a card to take home to be filled out with the names of his father and mother, grandfather, grandmother, and brothers and sisters, if he has them, together with the birthday of each. As the birthday of the various members of the family came around, a birthday card was sent each, signed by Doctor Conwell and the secretary and superintendent of the Children's Church. When any member of the family of any of these church members is sick, a flower or book is sent. On Easter a plant is sent to each child.

Thus the expenses of the Children's Church are no light matter. But the church pays its own way, and one year had nearly three hundred dollars surplus to turn into the treasury of the church proper.

An organization that grew out of the Children's Church was the Young People's Vesper Service. It was for the young people who are neither children nor grown-ups. "It is to the church services what the 'Children's Hour' is to the day," said the young man who organized it. It was held every Sunday evening from seven to seven-thirty. The young people themselves had charge of it, different ones taking turns in leading. One of them presided at the piano, and a feature of the service consisted in the bringing in of verses after the manner in the Children's Church.

As the young people grow older and desire to attend the regular church services in the auditorium above, they do so. Sometimes a few of them, or a class, will attend some special service. It is no unusual thing when there is a baptism to see a number of the young people from the Children's Church come stealing quietly into the galleries or upon the lower floor. After the special exercise which they came to witness is over, they often return to their own service.

As a rule, the members of the Children's Church become members of The Temple or of some other church. Frequently children of parents who belong to some other church, come to the Children's Church, because there is no service of that kind in the church which their parents attend. But when the children are ready to join a church, they join their parents' church. As far as records can be kept, it has been found that about seventy-five per cent of the members of the Children's Church over ten years of age join some church.

The Sunday-school is an important part of the work and services of The Temple. The youngest children are enrolled in the primary or kindergarten department. This has a bright, cheery room of its own in

the Lower Temple, with a leader and a number of young women scattered here and there among the children to look after their needs and keep them orderly. Hats are taken off and hung on pegs on the wall, and the youngsters are made to feel very much at home.

The Intermediate Department claims the next oldest children. It is led by an orchestra composed of members of the Sunday-school, and the singing is joyous and spirited. The superintendent walks around among the scholars during the opening exercises smiling, encouraging, giving a word of praise and urging them to do better. The fresh, pure voices rise clear and strong. Outside, on Broad Street, people stop to listen. Men lean up against the windows and drink in the melody. No one knows what messages of peace and salvation those songs carry out to the throng on the city street.

The classes of the Senior Department meet in the various rooms of the University, and the adult class in the auditorium of The Temple. The latter class Doctor Conwell conducted himself for a number of years, until pressure of work compelled him to use these hours for rest. A popular feature of his service was the question-box, in which he answered any question sent to him on any subject connected with religious life or experience, or Christian ethics in every-day life. The questions could be sent by mail or handed to him on the platform by the ushers. They were most interesting, and the service attracted men and women from all parts of the city. The following was one of the questions submitted during the year of building the College:

"Five thousand dollars are due next week, and $15,000 next month. Will you set on foot means to raise this amount, or trust wholly to God's direction?"

And the pastor answered from the platform:

"I would trust wholly to God's direction. This is a sort of test of faith, and I would make it more so in the building of the College. I do not know for certain now where the money is to come from next Wednesday. I have an idea; but a few days ago I did not know at all. I do not see where the $15,000 is to come from in December unless it be that the Feast of Tithes will bring in $10,000 towards it. That would be a marvelous sum for the people to give, but if it is necessary they will give it.

"We are workers together with God. I have partly given up my lecture work this month, as the church thought it was best, but suppose there should come to me from Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, or some other place a call to go and lecture on the tenth or twelfth of December, and they should offer me five hundred dollars or more, I would say immediately, 'Yes, I will go,' that is God's call to help the College; that would be the direction of God. Such opportunities will come to those who should give this $15,000.

"If God intends the amount due on the College to be paid—and I believe he does—He will cause the hearts of those who desire to help to give money toward this cause. We trust entirely to God. I don't believe if I were to lie down, and the church should stop, that it would be paid. But I am sure if we work together with God, He will never fail to do as He promises, and He won't ask us to do the impossible. I tell you, friends, I feel sure that the $5,000 will be paid next Wednesday, and I feel sure the $15,000 will be paid when it is due."

It may be interesting to know that the $5,000 was paid; and that when the $15,000 was due in December, the money was in the treasury of the church ready to be used.

There are several interesting special features of the Sunday-school work. One of the prettiest is the offering of birthday pennies. All the members who have had a birthday during the week come forward to put a penny for each year into the basket, after which an appropriate hymn is sung.

The taking of the offering among the smaller children is also a pretty ceremony. Verses on giving are recited by the children; then one small child takes his stand in the doorway, holding the basket, and the children all march by and drop in their pennies. The envelope system that is used in the church is being introduced into the Senior Department of the Sunday-school. By this system, the attendance as well as the collection is registered and its use lessens much of the clerical work of the service.

From six-thirty on, there are meetings of Christain Endeavor or other societies in the Lower Temple. At seven-thirty the evening services begin and are continuous until nine o'clock. After the solemn benediction has been pronounced, a half hour or more of good fellowship follows. The pastor meets strangers, shakes hands with members, and makes a special effort to hold a few words of personal conversation with those who may have asked for prayers at some of the church services. Friends and acquaintances greet each other, and the home life of the church comes to the surface. The hand of the clock creeps to eleven and sometimes past, before the last member reluctantly leaves.

Baptism is a very frequent part of the Sunday services at The Temple, usually taking place in the morning. It is a beautiful, solemn ordinance. The baptistry is a long, narrow pool, arranged to represent a running stream. Years ago, when Doctor Conwell was in Palestine, he was much impressed with the

beauty of the River Jordan at the place where Jesus was baptized. Always a lover of the beautiful in nature, the picture long remained in his memory—especially the leaves and blossoms that drifted on the stream. When The Temple was planned he thought of it, and determined to give the baptismal pool as much of the beauty of nature as possible.

It is fifteen feet wide and sixty feet long. The sides of the pool and the pulpit and platform, summer and winter, are banked with flowers, palms, moss and vines. On the surface of the water float blossoms, while at the back—banked with mosses and flowers—splashes and sparkles a little waterfall. It is a beautiful scene—one that never fades from the memory of the man or woman who is, "buried with Christ by baptism into death," to be raised again in the likeness of His resurrection. The candidates enter at the right and pass out at the left, the pastor pressing into the hands of each, some of the beautiful blossoms that float on the water. During the whole service the organ plays softly, the choir occasionally singing some favorite hymn.

When the number of candidates is large, being on occasions as many as one hundred and seventy-seven adults, the associate pastor assists. It is no unusual thing to see members of a family coming together to make this public profession of their faith. Husband and wife, in many cases; husband, wife and children in many others; a grandmother and two grandchildren on one occasion, and on yet another, a venerable, gray-haired nurse came with four of the family in which she had served for many years, and the five entered the baptistry together.

"Among the converts," says one who witnessed a baptismal service, "there were aged persons with

silvered hair; stalwart men, fitted to bear the burdens of the church for many years to come; young men and maidens growing into strong men and women of the future church; little children, sweet in their simplicity and pure love of the Saviour—little children who were carried in the arms of those who assisted, and whom Doctor Conwell tenderly held in his arms as he buried them with Christ."

A unique feature which Doctor Conwell early introduced into the services of the church is the solemn ceremony of dedicating infants. Parents who wish may bring their child and reverently dedicate it to God, solemnly promising to do all within their power to train it to lead a Christian life, and to make a public profession of faith when it has arrived at the years of discretion. (See Appendix for "Form of Service.")

A service very dear to the members of Grace Baptist Church is watch-meeting. The services begin at eight o'clock New Year's Eve, with a prayer-meeting which continues until about nine-thirty. An intermission follows and usually a committee of young people serve light refreshments for those who want them. At eleven o'clock the watch-meeting begins. It is a deeply spiritual meeting, opened by the pastor with an earnest prayer for guidance in the year to come; for renewed consecration to the Master's service; and for a better and higher Christian life, both as individuals and a church.

Hymns follow and a brief talk on the year coming and its opportunities; of the record each will write on the clean white page in the book of life to be turned so soon. As midnight approaches every church member is asked to signify his re-dedication to God and His service by standing. Then the solemn question is put to others present if they do not want to give themselves to God—

not only for the coming year, but for all years? As twelve o'clock strikes, all bow in silent prayer while the organ softly breathes a sacred melody. A few minutes later the meeting adjourns and "Happy New Years" are exchanged.

Several years ago a feature of these services was the playing of the church orchestra on the iron balcony over the great half-rose window on Broad Street. Sometimes an audience of a thousand people gathered on the street to listen to this musical sermon, preached at the parting of the ways. Sacred music on the balcony at midnight, also, for several years after The Temple was built, ushered in Christmas and Easter. "On the street, long before the hour, the crowds would gather, waiting in reverent silence for the opening of the service," writes Robert Burdette, in "Temple and Templars."

"The inspiring strains of 'the English Te Deum,' 'Coronation,' rose on the starlit night, thrilling every soul and suggesting in its triumphant measures, the lines of Perronet's immortal hymn made sacred by a thousand associations, 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.' This greeting of the Resurrection, as it floated out over Monument Cemetery just opposite, where slept so many thousands, seemed like an assurance sent anew from above, cheering those who slept in Jesus, and telling them that as their Lord and King had risen, and now lives again, so shall they live also.

"Men looked at the graves of them that slept; listened to the song of triumph that was making the midnight glorious; remembered the risen Christ who was the theme of the song; thought of that other midnight; the riven tomb—the broken power of Death—a conquered conqueror; and seemed to hear the Victor's proclamation as the apostle of the Apoca-

lypse heard it, pealing like a trumpet voice over all the earth, 'I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death!'"

CHAPTER XXVI

Temple Prayer-Meetings

Doctor Conwell Tells the Purpose a Prayer-Meeting Serves. The Various Prayer-Meetings of The Temple. The Method of Conducting Them.

THE prayer-meetings of Grace Baptist Church are characterized by a cheery, homelike atmosphere that appeals at once to any one who may chance to enter.

A prayer-meeting, according to Doctor Conwell's views, is basically a "popular weekly gathering of the people for three purposes—united prayer, social acquaintances and counsel." These three things are necessary to a church, he goes on to state, in discussing prayer-meetings. "In a multitude of councilors there is wisdom, and in a lot of people there are more ideas than one person can give. For the best conduct of the business of a church and for the most helpful social life, the ideas of many people are needed. The prayer-meeting gives the opportunity for the free expression of these.

"As to how a prayer-meeting can best work out these three purposes depends upon the people themselves, their environment and their needs. Each locality would require its own kind of administration. But with these three basic purposes in mind, a prayer-meeting—no matter what form it may take—will be helpful to a church and to its members." This is the

foundation upon which the prayer-meetings of Grace Baptist Church are built. A description of one follows:

"When Doctor Conwell is not away lecturing, he frequently arrives ten or fifteen minutes before the time for the service to begin. As he walks to the platform he stops and chats with this one, shakes hands with another, and nods to many in the audience. At once, all stiffness and formalism vanish. It is a home—a gathering of brothers and sisters. It is the meeting together of two or three in His name—as in the old apostolic days—though these two or three are now counted by the hundreds.

"When Doctor Conwell thus arrives early, the time is passed in singing. Often he utilizes these few minutes to learn new hymns; so that when the real prayer-meeting is in progress, there will be no blundering through new tunes or weak-kneed renditions of them. The singing Doctor Conwell wants done with the spirit. He will not sing a verse if the heart and mind cannot endorse it. After singing several hymns in this fashion, every one present is fully in tune for the services to follow.

"The prayer-meeting opens with a short, earnest prayer. A hymn follows. It is Doctor Conwell's practice to have any one call out the number of a hymn he would like sung. And it is no unusual thing to hear a perfect chorus of numbers after Doctor Conwell's, 'What shall we sing?' A chapter from the Bible is read in accord with the topic of the evening and a short talk follows. Then Doctor Conwell says, 'The meeting now is in your hands,' and sits down as if he had nothing more to do with it. But his subtle leadership is there ready to guide and direct. He never allows the meeting to grow dull, though it seldom exhibits a tendency to do so.

"An interesting feature, and one that is helpful in leading church members to take part in the prayer-meeting, is the giving of Bible verses. It is a frequent feature of Grace Church prayer-meetings. 'Let us have verses of Scripture,' or, 'Each one give his favorite text,' Doctor Conwell announces. Immediately from all parts of the large room come responses. Some rise to give them and others recite them sitting. Hundreds are frequently given in a short space of time, and sometimes the speakers add a bit of personal experience connected with the verse.

"The prayer meetings are always full of singing—often of silent prayer. If no one seems moved by the spirit to give a testimony, hymn after hymn will be sung, or perhaps there will be several periods of silent prayer. But this seeming lack of active participation means no lack of spiritual refreshment, for when the meeting is closed all feel that through hymn or the still small voice they have received a message of help and cheer. Never does any meeting end without an invitation to those seeking God and wishing the prayers of the church, to signify it by rising. While the request is made, the audience is asked to bow in silent prayer that strength may be given those who want God's help to make their desire known. In the solemn hush, one after another rises to his feet, to make this silent appeal for strength to lead a better life. Immediately Doctor Conwell leads into an earnest prayer that those seeking the way may find it, and that the peace that passeth understanding may come into their hearts and lives.

"But Doctor Conwell does not let the matter rest there. After the services are over, each one who has risen is sought out by some member of the church, talked with in a friendly, sympathetic way, and his

name and address taken. Sometimes this work is in charge of a committee, and sometimes it is left to the discretion of the members. The names and addresses are given to Doctor Conwell. If time permits, he writes to many of them. He makes all of them the subject of personal prayer.

"Frequently, before asking those to rise who wish the prayers of the church, Doctor Conwell asks if any one wishes to request prayers for others. The response to this inquiry is always large. A member of the staff of *The Temple Review* made a note at one prayer-meeting of these requests and published it in the magazine. Three requests were made for husbands, eight for sons, one for a daughter, three for children, ten for brothers, two for sisters, two for fathers, one for a cousin, one for a brother-in-law, four for friends, eleven for Sunday-school scholars, one for a Sunday-school class, four for sick persons, two for scoffers, twenty-one for sinners, four for wanderers, five for persons addicted to drink, three for mission schools, five for churches—one that was divided, another deeply in debt, another for a sick pastor and the other two seeking a higher development in godliness.

"As many of these requests come from church members, both pastor and people pay especial attention to them and practically, as well as prayerfully, try to reach those for whom prayers are asked. In many cases distinct answers to these prayers are secured, so evident that none could mistake them. At a service a mother asked prayers for a wayward son in Chicago. Doctor Conwell and some of the deacons led the church in prayer for the boy, very definitely and in faith. At that same hour—as the young man afterward related—he was passing a church in Chicago, and felt strangely impressed to enter and give his heart to

Christ. It was something he had no intention of doing when he left his hotel a few minutes before. But he went in; joined in the meeting; asked for forgiveness of his sins and the prayers of the church to help him to lead a better life; and accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. In the joy of his new experience, he wrote his mother immediately.

"At another prayer-meeting Doctor Conwell read a letter from a gentleman requesting the prayers of the church for his little boy whom the doctors had given up to die. He stated in the letter that if God would spare his child in answer to prayer, he would go anywhere and do anything the Lord might direct. After reading the letter Doctor Conwell led earnestly in prayer, beseeching that the child's life might be saved, since it meant much for the cause of Christ on earth. Several members of the church made fervent prayers for the child and, at the close of the meeting, many expressed themselves as being confident that their prayers would be answered. At that same hour the disease turned. The child has grown to be a young man, and with his father is a member of Grace Church. At a recent service, more than six hundred asked for prayers and, during the week that followed, a large proportion of them told Doctor Conwell that their prayers had been answered. Such direct, unmistakable answers strengthen faith; give confidence to ask for prayers for loved ones; and make it a very earnest and solemn part of the prayer-meeting service. Thus working and praying, praying and working, the church marches forward. With its three thousand members united in the sole desire to stand for what is uplifting in life and eager to help either a cause or a single individual in need, it has tremendous power for good."

"In no other city in the country is there such an example of the quickening force of a united and working church organization as is given by the North Broad Street Temple, Philadelphia," says an editorial writer in a Philadelphia paper. "Twenty such churches in this city of 1,650,000 people would do more to evangelize it and re-awaken an interest in the vital truths of Christianity than the hundreds of church organizations it now has. The world is demanding more and better returns from the church for the time and money given it. Real, practical Christian work is what is asked of the church. The sooner it conforms to this demand, the more quickly it will regain its old influence and be prepared to make effective its fight against evil."

That this practical Christian work is within the power of any body of Christian workers to do, the history of this church proves. It started with but a handful of people and without money. It was their sincere desire to serve God, and their willingness to work and to sacrifice which has led them to their present position of usefulness. God worked with them. But He is "no respecter of persons." The message of Grace Baptist Church over and beyond the actual work it has done, which is but the "sign following," is one of cheer. From apparent failure; from small beginnings; from almost nothing in the way of the world's goods has come great abundance of good.

CHAPTER XXVII

How Temple University Transforms Life

The Reason Instruction at Temple University Means More than in Many Institutions. Doctor Conwell Tells How It Came to Be. Rev. Forest Dager Shows the Need of It.

ONE of the greatest monuments to the work of Doctor Conwell in Philadelphia is the Temple University. If he had rendered no other service to the city but the founding of this University, this act alone would establish him as having done incalculable good to the community. Churches and hospitals have been a part of the established order of things for centuries; but it is doubtful if there is or ever has been such another institution as Temple University. There was certainly none when it was founded. It was, and is, unique. And that it fills a great need is shown by the thousands of eager grateful and happy students who yearly throng it.

In the lifetime of its founder, it had more than one hundred thousand students. This in itself is remarkable. Few, if any, educational institutions of similar character the world around can point to such a record. This very fact shows how great was the need for it in American life today. The response to the opening of its doors was so great and so overwhelming that it banished at once any doubt as to the demand for such an institution, or its present or future usefulness.

But of far greater significance than the attendance was, in its early days especially, the character of the

attendance. The people who came to Temple University then were, most of them, working men and women. They were men and women who must earn their living and who had only their evenings—or a spare hour or so during the day—to study. They came to Temple University during those spare hours, or at night, and pursued any special study or course of study they wished. They often spent years studying before they were able to graduate.

This tremendous response to such a means of getting an education showed how anxious were those deprived of the usual means of study to improve their condition, To this University came life—unformed and uneducated—and it was molded into usefulness and beauty. Lives that might have been dwarfed, cramped and narrow without the help which the University gave were broadened out into greater joy and usefulness. It is this which makes the attendance record of those early days so remarkable. For almost every one of the earlier students had a vividly interesting life-story to tell because of Temple University—a story of the enrichment of life; of the fulfilment or—to give it the literal meaning—the filling full of life, because of what was received there.

A young man who longed for an education, but who had no means of securing one in his native city, came to Philadelphia when he heard of Temple University with exactly thirty cents in his pocket. Today he is a judge. Temple University was the bridge from ignorance and poverty to knowledge and power.

A young girl who had been unable to go beyond the lower grades in school because of the need of her earnings in the home, could only secure work that paid two dollars and fifty cents a week. Some one told her of Temple University and advised her to study

bookkeeping there. In a short time she was earning ten dollars a week; was continuing her education and was a transformed person.

A poor, ignorant breaker boy came from the mining districts, having heard of the Temple University. He studied at night and worked during the day. He became one of the official stenographers connected with the Panama Canal Commission. Without the opportunity Temple University gave him, he would probably still be in the mining district, stunted in body and mind.

A young girl, belonging to one of the poorest families in one of the most sordid quarters of Philadelphia, was brought under the influence of the Temple University. She entered its classes; became one of its most enthusiastic students, and is now at the head of a training school for nurses which she established in a foreign land. Her brother, who was induced by her to become a student, is one of the prosperous and responsible business men of a growing town in the South.

One boy studied at night for nineteen long years, taking a single course at a time, working meanwhile to earn his living during the day, until at last he satisfactorily passed for the bar and is now a successful lawyer. Another student was earning six dollars a week when he entered. He is now receiving $6,000 a year in a government position at Washington.

One of the students in the early days at the college was a poor boy without any education whatever. He had been compelled to help earn the family living as soon as he was able, because his father was a drunkard. For fifteen years he studied, passing from one grade to another. Finally he had the great joy of being ordained.

Such are the life stories of these students. The records, were they written, would fill volumes. Thousands upon thousands of lives are transformed in this

way by the Temple University. All over the world are men and women who have risen to places of power and usefulness through the opportunity to get an education given by the Temple University, and which is not furnished in the same way by any other educational institution.

As the years have passed, the enrollment has been from all classes of people. Those who must earn as they learn still throng it. But so high do its students stand when life puts the acid test upon the product of school days that parents in all walks of life are now eager to send their young people to Temple University.

"Next to our common school system, there is no institution in this city," says one of the leading Philadelphia newspapers "so necessary to the welfare of our people as the Temple University."

This almost phenomenal work which the Temple University accomplishes started in a small way and from "doing the next thing." In speaking of its inception Doctor Conwell says:

"The Temple University is another surprising development far beyond the plans and intentions of those of us who had to do with its beginning. The friends who gathered about me were all inspired with the desire to do good in the Master's name and simply did 'the next thing,' and tried to do it well. No one could have believed when Charles M. Davies, a young printer, came to me for instruction in Latin and Greek with a view to his entering the Christian ministry, that from his application there would have come so immeasurable a result. None of us could take to ourselves the credit of having laid out plans which could have reached such a successful position as the Temple University holds now as an agency for the good of mankind.

"I had been a poor boy and was obliged to sacrifice much to secure an education," said Doctor Conwell. "I was compelled to rise at four o'clock in the morning to help the steward of the New Haven Hotel at Yale College in order to get the 'come backs' from the tables, which supplied myself and my brother with our board. I had suffered the tortures of a poor college boy—obliged to wear seedy clothing and without extra money to pay entrance fees into social clubs or share in the festivities of the 'Wooden Spoon.'

"When young Davies said he desired so much to have an education, my sympathies were deeply aroused and I determined to help him in every possible way, and told him that he should have three evenings a week of my time for at least one hour each night. But when he came for his recitation, he brought with him six other young men who had the same ambition and who hoped that I might be able to teach a class without more expense of time or money than it would take to teach one scholar.

"I explained to them what a sacrifice it would be to them but what the gains would also be, and at the second meeting of the class I was overwhelmed by the attendance of forty hopeful and enterprising young men. There were but a few of them who intended to enter the ministry, but all desired a wider education, and many hoped to increase their income as a consequence of practical, intellectual training.

"Then we organized an evening school with volunteer teachers, and established regular grades of instruction, and, at the beginning of the second year, had over two hundred and fifty students. We required thorough study and insisted upon careful examinations with regular promotion on merit. We felt sure that careless instruction in evening classes on the go-as-you-please

plan of attendance was of more injury than good to the young people of the city.

"Such teaching assisted them into habits of carelessness, neglect and laziness, which destroy the hope of final success. We, therefore, insisted upon a real school to be attended by real scholars—where regular study was required and where the teachers were inspired by a real desire to be of practical but positive help. Since then almost 100,000 students have already been taught in regular courses in the institution, and now every large nation in the world contributes towards the list of students who attend.

"The enterprise has had its dark days, when great sacrifices were necessary for its continuance. It has had the opposition of some employers who feared that an education would turn their employees into other occupations, and it has had the prejudice of the rich who naturally desire to keep the higher places of earth for their sons and daughters, and who often stated that they feared the institution was educating the common people 'above their station' and would lead the poor people to be ambitious for places which could only be occupied to advantage by the wealthy.

"While the rich institutions of the land received millions and millions from the gifts of the wealthy and seemed to have more money floating into their treasuries than they were able to administrate, yet the Temple University, without endowment and without gifts of the rich, kept steadily rising to favor and to power, until the natural rise in the value of property given to it laid the foundation for a permanent institution and landed it safely beyond the danger of financial wreck.

"The list of men and women who cheerfully gave their all to the support of that institution is after all a long one, and when the eternal roll is opened which

contains the names of those who made the largest sacrifices to establish that beneficial institution in its present position of influence, there will be found many names which are not now mentioned—and those of us who have lived to receive the sweet tributes of praise and honors are really the least among the builders of the Temple University. 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.' And having the spirit and disposition to serve God, those men and women were used beyond their own expectations, and found themselves unintentionally more important instruments in the hands of the living God than they had hoped. 'I feel as one who walks alone, some banquet hall deserted,' as I strive to recall that glorious company of men and women who, in the weeks of holy labor, laid the foundations for the Temple University. God bless their memories."

A short time after Charles M. Davies and his poor young friends applied for instruction, Dr. Conwell wrote a member of his family of how the idea their need had suggested was further shaped by other influences and gradually took definite form. "A woman, ragged and with an old shawl over her head, met me in an alley in Philadelphia late one night," he said in this letter. "She saw the basket on my arm, and looked in my face wistfully, as a dog looks up beside the dinner table. She was hungry, and was coming in empty. I shook my head, and with a peculiarly sad glance she turned down the dark passage. I had found several families hungry, and yet I felt like a hypocrite, standing there with an empty basket and a woman—perhaps a mother—so pale for the lack of decent food.

"On the corner was a church—stately and architecturally beautiful by day—but after midnight it

resembled a glowering ogre, and looked so like Newgate Prison, in London, that I felt its chilly shadow. Half a million cost the cemented pile, and under its side arch lay two newsboys or bootblacks asleep on the step.

"What is the use? We cannot feed these people. Give all you have, and an army of the poor will still have nothing; and those to whom you do give bread and clothes today will be starving and naked tomorrow. If you care for the few, the many will curse you for your partiality. While I stood meditating, the police patrol drove along the street, and I could see by the corner street lamp that there were two women, one little girl, and a drunken old man in the conveyance, going to jail.

"At my door I found a man dressed in costly fashion who had waited for me outside, as he had been told that I would come soon and the family had retired. He said his dying father had sent for me. So I left the basket in the side yard and went with the messenger. The house was a mansion on Spring Garden Street. The place was inelegantly overloaded with luxurious furniture—money wasted by some inartistic purchasers —and the paintings were rare and rich. The family of seven or eight gathered by the bedside when I prayed for the dying old man. They were grief-stricken and begged me to stay until his soul departed.

"It was daylight before I left the bedside and, as the dying still showed that the soul was delaying its journey, I went into the spacious, handsome library. Seeing a rare book in costly binding among the volumes on the lower shelf, I opened the door and took it out. My hands were black with dust. Then I glanced along the rows and rows of valuable books and noticed the dust of months or years. The family were not students or readers. One son was in the Albany

Penitentiary; another was a fugitive in Canada. At the funeral, afterwards, the wife and daughter from Newport were present, and their tears made furrows through the paint upon their faces. Those rich people were strangely poor, and a book on a side table on the Abolition of Poverty' seemed to be in the right place.

"That night was conceived the Temple College idea which, in a way, had been germinating since Charles M. Davies and his poor young friends had come to me. It was no new truth; no original invention, but merely a simpler combination of old ideas. There was but one remedy for all of these ills of poor and rich, and that could only be found in a more useful education. Poverty seemed to me to be wholly that of the mind. Want of food, or clothing, or home, or friends, or morals, or religion, seemed to be the lack of right instruction and proper discipline. The truly wise man need not lack the necessities of life; the wisely-educated man or woman will get out of the dirty alley and will not get drunk or go to jail. It seemed to me, then, that the only great charity was in giving instruction.

"The first class to be considered was the destitute poor. Not one in a thousand of those living in rags and on crusts would remain in poverty if he had education enough of the right kind to earn a better living by making himself more useful. He is poor because he does not know any better. Knowledge is both wealth and power.

"The next class who stand in need of the assistance love wishes to give is the great mass of industrious people of all grades who are earning something—those who are not cold or hungry, but who should earn more in order to secure the greater necessities of life that make for happiness. They could be so much more

useful if they knew how. To learn how to do more work in the same time—or how to do much better work—is the only true road to riches which the owner can enjoy.

"To help a man to help himself is the wisest effort of human love. To have wealth, and to have honestly earned it all by skill or wisdom, is an object of ambition worthy of the highest and best. Hence, to do the most good to the great classes—rich or poor—we must labor industriously. The lover of his kind must furnish them with the means of gaining knowledge while they work.

"Then there was a third class of mankind, starving with their tables breaking with luscious foods; cold in warehouses of ready-made clothing of the most costly fabrics; seeing not in the sunlight, and restless to distraction on beds of eiderdown. They do not know the use or value of things. They are harassed with plenty that they cannot appropriate. They are doubly poor. They need an education. The library is a care, an expense and a disgrace to the owner who cannot read.

"To give education to those in possession of property which they might use for the help of humanity and which they might enjoy, is as clear a duty as it is to help the beggar. And, indeed, indirectly the education of the unwise wealthy to become useful may be the most practical way of raising the poor. There is a need for every dollar of the nation's property, and it should be invested by men whose minds and hearts have been trained to see the human need and to love to satisfy it."

Thus was the Temple University conceived and started. Its growth was phenomenal. From the request of one, to an attendance of six the first evening;

of forty the second evening, and two hundred and fifty regularly enrolled students at the beginning of the first year, shows how the good news swept the city, and how the opportunity was eagerly seized by those longing for just such an opening. The University was justified from the start.

Rev. Forest Dager—at one time Dean of Temple College, the forerunner of the University—said in regard to the people who in later life crave opportunities for study:

"That the Temple College idea of educating working men and working women, at an expense just sufficient to give them an appreciation of the work of the institution, covers a wide and long-neglected field of educational effort, is at once apparent to a thoughtful mind. Remembering that out of a total enrolment in the schools of our land of all grades, public and private, of 14,512,778 pupils, 96½ per cent are reported as receiving elementary instruction only; that not more than thirty-five in 1,000 attend school after they are fourteen years of age; that twenty-five of these drop out during the next four years of their life; that less than ten in 1,000 pass on to enjoy the superior instruction of a college or some equivalent grade of work, we begin to see the unlimited field before an institution like this.

"Thousands upon thousands of those who have left school quite early in life, either because they did not appreciate the advantage of a liberal education, or because the stress of circumstances compelled them to assist in the maintenance of home, awake a few years later to the realization that a good education is more than one-half the struggle for existence and position. Their time through the day is fully occupied; their evenings are free. At once they turn to the

evening college and, grasping the opportunities for instruction, convert those hours, which to many are the pathway to vice and ruin, into stepping stones to a higher and more useful career.

"An illustration of the wide-reaching influence of the college work is a significant fact that during one year there was personally known to the president, no less than ninety-three persons pursuing their studies in various universities of our country, who received their first impulses toward a higher education and a wider usefulness in Temple College."

In 1893, in an address on the institutional church, delivered before the Baptist Ministers' Conference in Philadelphia, Doctor Conwell said:

"At the present time there are in this city hundreds of thousands, to speak conservatively—I should say at least 500,000 people—who have not the education they certainly wish they had obtained before leaving school. There are at least 100,000 people in this city willing to sacrifice their evenings and some of their sleep to get an education, if they can get it without the humiliation of being put into classes with boys and girls six years old. They are in every city. There is a large class of young people who have reached the age where they find they have made a mistake in not getting a better education. If they could obtain one now—in a proper way—they would. Universities do not furnish such an opportunity and neither does the public school.

"The churches must institute schools for those whom the public does not educate, and must educate them along the lines they cannot reach in the public schools. We are not to withdraw our support from, nor to antagonize, the public schools; as they are the foundations of liberty in the nation. But the public

schools do not teach many things which young men and young women need.

"I believe every church should institute classes for the education of such people, and I believe the institutional church will require it. I believe every evening in the week should be given to some particular kind of intellectual training along some educational line; that this training should begin with the more evident needs of the young people in each congregation, and then be adjusted, as the matter grows, to the wants of each."

CHAPTER XXVIII

A University for the People

Obtaining the Charter. Laying the Corner-Stone. The Ultimate Development that is Hoped Will Come.

ALTHOUGH the need for such an institution as the Temple University was genuine, as was shown by the students who came in great throngs from all parts of the city, it was not an easy matter at first to meet this need. When the first class was started, Doctor Conwell had only been in the city two years. The church itself was still struggling with its own problems of larger accommodations for the crowds that came.

But Doctor Conwell is never one to be daunted by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, nor by lack of money, if he feels that a work should be done. He believes that a genuine need carries with it potentially and inherently the power that will supply that need; and that the human agent is but the channel for the expression of the supply. This is the rock upon which he stands—the faith that upholds him in his undertakings. Thus, side by side with the church work in those busy days of building the great Temple on Broad Street, went the evolution and development of the University that now stands beside it.

The first catalogue of the Temple College was issued in 1887, and the institution was chartered in 1888, at which time there were five hundred and ninety students. The College overflowed the basement of

ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS THAT WILL COMPLETE TEMPLE UNIVERSITY

Conwell Hall, at the Corner of Broad Street and Montgomery Avenue, is the Fine New Administration Building

the church into two adjoining houses. When The Temple was completed the College occupied the old church building at the corner of Berks and Mervine Streets. When that building was filled to overflowing the College moved into two large houses on Park Avenue. Still growing, it rented two large halls.

The news that in these halls the Temple College had enlarged quarters brought such a flood of students that almost from the start applicants were turned away. Nothing was to be done but to build. It was a serious problem. The church itself had just been completed and a heavy debt of $250,000 hung over it. To add the cost of a college to this burden required faith of the highest order and work of the hardest.

"For seven years I have felt a firm conviction that the great work—the special duty of our church—is to establish the College," said Doctor Conwell, in speaking of the matter to his congregation. "We are now face to face with it. How distinctly we have been led of God to this point! Never before in the history of this nation have a people had committed to them a movement more important for the welfare of mankind than that which is now committed to your trust in connection with the permanent establishment of the Temple College. We step now over the brink. Our feet are already in the water, and God says, 'Go on, it shall be dry-shod for you yet,' and I say that the success of this institution means others like it in every town of 5,000 inhabitants in the United States.

"One thing we have demonstrated—those who work for a living have time to study. Some splendid specimens of scholarship have been developed in our work. And there are others—splendid geniuses—yet undiscovered; but the Temple College will bring them to the light, and the world will be richer for them. By

the use of spare hours—hours usually running to waste—great things can be done. The commendation of these successful students will do more for the College than any number of rich friends can do. It will make friends; it will bring money; it will win honor, and it will secure success."

An investment fund was created and once more the people made their offerings. The same self-sacrificing spirit was shown that had been so in evidence in the building of the church. It is doubtful if any educational institution of the country has been founded on such genuine self-denial. Children brought dimes and quarters and half dollars—their first earnings; women sold their jewelry that they might help the poor into broader life; and families cheerfully cut down their marketing that they might give food for the mind to those in need of it. Few large gifts were received. It is a university for the people and it has been built by the people. Perhaps that is the reason that it meets so fully the needs of the people.

Thus the work progressed. In August, 1893, the corner-stone of the College building was laid. Taking up the silver trowel which had been used in laying the corner-stone of The Temple in 1889, Doctor Conwell said:

"Friends, today we do something more than simply lay the corner-stone of a college building. We do an act here very simply that shows to the world—and will go on testifying after we have gone to our long rest—that the Church of Jesus Christ is not only an institution of theory but an institution of practice. It will stand here upon this great broad street and say through the coming years to all passersby, 'Christianity means something for the good of humanity; Christianity means not only belief in things that are good and pure

and righteous, but it also means an activity that shall bless those who need the assistance of others.' It shall say to the rich man, 'Give thou of thy surplus to those who have not.' It shall say to the poor man, 'Make thou the most of thy opportunities and thou shalt be the equal of the rich.'

"Now, in the name of the people who have given for this enterprise; in the name of many Christians who have prayed, and who are now sending up their prayers to heaven, I lay this corner-stone."

The work went on. In May, 1894, a great congregation thronged The Temple to attend the dedication services of "Temple College;" for it was in its new home—a handsome building presenting, with The Temple, a beautiful stone front of two hundred feet on the broad avenue which it faces. Robert E. Pattison, then Governor of Pennsylvania, presided, saying, in his introductory remarks, "Around this noble city many institutions have arisen in the cause of education, but I doubt whether any of them will possess a greater influence for good than Temple College."

Bishop Foss, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, offered prayer. The orator was Hon. Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, ex-Minister to Russia. James Johnson, the builder, gave the keys to the architect, Thomas P. Lonsdale, who delivered them to the pastor of Grace Baptist Church and president of Temple College, remarking that, "It was well these keys should be in the hands of those who already held the keys to the inner temple of knowledge."

President Conwell, in receiving these keys, said: "By united effort, penny by penny, and dollar by dollar, every note had been paid, and every financial obligation promptly met. It is a demonstration of what people can do when thoroughly in earnest in a great enterprise."

The classes at first were entirely free, but as the attendance increased, it was found necessary to charge a nominal fee in order to keep out those who had no serious desire for study, but came irregularly, "just for the fun of the thing." When it was decided to charge a small fee for the privilege of attending, the announcement was received with the unanimous approbation of the students who honestly wished to study and who, more than any others, were hindered by the aimless element.

Still the demands upon the College grew and the trustees saw the need of increasing its facilities. On December 12, 1907, the charter was amended, changing the name from Temple College to Temple University. Additional buildings were secured to increase the facilities for classes. The Philadelphia Dental College and the Garretson Hospital were federated with it, thus opening avenues of study and usefulness in new fields. Conwell Hall, the first wing of the large and imposing group of buildings planned for Broad Street between the original University building and Montgomery Avenue, adds many fine classrooms, a well-equipped gymnasium, a swimming pool, an up-to-date cafeteria, as well as administrative offices and other facilities. Each year sees some increase in Temple University's scope or accommodations. It grows as needs present themselves. Speaking of the future he hopes for the University, Doctor Conwell, at a recent celebration of Founder's Day, said:

"We have been struggling upward toward an ideal which we haven't quite reached yet. But, with the aid of our fellow Philadelphians, we are confident that this ideal will be placed within our power of realization within the next few months, and possibly within the next few weeks. Then will come the

apex—the crowning of our ideas and ideals for Temple University.

"We founded the institution to supply a human need. Let me illustrate: Some time ago I happened to be near a baseball park. Happy thousands inside were cheering the players. I induced a small boy to let me have a peep through the knothole which he had claimed as his own. I saw the crowd, and I saw the players running around the diamond; but I had never had time to see the game before and consequently knew nothing of baseball. Then I recognized my loss. I bought a book and studied it for about three hours. I called to my aid a man well versed in the game. The next time I have an opportunity I shall see a game of baseball. I have laid hold of a new way of enjoying this world because I have learned this game.

"That is the great need of humanity today—the need for the enjoyment of this world in which we live. But the capacity for enjoyment must be enlarged by the study of the objects in the world. Instruction and inspiration are thus the great need of humanity, and The Temple idea is the universal education of all the people after they leave the public schools. It is our first aim to teach people to be more useful to their employers and thus be of more help to themselves and those dependent on them.

"It is impossible that this work can be done by the state. Our city, state and national government could never maintain an institution so immense in scope. The cost would be too great and it would be unjust to tax all the people for the benefit of those with the ambition to make their own way to the top of the ladder. And so, in this ideal of ours, the student must pay his tuition. Every boy in America should follow the ancient custom of learning a trade.

And while learning his life-work under practical conditions, he must pay his own way through the university. I can think of nothing greater than for a young man or woman to be able to look the world squarely in the eye and say, 'I have gone through college. I made my own living at the same time. I have paid my way. I have earned my education myself.' Such a course redoubled the value of the graduate to the world."

Doctor Conwell then explained that the idea of the ultimate extension of Temple University would mean a university in every ward throughout Philadelphia. In this way, he declared, higher education would not only be placed within the grasp of every boy or girl in Philadelphia, but would be brought practically to the door of every home in the city.

Doctor Conwell is also much interested in the part time work that is engaging the attention of educators. And this system of carefully planned and supervised study and work is being introduced into Temple University methods when it is possible and wise to adopt it.

Thus, it was Doctor Conwell's ambition that a complete education be right at hand for every boy and girl, and every man and woman in Philadelphia—an education to be given in such a way that no matter what each person's means, nor how occupied his time, he can avail himself of this opportunity and become as well educated as though wealth and leisure were his.

And Doctor Conwell believed that by working and studying—as so many of the students of Temple University do—they really get a fuller, richer education, and have a better understanding of life, than do many of those students whose way is paid through college. But, be this as it may, he desired for the poor the same opportunity to develop life to its fullest

extent that wealth is able to bring. He wanted for every one who comes into this world, the joy, the breadth and the enrichment of life that a full education affords. Of this ideal, one of the speakers at the Founder's Day celebration said:

"Tonight we honor the realization of a vision of one man; an idea materialized; an ambition embodied. Doctor Conwell's vision was constructive rather than destructive; beneficial rather than prejudicial to mankind; an idea which opened the gates of opportunity for every deserving man and woman of Philadelphia. The realization and fruition of this idea is a blessing and a credit to those who have aided in bringing it to pass, and a monument to the man who conceived it.

"After living at least three lives in one, he has now a still greater idea—the greatest of them all. We can only paraphrase Lincoln and express the hope that the people of Philadelphia will here, this night, highly resolve that the university of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Thus, because one poor boy struggled so bitterly for an education; because a keen-eyed man saw another's needs, reading the signs by the light of his own bitter experience, a great university for busy men and women has grown to make possible to them the education which is bread and meat to their minds.

CHAPTER XXIX

A Democratic Institution

What the Opportunities it Offers Mean. Its Adaptable Curriculum. Its Willingness to Meet Needs. The Various Departments. Many Unique Special Courses. Its Small Tuition Fees.

THE Temple University is truly a democratic institution. Through its portals pass young and old, rich and poor. Children from the kindergarten walk in and out side by side with gray-haired men and women; and boys and girls from wealthy families with young men and women from shops and factories.

The management endeavors to meet the needs of these various students. President, dean, clerical force and teachers bend their energies to supply, in the simplest and most efficient way, what this great army of seekers desire.

The classes are most interesting. Nearly all nationalities are represented, and almost all occupations. A visit to the various classrooms during recitation hours is most enjoyable. Upon one such visit one evening, a young lad of about sixteen was called upon by the teacher for a declamation. He was pale, with deep-sunken eyes, and looked as if he worked at a loom. He came forward without diffidence and began to describe a landscape. Under his expressive gestures and the changing modulations of his voice, the picture grew before the eyes of his hearers.

He was totally unconscious of himself and his audi-

ence. He lived in the scene he was painting. His eyes glowed. His voice, like the strings of a harp, was swept with feeling. Those who heard him felt that, could he pursue his studies, he would probably become a public speaker. Were not this opportunity open to him, he might be compelled to spend his life at a monotonously clicking loom.

In the same class were girls who looked as if they worked hard and had not too great a supply of food, and matrons probably away for a brief while from housekeeping cares. These few hours of study in the University classrooms gave refreshing glimpses into a world outside of the narrow one of work in which they daily lived.

In another class was a young fellow, distinguished looking in bearing and features. It was learned that he was a fireman in a nearby foundry. He had carefully planned his hours off duty that he might prepare for the bar without detriment to health or work. His future as a lawyer seems assured. Yet without this opportunity he might be condemned to a grimy foundry; and perhaps sink lower in the scale of living as the years passed, because of inhibited desires.

In a room were a group of deft craftsmen busily making baskets and other articles from reed and various grasses. A bright-eyed youth who looked as if he might be an Armenian was making a beautiful little stand, the equal of any that could be purchased in the furniture shops.

In another part of the building a large class of young and old were being instructed in the mysteries of cooking. On the floor above, in a homelike room, with tables and sewing machines, pattern books and forms, a group was learning to make dresses.

"English comp" was the name given by a student

to a bright-looking class in a large, cheerful room. The girls looked as if they had been working hard all day, but they were eager and enthusiastic. Perhaps from among them will come some great delineator of American life.

In a nearby room, a teacher was discussing the problems of municipalities. In another, the intricacies of German verbs were being explained. A group of men who looked as though they came from business offices was engrossed in laboratory experiments in a room of shelves and queer-looking apparatus. In a pleasant room with tables and chairs, a class in botany analyzed the flowers and foliage spread about on the tables, and tabulated for future reference the data gathered.

As the gong sounded for change of classes, teachers in earnest consultation with pupils stood at the doors of the classrooms, or at the desks, giving final words of encouragement or explanation.

Day and night a stream of people pours in and out of the business office. They come to see if they can take up some special subject at an hour that suits their convenience; to find out what it will cost to study a certain branch; and to inquire if it is possible to get instruction which they cannot find taught elsewhere at a convenient time or within their means.

The adaptability to a need is one of the great features of the work of Temple University. Its curriculum is elastic and the faculty never fails to change or modify their plans at once, if, by so doing, they can serve a greater number than they are serving at the moment. Perhaps Doctor Conwell, when laying plans for the University, thought of his own struggles at Yale, when he was often handicapped by scholastic red tape, and so decided to put as few

obstacles as possible in the way of those eager for an education.

The Temple University is a laboratory, as it were, in which are tested out the educational demands of the community. These vary from year to year. It is impossible for more rigidly organized institutions to adjust themselves as quickly to these ever-changing community conditions as does the Temple University, which organizes a course in any subject whenever a sufficient number of students apply. A record is kept of all applications for any subject of instruction, and a class is formed as soon as the demand seems to warrant it. The University thus meets definite educational needs in a practical way, as it has from the beginning, when it undertook to meet the unsatisfied educational needs of the citizens of Pennsylvania.

The establishment of the Law School, for instance, shows this adaptability to needs. On a warm summer day in 1894, two students called at the College office, and made inquiry as to a course in law at night. They were told that there was no law course and no law school in Philadelphia at that time open to students who were obliged to work during the day and study at night. They insisted upon being taught, and were told that it was the rule of the College not to begin any new course or to give any new branch until a class of at least six were assured; that if they desired a night course in law, they must first create the class by getting together other students anxious like themselves for a legal education.

Nothing further was heard of the matter until early in 1895, when the would-be law students again walked into the Dean's office and announced that they had secured the class and wished arrangements made for immediate instruction. The demand was at once met

by the College authorities by the founding of a law school.

The Law School is now one of the best in the city and graduates have been exceptionally successful in passing State Board examinations with the highest honors in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other states. Many of the graduates are now occupying positions of special prominence in the legal profession and on the judicial bench.

But the University endeavors to supply any need of those earnestly seeking a broader life. It has many unique special courses and any one desiring to study some branch out of the ordinary would probably find it worth while to write Temple University for its catalogue. In addition, all the usual branches to be found in a university are fully covered.

In fact, there are very few needs in the life of today that the Temple University does not meet. A child just able to walk can enter the kindergarten class in the day department and receive his entire schooling under the one roof, graduating with college degrees, taking special university courses, or fitting himself for business. The tuition fees are moderate, and the student pays for only what he takes.

The work of the Temple University was well summed up when, at a large public banquet in Philadelphia, in answering to the toast, "What Temple University has done for the Public School System of Philadelphia," George Wheeler, Associate Superintendent of Schools, said that it has brought democracy into education, and opened the door of opportunity, so that no talent need go undeveloped for the lack of training. That has been the great motive from the start.

As the work has progressed, as broader and broader channels have opened by which its usefulness has

reached even greater numbers, a vision has dawned of even more splendid achievement. Before those who are working for the welfare of this university of the people is the hope of a great central institution with branches in various parts of the city near the homes of the workers. It is planned that the great system shall give freely to those who have little money or little time an education as broad and as thorough as can be had anywhere in the land; that by its aid any one, young or old, can acquire any knowledge he wishes either for pleasure or profit.

In a word, it is hoped that the institution, which its builders trust to see eventually arise, shall bring to the toilers and to the poor of the world, all the wealth of knowledge that the world possesses. It is a vision of a great university with classrooms and laboratories and gymnasia and everything needed for the broadening of men's minds brought to the very doors of the people, that they may know more truly and use more wisely the great mystery, life.

And those whose eyes are fixed upon the vision wish to see it become a reality, not only in the one city where it has already taken partial form, but in every town in the country where there are hearts hungering for knowledge and spirits eager to be loosed from the bonds of ignorance.

CHAPTER XXX

Helping the Sick Poor

The Samaritan, Garretson, and Greatheart Hospitals. Doctor Conwell Tells How the Samaritan Hospital Started. He Gives His Ideas of True Charity. The Unique Beginning of Garretson Hospital. The Work it Does at Present.

INTO the busy days of Russell Conwell's early pastorate, when a new church was being built and a university founded, another need began to make itself felt.

His pastoral work among his church members and others of the neighborhood brought constantly to Doctor Conwell's mind the needs of the sick poor. Scarcely a week passed that some one did not come to him for help for those who were ill and without means to secure proper medical aid. Accidents too—both among his membership and in the families of the neighborhood—were numerous. There was no large, well-equipped hospital in the immediate vicinity, and the need of one in this section of the city began to be borne in upon him. And then—as in the case of the University—the need was brought to him in immediate and specific form.

Speaking of the manner in which the Samaritan Hospital came to be, Doctor Conwell says: "The Samaritan Hospital, which has become one of the great agencies for the healing of the sick poor in the city of Philadelphia, has been one of those mysterious developments which it is impossible to account for in the

usual conditions of life. A young woman was seriously ill, with a very dangerous and somewhat infectious disease of the mouth. Her case was a very disagreeable and difficult one to care for in the home where she had lived as an orphan. The physician in charge suggested to me that the only reasonable way to care for the poor, afflicted woman was to hire two rooms in the upper story of some private house and put her in charge of a trained nurse.

"We rented two such rooms and that one patient and those two rooms were the beginning of the Samaritan Hospital which now reaches so many thousands of the poor in the course of a year, because we soon hired the whole house. Then we purchased it with a small payment down, furnished it with gifts from our congregation, and found young women who desired training in the actual practice of nursing. Soon we were overwhelmed with physicians who offered their services free in such work.

"We were soon so crowded that we were encouraged to purchase the adjoining dwelling, which was on the corner of Broad and Ontario Streets, Philadelphia. That we also purchased with a small payment and held for some time on a large mortgage. Afterwards we purchased a large lot north on Broad Street and then a similar lot on Park Avenue, after which the State of Pennsylvania came forward with appropriations for the maintenance of the hospital in its efforts to care for the poor people of the state.

"Then one building after another arose as if by magic. Money came in from unexpected quarters, which, with some special subscriptions on the part of those most interested in the hospital, made the institution a permanent part of the humanitarian work of Philadelphia. Like all the other institutions, mis-

sions and enterprises which our church undertook to found or support, it started—as in the creation—with nothing; was 'without form and void,' and grew into something by a mysterious but powerful Providence which seemed to push us on with the work beyond our plans or highest hopes. Where the spirit of life is, something must grow."

In speaking of the hospital and its work, Doctor Conwell, at another time, said, "The hospital was founded, and this property purchased, in the hope that it would do Christ's work. Not simply to heal for the sake of professional experience; not simply to cure disease and repair broken bones; but to so do those charitable acts as to enforce the truth Jesus taught, that God 'would not that any should perish, but that all should come unto Him and live.' Soul and body, both need the healing balm of Christianity. The hospital modestly and touchingly furnishes it to all classes, creeds and ages whose sufferings cause them to cry out, 'Have mercy on me.'"

The hospital was opened February 1, 1892. It did not take long, as Doctor Conwell said, to prove the need of the work. Before the end of that year it was so crowded that an addition had to be built; and now magnificent buildings stand adjoining the original house, as a monument to the untiring work and zeal of the members of Grace Baptist Church and their friends.

The hospital is modern in every way. It numbers on its staff the best physicians of the city—many of them well-known specialists. It has a large number of free beds in pleasant wards; also some semi-private rooms and many private rooms. The name "Samaritan Hospital" was given as typical of its work and spirit; for its projectors and supporters laid down

THE SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

One of Dr. Conwell's Greatest Ambitions was Realized in the Completion of this Splendid Modern Hospital

their money and agreed to pay whatever might be needed, as well as gave of their personal care and attention to the sufferer. The sick poor are never turned away if accommodations can possibly be provided for them. Doctor Conwell, however, did not believe in indiscriminate charity, and if a patient can afford to pay, even a small sum, he is encouraged to do so. Doctor Conwell believed it would be wrong to treat such people free—an injustice to physicians as well as the encouragement of a wrong spirit in themselves.

"Charity is composed of sympathy and self-sacrifice," he said. "There is no charity without a union of these two. To make a gift become a charity the recipient must feel that it is given out of sympathy; that the donor has made a sacrifice to give it; that it is intended only as assistance and not as a permanent support, unless the needy one be helpless; and that it is not given as his right. To accomplish this end desired by charitable hearts demands an acquaintance with the persons to be assisted or a study of them, and a great degree of caution and patience.

"It is not only unnecessary but a positive wrong to give to itinerant beggars. There is no such thing as charity about a so-called state charity. It is statesmanship to rid the community of nuisances; to feed the poor and prevent stealing and robbery; but it should not be called a charity. The paupers take their provisions as their right; feel no gratitude; acquire no ambition, no industry and no culture.

"The state almshouse educates the brain and chills the heart. It fastens a stigma on the child that hinders and curses it for life. Any institution supported otherwise than by voluntary contribution, or in the hands of paid public officials, can never have the

spirit of charity, nor be correctly called a charity. Public charitable institutions, so-called, are not charities at all; the motive is not sympathy, but necessity. The money for the support of paupers is not paid with benevolent intentions by the taxpayers, nor do the inmates of almshouses so receive it. I have been engaged in gathering statistics and have found sixty-three per cent of all persons who have applied for assistance at various institutions are impostors; and many are swindlers and professional burglars."

This so-called spirit of charity is not found at Samaritan Hospital; but there is a deep, true sympathy and desire to help. A spirit, also, that is quite noticeable is the homelike atmosphere that prevails. This may have come from the fact that the hospital started in an ordinary house and thus caught at the inception the home spirit which has never left it. And it may have come from the motive with which the work was taken up. But however it came to be, its homelike air is marked. Though rules are strictly enforced—as they must be—there is a feeling of personal interest in each patient that makes the sick one feel that he is something more than a "case" or a number.

"The lovely Christ spirit," says Doctor Conwell, "which inclines men and women to care for their unfortunate fellowmen, is especially beautiful when, in addition to the healing of wounds and disease, the afflicted sufferers are welcomed to such a home as the Samaritan Hospital has become. All such kind deeds become doubly so when done in the name of Christ, because they carry with them sympathy for those in pain; love for the loveless; a home for the homeless; friendship for the friendless; and a divine solace which are often more than surgical skill or medical science.

"Such an institution the Samaritan Hospital is ever

to be. It began in weakness and inexperience; but with Christian devotion and affection its founders and supporters have conquered innumerable difficulties, and can now say unreservedly that they have a hospital with all the conveniences and influences of a Christian home."

A feature that carries out this kindly spirit is the arrangement of the visiting hours. Doctor Conwell knew that the majority of the patients of Samaritan Hospital come from among the working classes, and that their friends were employed during the day and so could not call at the times usually set aside by hospitals for visitors. So he arranged visiting hours on Sunday afternoons and in the evenings. At the present time there is a visiting hour every day in the week, and on one evening.

The Samaritan Hospital is non-sectarian. Suffering and need are the only requisites for admission. The reports show that among those who are cared for are Catholics, Baptists, Methodists, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Hebrews, members of the Society of Friends and of the Reformed Church, Congregationalists, Moravians, Mennonites, Unitarians, Universalists and members of the church of the Latter-Day Saints and of the United Brethren.

The nativity of the patients shows that nearly all countries are represented. In one year were admitted, in addition to native-born Americans, one hundred and forty-five Germans, seventy-three English, one hundred and fifty-eight Russians, one hundred and seventeen sons and daughters of Ireland, ninety-two Italians, twenty-four Scotchmen, eleven Canadians, eleven Hungarians, twelve Poles, five Swiss, six Frenchmen, nine Swedes, two Armenians, one Porto Rican, one native of Holland. four Greeks, twenty-two

Australians, five Norwegians, one Spaniard, eight Roumanians and two Indians.

The Samaritan Hospital is not, however, the only hospital of which Doctor Conwell was the president, and which received his personal interest and attention. When the Temple University purchased the property and assumed the administration of the Philadelphia Dental College the Garretson Hospital, which was started as an adjunct to the Philadelphia Dental College, was at the same time taken over.

This hospital had rather a unique beginning. Just across the street from the building of the Philadelphia Dental College are the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Nearby are many other foundries and factories, and through this section run the tracks of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway. This district is one of the most important industrial centers of Philadelphia, and accidents are continually occurring.

The nearest place for even a semblance of skilled medical help was the Philadelphia Dental College, and here the bruised and burned and maimed were taken. Professors and students did the best they could to bind up the injured and give relief, and frequently sent for physicians and nurses among their friends to help. Rooms in the Dental College were turned over for the use of these cases; and thus, what is now Garretson Hospital, came into existence.

For about two years it occupied rooms in the Dental College and depended upon the generosity of the Dental College and its friends for the medical help and nursing required. But the accident cases increased and the quarters in the Dental College soon became inadequate. The necessity for a well-equipped hospital in that section became only too apparent. Then those already interested went to work. A state

appropriation was secured, and in 1907 the present building was erected. At first the capacity was twenty-seven beds; but in 1911 the hospital was enlarged and its bed capacity increased.

In regard to its work Doctor Conwell said: "It has assisted thousands of poor workmen and their families, and will go on through the ages to come, probably, as an increasing power for the amelioration of mankind. Just how it grew, it is impossible to state, as the influences which assisted in its upbuilding were as multifarious as those seem to be which surround the growth of a tree. It had a fertile soil; it had the seed idea, and the church, under God, gave it the sunshine. Of course, like the Samaritan Hospital, it soon outgrew the corporate control of the church and became as completely non-sectarian as any institution can be in a place where the spirit of Christ is ever leading people to prayer and to good deeds."

A further extension of the healing work is the Greatheart Hospital on Spring Garden Street near Eighteenth Street. Thus is furnished to this section a hospital group that meets all needs of the sick and suffering.

Thus, through the founding of the Samaritan Hospital and the development of the Garretson and Greatheart Hospitals, Doctor Conwell and the faithful workers who gathered about him rendered in still another field an important service to the people of Philadelphia. These institutions are now independent organizations, supported and helped largely in the good work they are doing by the generously-inclined of the entire city. But the hospitals have grown into their present great usefulness because this earnest body of workers saw a need of humanity; were willing to shoulder the burden of supplying it; and labored and sacrificed to do so.

CHAPTER XXXI

Spreading Visions

How the Lecture "Acres of Diamonds" has Brought Fuller Life to Many. How it Helped a Salesman. How it has Built up Towns. Its Voice Within Prison Walls. The Message it has for All.

IN a train speeding toward Philadelphia sat two shoe salesmen discussing the week's business. Orders had been numerous and large. Commissions would amount to a good sum. They figured out their profits for the coming week, if business continued so good, and were in a highly satisfied state of mind.

Across the aisle from them, three men were enthusiastically talking about their business. They owned a factory and were shipping stuff by the carload. They, too, were figuring their profits, and these also came to good round sums. Their business was prosperous. They were delighted with what they were making and with the prospects for the future. The talk ran beyond their factory to investments in general, and how much one could "clean up" in stocks if he just "knew a thing or two." Their whole thought ran moneyward. Their chief ambition in life, like that of the shoe salesmen, seemed to be to accumulate a bank account.

In front of them sat Doctor Conwell on his way home from delivering his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds." He was tired from lecturing and traveling, for he had been speaking every night for a week, and traveling during the day to the next place on his itinerary. He had no fat commissions for his labor.

He could not point to any factory, carloads of materials, or to any bank account as the result of his efforts. He had, in fact, little that was tangible to show for what he had done. Compared with the business of these other men, he had simply been spreading visions; about as profitable, some might think, as making rainbows.

Yet his work was not without profit. As he had entered the car in which these men were discussing with such elation the amount of money they had made, a man had approached him with his face alight with gratitude and in a voice vibrant with feeling had told him how this lecture, years before, had started him on the path from the cheerless, narrow life of a poor farmer's boy to his present happy, successful work as district attorney of a nearby large city.

This man had scarcely passed on before a woman had stopped and said how much she had been helped years ago by the lecture and how her life had been directed into happiness and usefulness by the inspiration received from it.

It is life substance, such as these two people had made that is the profit of this lecture, rather than dollars and cents. To these two he had given a vision. To countless others he had done the same thing. In those towns in which he had just lectured, there were without doubt farmers' boys who, because of this lecture, were already dreaming of larger lives and greater usefulness than they had glimpsed before they heard it. There were clerks whose minds were more alert for business opportunities than they had been. There were dressmakers' assistants who were studying their work and its possibilities with new interest. There was, in a word, an awakening to new accomplishments and an added zest to life on the part of many, because of what they had heard.

For this is the record of the lecture. If the life stories of all who had been helped could be gathered, they would make ready reading almost too incredible to believe.

Writing of this aspect of Doctor Conwell's work, a well-known public man of Evanston, Illinois, says, "Have you or your friends tried to compute the enormous influence of that lecture in *adding to the wealth of our country?* I have seen so many vivid results, and have heard of so many, that it seems one of the greatest benefactions of our age. *Enormous* is a conservative word. So many villages have become cities directly in consequence of your lecture; so many individuals and societies started 'to do something' for their town; so many manufacturing enterprises were begun by your hearers; so many rivers harnessed; so many banks established; so many schools and colleges opened; so many churches founded and others built; so many young men and women started into study; so many discouraged men began again; so many found great wealth in 'their backyards;' so many books written; so many charitable enterprises begun; so many orators sent on the platform; so many of our best teachers sent into schools; so many reforms made triumphant; indeed, so much good done by that lecture that I stand amazed at the accumulation."

From a Pennsylvania paper comes the following: "It was the lecture of Doctor Conwell on 'Acres of Diamonds,' delivered in Reynoldsville fifteen years ago, that inspired a group of Reynoldsville men to attempt the development of the clay and shale around Reynoldsville, and ultimately resulted in the founding of the Reynoldsville Brick and Tile Company, an industry that has operated continuously ever since and has become one of the leading industries of its kind in Western Pennsylvania.

"In substance, the theme of 'Acres of Diamonds' is that people listening to idle tales of 'easy money' to be had somewhere far away are apt to neglect the wealth that lies all around them awaiting development. After the lecture in Reynoldsville that night, Doctor John H. Murray and Professor G. W. Lenkerd walked home together and on the way down the street, Doctor Murray first suggested putting into practice the teaching of Doctor Conwell, to look first at home for its hidden treasures. Local people had long talked of the possibilities of the clay fields near the town, but no one had the courage to proceed. That night these two gentlemen laid the tentative plans, and a few months later called a meeting of a dozen other progressive citizens in Doctor Murray's office, and there was started the industry which has since brought so much good to Reynoldsville."

Doctor Conwell heard constantly of similar results from the lecture. While at dinner one day at his farm in Massachusetts, a telegram was brought to him which read, "Just sold my first sixteen hundred plum puddings." Someone asked what the telegram meant, and he said that some time before he had been dining with this man in Iowa and his host had said, "I have heard your lecture for six years and I have yet to pick up my first diamond."

"I had just been served with some excellent plum pudding and I replied: 'If I had a wife who could make as good a plum pudding as this, I wouldn't look any further for my "Acres of Diamonds."' He took the hint," Doctor Conwell continued, "and, according to this wire, has just received an order from a big wholesale grocery firm for sixteen hundred puddings."

In one Vermont town where he lectured, a young man—after a careful study of the products of the

neighborhood—said he believed the lumber of that section was especially adapted to the making of coffins. A sum of $20,000 was raised, the water power harnessed, and a factory started.

A man in Michigan who was on the verge of bankruptcy, having lost heavily in real estate, heard "Acres of Diamonds" and began—as the lecture advises—right at home to rebuild his fortunes. Instead of giving up, he went into the same business again, fought a plucky fight and is now president of the bank and a leading financier of the town.

A poor farmer of Western Massachusetts, finding it impossible to make a living on his stony place, had made up his mind to move, and had advertised his farm for sale. He heard "Acres of Diamonds," and took to heart its lesson "Raise what the people about you need," it said to him. He went into the small fruit business and is now a rich man.

The man who invented the turn-out switch system for electric cars received his suggestion from "Acres of Diamonds."

A baker once heard "Acres of Diamonds," conceived a plan for an improved oven and made thousands of dollars from it.

A teacher in Montrose, Pennsylvania, was so impressed with the practical ideas in the now famous lecture that he determined to teach what his pupils most needed to know. Being in a farming district he added agricultural chemistry to their studies with such success that the next year he was elected principal of one of the Montrose schools, and shortly afterward was appointed superintendent of education and president of the State University of Ohio.

In Clinton, Massachusetts, a young man just out of prison on probation heard the lecture and wrote Doctor

Conwell the next day asking if he thought there was any chance for him, with the stigma of prison attached to him, to make a success of life. Doctor Conwell replied in his usual practical fashion, and further told the man to stay right at home and live down the disgrace. The man acted upon the advice; became an honored member of the community and was a member of Congress for sixteen years.

On the shores of Lake Michigan, a short distance from Chicago, a man and wife had about given up all hope of making the farm pay. They heard "Acres of Diamonds," and the wife decided to make one more effort. The husband, however, was completely discouraged and would not make the attempt. He found work in Chicago but the wife, believing her "Acres of Diamonds" were right there on the farm, clung to it. Today she counts, as her net profits from the farm, $2,000,000. She is an authority on stock raising; her cattle bring top-notch prices; and her certified milk is sold throughout Chicago and its suburbs.

In a Maryland town in which Doctor Conwell was to lecture, a storm had blown the roof off the hall. The lecture was postponed and given the next day, which happened to be Sunday, in a church. The pastor of the church did not altogether approve of the proceeding. He felt that a lecture should not be given on Sunday, and purposely stayed away. Out of respect for his feelings Doctor Conwell made the lecture as much like a sermon as possible; though, as it is intended primarily to help people, he did not feel that it was irreligious.

Doctor Conwell had been told that the church in which he was to lecture was badly in debt, and that the outlook for its existence was rather gloomy. In that part of the lecture where he tells how citizens may help

a town, he pictured what the upbuilding of that church would mean to the community. He said that if fifty people would give a certain amount each, the church could be cleared of debt and go forward to do useful work in the community. "And then," said Doctor Conwell, in speaking of the incident, "I had a feeling that I ought then and there to make an appeal for help. I did, with the result that forty-one out of the needed fifty pledges were made, and I learned afterward that the church was cleared of debt, enlarged, and is now one of the most successful in the town."

A man from Detroit writes: "On your last trip to Detroit I was present at your lecture, 'Acres of Diamonds,' and, needless to say, I was greatly inspired by it, as were also some brother salesmen who accompanied me. When my wife and I went home that evening we discussed the possibility of finding some 'sure enough' diamonds here in Detroit. I am a salesman for a well-known device for writing checks—such as your banks in Philadelphia use. Well, a few days after your lecture here, I was calling on a prospect in one of the office buildings, when it was suggested that I interview a certain professional man in that building. I called on this man and sold him one of our devices, whereupon he asked me why I didn't call on all the other men in town in the same line. I took a list of a few of these men and sold to most of them.

"Then I began an investigation, the result of which is that there are something like 175,000 uncalled-on prospects—all high-grade men, and men who are making big incomes—just the very kind who need a device for the protection of their checks. I at once began to specialize on this class of prospects to the exclusion of all other work. This I did for over three months, meeting with such fine success that our com-

pany recently has sent me out to the various large city offices to instruct our salesmen in selling to this new line of prospective customers.

"A few weeks ago I visited your own city, where I found over five thousand professional men of the class mentioned, none of whom had ever been sold to, and I instructed the local men there how to approach and sell these men. We expect that two men will be kept busy on this line of work alone for many months right in Philadelphia, and that other salesmen all over the United States will be likewise engaged for the remainder of 1916; furthermore, we anticipate that the men engaged in this special work will earn in commissions $100,000.

"And your auditor of last fall is now going around the country translating your lecture into the terms of our business and showing our salesmen that truly there are 'Acres of Diamonds' in their own localities. I may say that, in giving my little talk to our selling organization, I mentioned that my own researches were inspired by your great lecture. As a matter of fact, I have taken the liberty of quoting from your wonderful lecture in my own little talk, which I call 'Nuggets of Gold.' Thus does your work go on. Of course, in all these years your mail has been filled with such letters of appreciation as this from all over the country, but I know that you will be glad to have this one additional message of thanks from me."

From Massachusetts Agricultural College comes the following: "I have just been reading the lecture, 'Acres of Diamonds,' and would like to say that it has inspired me very much. I have heard you deliver the lecture two or three times, so that I can comprehend its significance much more, and I want to thank you for the help it has given me and the help it *will* give me.

"Only the other day, in talking with my father about the lecture, he said that he had endeavored to live his life according to several of the things which you brought out in the lecture, and that he had obtained more help from that one lecture than from any other he had ever heard."

From Texas a young man writes: "During my college days I heard your wonderful lecture at Waco, Texas, and it has been my ideal and inspiration ever since. My heart moves me to say how deeply it has inspired me. I can never be the same, but a better and a more determined man.

"Tonight I am planning and dreaming of larger usefulness, and shall tomorrow go forth with increased energy to minister to my noble congregation and to the world, because I have been fired by 'Acres of Diamonds.' It has been my joyful experience to work for an education, and now I am the grateful pastor of a congregation of five hundred people and just thirty-six years of age. If I ever reach a place of large usefulness, your life and lecture will have a big part in the inspiration that moves me onward and upward."

From a prison in California comes a letter which shows that the vision has reached even within prison walls, and is holding out a hope to one who has made a mistake in life, but desires to retrieve it: "I am taking this liberty to address you in regards to 'Acres of Diamonds.' I have heard so much about it and read so much about it, that I was glad to find your address in this issue of the *Christian Endeavor World.*

"As you will see, I am at present confined in the state prison at Folsom. For which no one is to blame but myself, as I had every opportunity in the world to keep away from places of this kind. However, experience is a great teacher and I know I have learned my

lesson. I am writing to ask if you would kindly send me a copy of the lecture, as I am very anxious to read it, and I hope it may help me to better usefulness when I get out."

A bank cashier of North Carolina, while attending the lecture, sat directly behind a lady who was wearing a very large hat. When, in the course of the lecture, Doctor Conwell said, "Your wealth is too near you; you are looking right over it," the bank cashier leaned over to a friend and whispered, "My wealth must be in that hat." A little later on in the lecture, Doctor Conwell remarked, "Wherever there is a human need there is a great fortune." The bank cashier was still studying the hat, not being able to see much else, and at this remark the idea of a better hatpin than the one the woman was using flashed upon him. The pin is now being manufactured and he was offered $55,000 for the patent.

A man in Ohio who has today, clear of all indebtedness, factories valued at $700,000 was not worth a cent when he heard "Acres of Diamonds." He went from the lecture hall determined to find some diamonds right at home. His present business attests the success of his search.

These are but a few of the thousands upon thousands of similar incidents. In every state in the Union and in many countries abroad are hundreds and hundreds of men and women whose lives have been directly affected by hearing "Acres of Diamonds." Such results show it to be a lecture out of the ordinary. Rarely, if ever, has any other lecture produced such practical effects in such an almost incalculable number of instances.

The lecture is the outcome of Doctor Conwell's practical view of life. He followed his own motto, "Supply a need." He saw all about him, in his news-

paper and legal work in the early days, and later in his religious and educational activities, lives—especially those of the young—dwarfed, cramped, and not opening out in any degree to what they might be. He saw communities needing certain enterprises. He saw opportunities everywhere for undertakings that would mean much to the individual and to society. And so he supplied the inspiration and the vision that led from a narrow, unproductive life to largeness and richness.

He supplied the practical suggestions that have brought development and modern comforts and enterprise to towns and country throughout the length and breadth of the land. And he also himself demonstrated in this lecture what he preaches. In supplying this need he made a tremendous success—a success so far above financial returns, though these have been great, that they are not even considered. For its success has to do with the lives of men and women—countless thousands of them—who have been led to useful, happy careers and a fuller realization of life because of the vision of what they might do that was given to them by "Acres of Diamonds."

CHAPTER XXXII

The History of "Acres of Diamonds"

The First Time "Acres of Diamonds" was Delivered. Its Present Great Popularity. What it has Earned. The Number of Students Helped. Doctor Conwell Tells how He came to Give the Proceeds of the Lecture to Poor Students. Incidents of Lecture Trips.

IT is a far cry from the little Methodist church in Westfield, Massachusetts—where "Acres of Diamonds" was first given to an audience of a few hundred in 1861—to the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, packed from floor to roof with a brilliant gathering of thousands of the city's representative men and women, at which time this lecture was given for the five thousandth time on Doctor Conwell's seventieth birthday.

Yet such has been the history of this lecture, which was delivered more than six thousand times; and in its published form it reached tens of thousands more. Little did the tall, lanky boy of nineteen who mounted the little platform of that church and spoke upon, "Heroes at Home," dream what was in store for him and the lecture he was giving. Little did he foresee how it would affect the lives of thousands upon thousands of people; nor the influence it would have upon the industries of this country.

In this, more than half a century since the lecture was first given, it has been delivered on a globe-circling tour that has embraced all the large cities of the leading foreign countries. It has been given in every state

in the Union—in large cities and in small cities. It has been delivered in the same town over and over again; and, in one city in Massachusetts, it has been repeated twenty-one times.

The latest form of delivery of this popular lecture in keeping with the development of the times is by radio. By this method, literally thousands hear a single lecture, far more hearers than could be gathered into any one single auditorium. After one such radio lecture in Philadelphia, letters were received from Maine and other distant sections of the country saying the speaker had been distinctly heard. Thus, by this means, this helpful address is reaching greater and greater numbers.

Second only in uniqueness to the good it has done is the fact that every dollar made from it has been given away. The total amount earned by this lecture for the last forty years has gone to the education of poor students. Although it has broadened and enriched the lives of those who have been inspired by it to do some special work; and has built mills and factories and foundries and towns, its greatest work has been the building of man. Of this aspect of its work the Hon. John Wanamaker in an address said:

"Doctor Conwell is a great citizen who cannot be matched in this or any other state. How proud and thankful is Philadelphia to own him! He had the vision years ago, not of building buildings, but of building men—citizenship."

It is no inconsiderable sum that Doctor Conwell has thus laboriously earned and given away. Some one with a mathematical turn of mind has estimated what the proceeds from this lecture would be had Doctor Conwell kept the money for himself and invested it. The sum runs close to $8,000,000. Yet, until some

one computed it, Doctor Conwell did not know how much he had distributed. As soon as his lecture fee was given him, he forwarded it to the student for whom that especial lecture was given, crossed the name off his list, and forgot it. Thus he had never formed an idea of the total amount given, until some one just from curiosity figured it out and told him.

The number of young men helped is close to the ten thousand mark. The money given means a year added to their life work. So, one might say ten thousand years of good purposeful work has been added to the present generation by the munificence of this one man who has labored day and night—in winter cold and summer heat—well into old age to do this work. This in itself is an unique fruitage for a single lecture. It is doubtful if any lecture ever given can point to a similar record. Speaking of it, an editorial writer in a Philadelphia newspaper says:

"No man can reckon the indebtedness of Philadelphia to this admirable citizen who might have been a plutocrat, but chose instead, for the sake of others, to reserve only a modest competency for himself out of all the vast accumulation. His satisfaction as he looks back over the course of his life must be keen, when he thinks of the gratitude he has earned, where others were content to earn and hoard mere dollars. This man's golden treasury is reckoned in the bright mintage of ever-living gratitude for lives enabled to reach their fullest development of usefulness."

As this writer intimates, it is not figures that most forcefully tell what this help means in the life of the one receiving it. It is the actual life-stories of the men and women who have been aided that give the best picture. Now and then, one runs across these experiences.

When it was known in a city of the Middle West that Doctor Conwell was to lecture there, the Congregational minister of the town asked for the privilege of introducing him to the audience. He was so earnest in his request that the lecture committee felt he either must be a very old friend of Doctor Conwell's, or that there must be some special reason for the request, and so granted it.

When the time came for Doctor Conwell to be introduced, the man rose and told how he had been helped through college by the speaker of the evening, and what this had meant to him in his straightened circumstances So deeply affected was he in recalling this help that had come to him at a critical time that he was unable to proceed and was compelled to leave the platform.

At the close of another lecture in an Eastern state a young man came up and, with a face glowing with gratitude, said he was one of Doctor Conwell's "boys;" that he had been helped through college by a lecture check; that he was now principal of the high school of the town and looking forward to greater achievements in his field of work.

Glimpses such as these into the lives of those who have been helped mean much more than figures in reckoning the good this lecture has done. And possibly every one of the ten thousand assisted could tell of some such pathetic struggle, or of a critical moment when the aid received meant all the difference between success and failure; between a bright, useful future, or an unfulfilled career.

In a reminiscent mood one day Doctor Conwell told how he came to devote the proceeds of this and other lectures to helping students: "I had been visiting the scenes of my own college days at Yale. As I stood in

the room where I had lived in such poverty, as I went through the dining-room and kitchen of the house where, in the old days, I had to be on duty at four-thirty in the morning to help make everything ready; as I went through the college halls and classrooms where I had shunned my classmates because of my shabby, ragged clothes, I thought of those hard, bitter days of work and poverty; of the long, exhausting hours I was compelled to spend in working and struggling; of my humiliation and keen suffering of mind and spirit at my appearance and need, compared with the rich boys about me.

"I traveled on to Boston, but the picture of those days and all I had suffered stayed with me. I went to Tremont Temple Church. No one was in it. In the twilight gloom of that great church and the stillness that reigned there, I knelt and vowed to give thenceforth the proceeds from my lectures to poor students, so that at least some of those struggling for an education might never know the suffering and humiliation I had endured."

Doctor Conwell's mail was filled with requests for help. In one day recently he received eighty-three letters asking for assistance to get through college. "When I receive these letters," he said, despondently, "I feel that what I do is of no use whatever. It is but a drop in the bucket. Where there is such tremendous need, what one person does seems scarcely to make any impression."

But this very demand shows how great is the need, and how eager are unknown thousands for an education. This same great thirst for knowledge is shown by the prompt response made to the opportunities offered by the Temple University. Some day, perhaps, the vision of Doctor Conwell for universities everywhere

within the reach and means of the people will be realized. In a recent article upon Doctor Conwell's work, a writer has said, "Doctor Conwell by the use of his lecture fund, and the conduct of his University, has given more than 91,000 young people a college education they could not otherwise have obtained." These figures speak more eloquently than can pen or tongue of the vast army of young people in the United States eager for higher education.

In passing it may be remarked that Doctor Conwell's true insight into the desire for education on the part of many has been proved by another educational work which owes its inception to him. Upon a trip abroad, Doctor and Mrs. Conwell had as their guest Miss Sophia B. Packard. While the party were waiting in St. Peter's for the music to begin, Doctor Conwell read a letter from a friend in Atlanta, Georgia, upon the need there for a school for young colored girls. When he finished the letter, he handed it to Miss Packard. Upon reading it, she said, "I would like to help in such a work." Upon his return to America, Doctor Conwell sent Miss Packard to Atlanta to see if such a school would be advisable. Upon her favorable report, he secured the use of the government barracks, and thus the Spellman Academy for colored women was started. This is now one of the foremost institutions in the South for the education of women of the colored race and was recently endowed by Rockefeller.

There is, however, a reverse side to the picture which the public does not see and of which, perhaps, those who have been helped do not often think. All of this work was not done—all of this money that was so generously given away was not earned—without hard toil, without hardship, exposure, tiresome delays, annoy-

ances, worry, and anxiety that many would not endure year in and year out, even for their own profit.

One may in a moment of exaltation be burned at the stake, or suffer the "pangs of fiery darts" for an ideal. But to travel for sixty years on all kinds of railroads; to wait at little junctions for hours for trains; to endure by reason of mishaps indifferent accommodations and unpalatable food; to travel often for half a day without food and then—because of delay—to be compelled to go directly from the train to the lecture hall and there speak for two hours; to suffer all of these discomforts simply to benefit others requires fidelity to an ideal of a high order.

These are common incidents of travel, as almost every one knows. All who have journeyed much have endured them; but when they are repeated in one's experience, every year for more than sixty years, they become a trifle wearisome. It takes grim endurance and constancy to a high purpose to continue to suffer them. The anxiety to make connections is one of the most wearing of these experiences. Doctor Conwell had no time to waste, so he had to make as close connections as possible.

Once, when lecturing in the West, his train was late and the one with which he was to connect had gone. The lecture he was to give was an important one, from the financial point of view, for the fee was five hundred dollars and it was already promised. He had no bank account to draw upon to make up for the loss. Besides, he never disappointed an audience if it was within human possibility to keep his engagement.

With the aid of a porter for whom he had once done a kindness, he was able at last to find various railroad officials who interested themselves in his plight. It was discovered that a freight train was about to leave

a freight yard for the town where he was to lecture, and he was given permission to travel on it. It was held until he could reach it and, with much switching and jolting, and not without some enjoyment of the company of the brakeman in the caboose, he finally reached his destination and delivered his lecture.

At another time when he missed connection, a special train was made up for him. He rode on the engine, became interested in the fireman and eventually sent the man through college. He is now a judge in Arkansas. Upon one of these occasions, when he missed connections, he hired a team to take him to the town where he was to speak. He had to drive fast to be on time, and as he reached the lecture hall he hurriedly leaped out, caught his foot in the reins, fell and broke his arm. But he did not cancel the lecture. He went into an anteroom, bound up the arm as best he could, and gave the address.

Instead of missing connections, sometimes there was a long wait. Usually these waits were at some little junction where there is nothing but the station—the sort of place which, as some one has said, puts junk into junction. At one such station on one of his trips there was a long wait. A blizzard had piled snowdrifts all about. There was nothing to do but accept the carefully sectioned-off seats; the red-hot stove; the hermetically-sealed windows; and listen to the monotonous click of the telegraph instrument.

The only place that promised anything in the way of supper was a grocery store a short distance down the track. Here a stew from canned oysters was secured, and an orange answered for dessert. The train was late. The destination was not reached until the audience was already waiting and a dash was made from the station to the lecture platform. But upon the

return trip, at the wait at this little junction, three men told Doctor Conwell of how they had been helped by this lecture in years gone by. One had heard of the lecture from his school teacher. He had become so interested that when it was to be given again, he and two other of the school boys had earned money to hire a team to go hear it. On their way home they decided they would make something of their lives. He had worked his way through college and was now a successful lawyer. Such stories made the discomforts of the junction of small moment.

Once, when traveling in the far Northwest when the temperature was ten below zero, the hotel at which Doctor Conwell stayed could provide no heat in his bedroom, and he was compelled to go to bed to keep warm. Even this procedure scarcely relieved the situation. He was past seventy then, and a great sufferer from rheumatism. But there was a boy in a certain college counting on the fee from this lecture for part of his year's expenses. There was also an audience to keep faith with. And so he spread his overcoat on the bed and reflected that under some conditions a certain kind of future punishment had its good points.

Doctor Conwell was often interrupted by the cry of "Fire." Twice his audience was compelled to leave. In each case he kept on speaking and prevented a panic. When all were out, he made his escape.

Once in Colorado when making an address at an outdoor meeting the platform fell. A woman was severely hurt and was taken to the hospital. Doctor Conwell went to see her; inquired into her condition; talked with her; and heard something of her life and of her ambition to study. He put her name on his list to help from the proceeds of his lectures and she became

eventually the president of a woman's college in one of the Western states.

At one time in the State of Washington, while waiting at midnight on a dark station platform for a train, a man came up, said he had been present at the lecture that evening, and that he had heard it once before. It had made such an impression on him at that time, he said, that he had remembered it word for word. And then and there he began and—until stopped by the arrival of the train—recited "Acres of Diamonds" with the gestures, the inflection, and the very tone of voice of Doctor Conwell himself.

"It was uncanny," said Doctor Conwell, in speaking of the incident. "I seemed to be looking at my double. In the silence of that midnight hour, with that man striding up and down that dark platform, speaking in my voice, using my words and gestures, it seemed almost as if I had gone on to the other world and were looking back at some impersonation of myself that still lived. If I ever need an understudy," he concluded with his hearty laugh, "I'll know where to find an excellent one. But the experience, at the time, gave me a strange sensation."

Upon one occasion the lecture bureau made a mistake and sent him to Northfield, Massachusetts, instead of to Northfield, Vermont. When he reached the Massachusetts town, he found that a man who was to have lectured there that night had not arrived. So Doctor Conwell took his place, and spoke to the assembled audience, though neither lecture nor speaker was what they expected.

At one lecture the man who was to introduce him after a long preamble in which he stated how well he knew the speaker of the evening and how much good his life and work had done, presented Doctor Conwell

to the audience as Doctor McConnell of Brooklyn. This is somewhat akin to the presentation once of Doctor David Starr Jordan as "Doctor David Jordan Starr," with a poetic reference to the evening sky.

Not only were many of these lecture trips wearisome and full of hardship and exposure; but they are strenuous. On a recent trip to Pittsburgh, Doctor Conwell lectured twice on the way out; was accompanied by a magazine writer to whom he gave data on the train both going and coming; spoke twice in Pittsburgh on the night he arrived, because the audience overflowed the hall where he was to make his address and he had to speak to the second gathering; left the next morning at five o'clock, though he had not retired until after midnight; came through to Philadelphia without stopping; rushed from Broad Street Station to the Market Street Ferry, barely making connections for a New Jersey town where he was to speak that night; reached there at six o'clock and lectured for more than two hours that evening.

At another time Doctor Conwell lectured at Newark, New Jersey, until after twelve o'clock; took the eight o'clock train in the morning for Philadelphia, where he made the address at a meeting for sending a relief ship to Belgium; hurried from this gathering to a train for New York, where he met by arrangement a number of reporters and talked until six; then gave a lecture, and afterward read the proofs of a long article that was to appear the next day.

Such days as these on Doctor Conwell's lecture trips were numerous. Many people are helped by the lecture itself; and many others by the money earned. But these results were not accomplished without hard work, wearisome traveling, and often exposure and hardship.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Ten Million Hearers

Unique Lecturing Places. Lecture Topics. Doctor Conwell Discusses Audiences, Tells How to Keep the Voice in Good Condition. Mentions the Best Ways to Study for Public Speaking and Speaks of His Early Efforts. What Others Say of His Lectures. His Chautauqua Work and What He Thinks of the Chautauqua Movement.

IT has been roughly estimated that Doctor Conwell, in the course of his public utterances, spoke to ten million people. But extraordinary as is this feature of his lecture career, the places in which he spoke add an element no less unique.

He spoke at the Taj Mahal in India to English soldiers. It was a strange setting for a lecture. The English soldiers were camped on the banks of the Jumna River. A platform was made for him on their camping ground and under a blazing Indian sun, to the lazy clashing of palm leaves and with this glorious temple like a jewel gleaming nearby, he gave "Acres of Diamonds."

Doctor Conwell spoke in the enclosure at Jerusalem where Solomon's Temple once stood. He once lectured in the Garden of Gethsemane. He addressed a large gathering of American travelers in Jericho. He once spoke to the English colony at Hong Kong, China; and he gave "Acres of Diamonds" a number of times on shipboard.

By special request he gave "Men of the Mountains"

before the King and Queen of Norway and a select audience gathered by invitation at the palace in Stockholm.

Doctor Conwell has lectured in Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon; to Indians at one of the Indian schools in the West; to negroes at institutes in the South; and one of the oddest places in which he ever lectured was at a deaf and dumb institute where the lecture as he gave it was repeated by the teacher in the sign language to the audience.

These lectures have not all been "Acres of Diamonds,"—this title much to Doctor Conwell's amusement being sometimes misprinted to read "Ace of Diamonds." Remarkable as has been the record of this lecture, it does not sum up Doctor Conwell's success on the lecture platform. This is his best known and most popular lecture; but he was lecturing for more than fifty years. His subjects have covered a wide field of thought.

Among his topics have been, "The Philosophy of History;" "Men of the Mountains;" "The Old and the New England;" "My Fallen Comrades;" "The Dust of Our Battlefields;" "Was it a Ghost Story?" "The Unfortunate Chinese;" "Three Scenes in Babylon;" "Three Scenes From the Mount of Olives;" "The Curriculum of the Schools of the Prophets in Ancient Israel;" "Americans in Europe;" "General Grant's Empire;" "Princess Elizabeth;" "Guides;" "Success in Life;" "The Undiscovered;" "The Silver Crown, or Born a King;" "Heroism of a Private Life;" "The Jolly Earthquake;" "Heroes and Heroines;" "Garibaldi, or the Power of Blind Faith;" "The Angels' Lily;" "The Life of Columbus;" "Five Million Dollars for the Face of the Moon;" "Henry Ward Beecher;" "That Horrid Turk;" "Cuba's

Appeal to the United States;" "Anita, the Feminine Torch;" and "Personal Glimpses of Celebrated Men and Women."

His later lecturing tours were confined to the United States; but in earlier years he spoke in England, Ireland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, India, China and Japan. He was offered $39,000 for a six months' engagement in Australia, and, at another time, $50,000 for two hundred lectures in Australia and England.

Doctor Conwell began lecturing early. In fact, as a small child he was, as it was phrased at home, always "speaking a piece," or, as Doctor Conwell himself often described it, "discoursing to the cats and dogs and other objects, animate or inanimate, about the farm." Of these early efforts, he says:

"My very earliest efforts in public speaking were to the roosters in the barnyard and the cat upon the hearth. I was often humiliated when a boy at work in the cornfield, to find myself suddenly surrounded by a delegation of neighbors, who a mile away had heard me calling and who were disgusted, often to profanity, when they found out that I was simply 'practicing my piece.'

"I cannot tell why I turned to declamation in the way I did. But I recall the fact that I was continually addressing the cows, when bringing them home from the pasture, in terms of Cæsar, Shakespeare and William Cullen Bryant. My sister was extremely annoyed at my persistence in 'speaking my piece' and often slammed the door when she heard me delivering my imaginary orations in my room. I talked to the frogs in the pond; to the old horse at the pasture bars, and found a special delight when the teacher in the public school allowed me to speak at the close of the session."

From these early efforts Doctor Conwell graduated into the debating societies around home. Then he went to Wilbraham and, as we have seen, took an important part in the debates of the Old Club there. All this was excellent practice for the public speaking that was to become such an important part of his life work. It was an illustration of that inner life force groping for that which was to be. What might be called Doctor Conwell's first lecture, however, was given in 1859 when he began to sell the biography of John Brown. Of this work he says in an interview:

"My introduction to the lecture field was given when I was sixteen. When John Brown was hung in Virginia, James Redpath wrote a biography of Mr. Brown and persuaded my father to send me out to sell it by subscription. My first public lecture was given on the subject of his life. I spoke morning, afternoon and evening from school-house to school-house in that part of the state. It must have been a ridiculous exhibition of 'Boy Oratory,' but it did sell the book. Probably the deep feeling in the New England states over the 'martyrdom' of John Brown had most to do with the kind reception of the 'Boy Orator.'" This was followed by his speeches for enlistment. In referring to this work Doctor Conwell says:

"When the war began I was continuously called upon to speak at war meetings held for the purpose of inducing men to enlist in the army. I recall one address, which I made at Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1860, where so many bouquets were sent up to me or thrown upon the platform, that the porter at the hotel brought them to my room in two clothes baskets. It is a wonder to me, indeed, that such events did not completely turn my head and destroy all hope of future successes.

"But the fear of audiences, and the doubts as to my ability to speak again, successfully kept me ever in an humble condition of mind and robbed me of the great joy which many must feel, who are completely satisfied with their attainments. Governor Andrews of the state very soon heard of the 'Boy Orator' and invited me in a personal letter to attend several meetings in the city of Boston."

In 1860, when but seventeen years of age, Young Conwell gave a lecture on the "Philosophy of History," in which he tried to show that the Civil War was inevitable because of the events of the past fifty years. But his first attempt at real platform lecturing was made in Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1861, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, when he was encouraged and introduced by the great temperance advocate, John B. Gough.

The war, of course, interrupted his work on the lecture platform, but after his return to civilian life he again took up public speaking. In Minnesota, and later upon his return to Boston, the work continuously grew. In describing those early days on the lecture platform, Doctor Conwell says:

"I lectured at first in churches and summer hotels, and often twice a day, but for a very small fee. Once I was paid with a smoked ham, and at another time with a preacher's note for four dollars and fifty cents, which still remains unpaid. The greatest income from any one lecture was an independent lecture in Baltimore, when the receipts were $1,751 above all expenses. The largest straight fee from a committee was five hundred dollars at the Mormon Tabernacle, Salt Lake City. One year a wealthy man in Burlington, Vermont, sent me to sixty-three different places, and paid the bill himself. The largest audience

I ever had was in Madison Square Garden, New York, when upwards of fifteen thousand were present, and the next largest was in Salt Lake City, where there were twelve thousand present."

Doctor Conwell's lectures, like his sermons, were full of practical help and good sense. They were profusely illustrated with anecdotes and stories that fastened the thought of his subject. He used no notes and gave his lectures little thought during the day. Indeed, often he did not know the subject until he heard the chairman announce it.

If the lecture was new or one that he had not given for many years, he occasionally had a few notes or a brief outline before him. But usually he was so full of the subject, and pertinent ideas and illustrations so crowded his mind, that he was troubled with the wealth, rather than the dearth, of material. Doctor Conwell rarely gave a lecture twice alike. The main thought, of course, was the same. But new experiences suggested new illustrations; and so, no matter how many times one heard it, he always heard something new. "That's the third time I've heard 'Acres of Diamonds,' " said one delighted auditor, "and every time it grows better."

In fact, Doctor Conwell often gave "Acres of Diamonds" in a course of three lectures, because he had so many illustrations to fit the topic that he could lecture three or four times on the subject without repetition. Speaking of a lecture he gave in England, a London newspaper says:

"The man is weirdly like his native hills. You can hear the cascades and the trickling streams in his tone of voice. He has a strange, unconscious power of so modulating his voice as to suggest the roar of the tempest in rocky declivities, or the soft echo of music in distant valleys. The breezy freshness and natural

suggestiveness of varied nature in its wild state was completely fascinating. He excelled in description, and the auditor could almost hear Niagara roll as he described it, and listened to catch the sound of sighing pines in his voice as he told of the Carolinas."

"The lecture was wonderful in clearness, powerful and eloquent in delivery," said another London paper. "The speaker made the past a living present, and led the audience, unconscious of time, with him in his walks and talks with famous men. When engrossed in his lecture, his facial expression is a study. His countenance conveys more quickly than his words the thought he is elucidating; and when he refers to his Maker, his face takes on an expression indescribable for its purity. He seems to hold the people, as children stare at brilliant and startling pictures."

"It is useless to try to report Doctor Conwell's lectures," is the verdict of a Massachusetts paper. "They are unique. Unlike anything or any one else. Filled with good sense; brilliant with new suggestions; and inspiring always to noble life and deeds. They always please with their wit. The reader of his addresses does not know the full power of the man."

"His stories are always singularly adapted to the lecturer's purpose. Each story is mirth-provoking. The audience chuckled, shook, swayed and roared with convulsions of laughter," reported a London daily paper. "He has been in the lecture field but few years, yet he has already made a place beside such men as Phillips, Beecher and Chapin."

"The only lecturer in America," says a Philadelphia newspaper, "who can fill a hall in this city with three thousand people at a dollar a ticket."

"He is the last of the galaxy of such men as Gough, Beecher, Chapin," comments a national weekly.

"There are about ten real American lecturers on the American platform today, and Doctor Conwell is one of the ten and probably the most eminent."

Those who heard him speak, know how aptly these press comments described him. But those who never heard him may gather some idea of the impression he made by the following letter written by a gentleman who attended the banquet given to President McKinley, at the G. A. R. Encampment in Philadelphia, in 1899:

"At the table with the President was Russell H. Conwell, and no one near me could tell me who he was. We mistook him for the new Secretary of War, until Secretary Root made his speech. There was a highly intelligent and remarkably representative audience of the nation gathered at this magnificent banquet and the hall was decorated regardless of cost.

"The addresses were especially good, and made by men specially before the nation. Yet all the evening, till after midnight, there were continuous interruptions and much noise of voices and dishes and waiters. Men at distant tables laughed aloud often. It was difficult to hear at best, as the acoustics were so bad. The speakers took it as a matter of course at such a 'continuous performance.' Some of the Representatives must have thought they were at home in the House at Washington. Those present listened or not, as they chose. The great hall was quiet only when the President gave his address, and when Doctor Conwell spoke long after midnight.

"When, about the last thing, Doctor Conwell was introduced by the chairman, no one heard his name because of the noise at the tables. Two men asked me who he was. But not two minutes after he began, the place was still and men craned their necks to catch his

words. I never saw anything so magical. I know you would have enjoyed it. Its effect was a great surprise—the revelers all worn; the people ready to go home; the waiters impatient; and the speech wholly extemporaneous. It was a triumph that did honor to American oratory at its best. The applause was decisive and deafening. I never heard of anything better done under such circumstances.

"None of the morning papers that we could get on the train mentioned either Doctor Conwell or his great speech. Perhaps Conwell asked the reporters to suppress it. I don't know as to that. But it was the first thing we looked for. Not a word. There is no clue to account for that. Yet that is the peculiarity of this singular life—one of the most public—one of the most successful—yet one of the least discussed or written about. He was to us visitors the great feature of that banquet as a speaker, and yet he was wholly ignored by the press of his own city.

"The United States Senator Penrose seemed only to know in a general way that Doctor Conwell was a great benefactor and a powerful citizen and preacher. Conwell is a study. I cogitated on him all day. I was told that he marched throughout the great parade in the rear rank of his G. A. R. Post. It is the strangest case of private life that I have ever heard mentioned. The Quakers will wake up resurrection day and find out that Doctor Conwell lived in Philadelphia. It is startling to think how measureless the influence of such a man is, in its effect on the world. Through forty years educating men; healing the sick; caring for children; then preaching to a great church; then lecturing in the great cities nearly every night; then writing biographies; and also an accessible counselor to such masses of young people!"

So magnetic a speaker was naturally sensitive in regard to his audiences. "It makes a great difference to me," Doctor Conwell said once, "whether an audience is in sympathy with me or not. If I find an audience is cold, I try to imagine the audience I would like to have. But it is more difficult to lecture under such conditions. I am carrying a double load.

"The only time I ever feel tired is after a lecture when the audience is unresponsive. A good audience never tires me; indeed, if I go on the platform feeling tired, a good audience will make me forget it. A good audience sometimes causes me to forget my rheumatism, and that, too, when I have a savage attack, and walk in on crutches. When I face a large audience which seems to follow me in sympathy, I forget my rheumatism, and never am tired.

"There is a belt of civilization running across the country from a point about at Philadelphia on the south and extending north to the international boundary. In that belt, I find my most responsive audiences. In that belt lies the largest number of modern homes and the largest number of educated persons. They seem to go along with me; they note every point, they are enthusiastic at times; and the hour and three-quarters of my lecture slip away almost without effort on my part.

"Now in the South, the people are more conservative. They are not so easily moved. But when they are awakened by a fact or illustration, they never forget it. They are slow to take hold, but when they do, they treasure it more than is done by those in the zone I have described."

Doctor Conwell was asked once if the great amount of public speaking he had done had brought on any of the various ailments to which public speakers fall

victims. "No," he answered, "because I always speak in a natural voice. You may speak as loud as you please, if you use your natural voice. The moment you try elocution, your voice breaks. My voice is just as good today as ever it was, and this is due to my rule to never try elocutionary effects.

"When I address very large audiences I find it necessary to speak very slowly. I followed this plan when I addressed the audience in the Mormon Tabernacle in 1872, and I was heard as clearly as I am in this room. That is the only secret in public speaking. If one speaks naturally, he can be heard and he saves his voice.

"Oratory," Doctor Conwell went on, "is the science of effective speech. There are many forms of oratory and many ways of persuading people, but anyone of them which proves effective for its purpose may be set down as an example of true oratory. After attending some of the most famous schools of elocution in America, I came to the conclusion that, as a general rule, it is best to try under all circumstances 'to be natural.'

"It seems like a dream and very unreal that I have spoken to so many thousands of people in the half century and more in which I have been addressing the public. It was not unusual for me to address an audience one hundred nights in succession in halls of various sizes and often with poor ventilation, without detecting the slightest huskiness in my voice or losing an engagement on account of a cold.

"Elocution, like poetry, is worth the time devoted to its study, even for an extended period; but in oratory, it must be only a second nature and be wholly forgotten when in the act of public speaking. When I listened to Henry Ward Beecher, Edward Everett,

or Mrs. Livermore, I was convinced that the study of elocution was valuable as a training, but a hindrance in conscious practice.

"The ideal school of oratory in the old days was established in the country schoolhouse in the winter evenings, when some of the citizens organized an evening lyceum for the purpose of holding regular debates. I was always timid and made the most foolish blunders, and yet some tyrannical spirit within me ever pushed me forward to say something upon the question whenever an opportunity was given me to do so. It was a strange, subconscious pressure which forced me to overcome a very decided feeling of diffidence in public, and shame for my failures.

"If I had consulted my own desires or preferences, I would never have engaged in public speech, and even now I find it a hardship to address a new audience. My mother and father both felt that I was 'called to the ministry' in answer to their continual prayer, and I entered into the idea that some miraculous genius was pushing me to do the things I did not wish to do. But that debating society was the best possible training for public speaking that a boy could secure."

Doctor Conwell was one of the Chautauqua lecturers from the inception of the Chautauqua movement, which grew out of the Methodist camp-meetings; and, as he had been a speaker at these camp-meetings, it was only natural that he was called upon to help in the development of this new work. He was associated with Bishop Vincent in the movement in the early days, and few seasons went by that he had not spoken somewhere at a Chautauqua gathering. For many years he had been one of the regular speakers. He started in June, and every day and sometimes twice a day he addressed Chautauqua audiences until the season closed late in August.

"I consider the Chautauqua one of the greatest movements a civilized country has ever taken up," said Doctor Conwell once, in speaking of what the Chautauqua is doing. "The program is entertaining enough to draw people's attention and then educational enough to do much good. It is a great movement for the education of the people. It draws large audiences of country people right from the farms.

"The practice of holding the meetings in tents works for good in two ways. The tents are easily handled, and so expenses are kept down, and the admission fee is small. And being held in tents, at an almost nominal price, the country people look upon it as somewhat in the nature of a picnic, and everybody attends in simple dress and unconventional fashion. If it were a fashionable affair, many who now attend and are benefited would stay away."

As can be seen, lecturing had been a large and important part of Doctor Conwell's life-work. Many believe the service he has rendered his fellowmen through his lectures is greater than he has given through the church, the University and the hospitals. But, be this as it may, his record as a lecturer stands alone.

When one considers the more than half century in which Doctor Conwell was lecturing; the millions who have heard him speak; the strange and faraway places in which he has spoken; the fact that he never gave a single lecture without the earnest desire to do somebody good; and the benefits to individual and communities that have resulted thereby; his is, indeed, a record unique in the history of the lecture platform.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Fifty Years on the American Platform

Doctor Conwell Discusses Lecturing as a Career and Gives Reminiscences from His Many Years' Experience.

IN speaking of his work as a lecturer, Doctor Conwell says: "There comes to me a serious sense of loss and defeat as I think what might have been accomplished if I had more wisely chosen my occupation in my early years. Each person is born into this world with some chief characteristics which should be combined and strengthened in order that he may do his best work. There is always some one thing which a man or woman can do better than he can do anything else, and probably better than it can be done by any other person.

"Lecturing should have been my exclusive profession, for in that I have ever found my greatest joy, and in that I must have accomplished more than in any other enterprise of life. But, alas! how far short it has fallen from the idea which I set for it in my boyhood years, and how far below the standard which might have been fully maintained if I had not divided my attention from it.

"The lecture platform is a great opportunity to give instruction and inspiration, and to me it has been the most joyful occupation of life. No man can exaggerate the great exultation of spirit which comes to a public speaker who has an important message to deliver and who is before a sympathetic audience; who loses him-

self in his topic and launches out fearlessly into the deep of declamation, invective, or entreaty. Like an aeroplane, he flies aloft over land and sea, above the clouds. Often, in the early hours of a public address, I would tremble and actually shiver in my opening sentences; sometimes striving to recite something which I had particularly learned—like one standing in chilly water and waiting for the delayed word to plunge in.

"But where on this earth can there be found a joy so deep as that absence of all consciousness of one's self—that seeming to swim out into the spiritual realm, where nothing draws downward and every breeze is favoring one? Oh! those indescribable heights of experience which sometimes come in the midst of a patriotic or religious address, when the speaker is almost unconscious of the excited audiences; when everything is transfigured with a strangely divine glory; and when the full current of the magnetism of the audience seemed to carry the speaker over the loftiest peaks with safety! Then he must feel as the prophets felt when they 'lost themselves in the power of God.'

"Public speakers do not often do their best. Neither are they sure that on every occasion they can do more than to lumber through their speeches and close with dull, hard argument, which may convince the mind but does not improve the soul. But the so-called 'afflatus' of the ancient orators is within the reach of modern speakers on certain favorable occasions and there seems to be no joy equal to it. Without that inspiration, public speaking becomes a drudgery, both to the orator and to the audience. In my limited experience, which I do not regard as a trustworthy model, I have gotten a glimpse of what the great orators must have felt, when those like Demosthenes

and the greater Pitt were overcome by their emotions in the midst of their sublime flights of oratory.

"It was my good fortune to hear Abraham Lincoln deliver his speech at the Cooper Institute, New York, when he threw aside his manuscript and, in the words of the reporter, 'let himself go.' The quick transition from the monotonous reader of manuscript—from the lawyer carefully presenting his words—into the picturings of the inspired orator, whose imagination flung out its wings wide and soared far over the usual things of earth, was seemingly miraculous to the listeners.

"Mr. Lincoln's awkward form, long arms, rumpled hair, and thin body were completely hidden behind the imaginative figures, which transfigured the speaker in a gleam of oratorical glory, and which his great native talents brought forth. It was in those moments of supreme elevation that he convinced and persuaded that antagonistic audience to believe that the American flag should represent freedom in its best form for all races of men. The newspapers stated that Mr. Lincoln went to his room that night exhausted and silent, but filled with the indescribable satisfaction of having been for two hours in that region 'where the souls of the highest dwell and where the minds enjoying the keenest wisdom, find rest in heavenly debate.'

"Lecturing and preaching have ever seemed to me to be such sacred things that I have been especially grateful to God that I have not been obliged to earn my living thereby. I do not mean to say that it is dishonorable or a matter for criticism, when men are obliged to earn their living by public speech. But it has been a blessing beyond all compare to feel that I can go up on the platform and say to the people what I felt it was most necessary to say, and to say it in my own way, free from all connection with wages, or money reward.

"When committees have handed me the fee after a lecture in which I felt I had risen to the occasion, I have hesitated and felt the chill of the money, as though it were a profane thing to receive at that time any pay in money. It may be that it is a simple, personal eccentricity, but the highest place I have ever reached in life's long work has been that of addressing a needy audience with all my soul; having no purpose or thought but the good which could be done at the time, if I kept true to the highest and best of my subject; and having no hope of financial reward for my labor. That was joy indescribable.

"But I learned, early in my experience, that many men judge of the importance of a man's address by the amount he is paid for it; and I found that if I would retain my influence with those I wished to benefit, I must continually insist upon an adequate return for the labor expended, although the fees did not go into my personal account. Henry Ward Beecher told me that the happiest hour he ever had upon the lecture platform was when he was speaking to raise a fund for the working girls of St. Louis, who had been injured at their trade, and that he had refused to go upon the platform unless the committee in charge would guarantee to raise, that night, five thousand dollars before the meeting adjourned. He said that the notices of his address showed him how much more the people understood and appreciated what he said, when they found out that they must pay five thousand dollars for an address of an hour and a half.

"Public speakers and ministers of the Gospel often defeat their own righteous ambitions by cheapening themselves under such circumstances and refusing to receive money, showing by their own estimate the value of their work, and destroying the influence of their own

teaching. An over-estimate of one's value, which is perhaps the most dangerous thing, is, of course, a very foolish condition of mind and leads to sure defeat. The most of the sins of our world are sins of the extremists.

"I often went before audiences in the first twenty years of my public speaking with a sense of my awkwardness and an over-consciousness of my feet and hands, while being introduced; and in a misery of self-condemnation, thinking how absurd it was for me to thrust myself into a place so far beyond my talents and reputation. Often I could see by the smiles and whisperings of the audience that they expected nothing from me but dullness and crudities and sometimes people went out after my introduction and before I had fully begun my address.

"At such times there often came to me the determination to fight, and my whole soul was aroused to its highest efforts by the sting and ridicule, and by the evident low estimate they had already made of my efforts. Then every muscle and nerve and all the latent energies of my soul were aroused until, like a flood, they swept me on into rushing torrents of expression so much above my usual thinking, that when I read the shorthand reports, it was a very difficult thing to convince myself that they were my own words. Indeed, I have often delivered addresses, sermons and lectures, which, when read to me from the stenographer's notes, sounded utterly unlike myself; the forms of the sentences, the figures of speech; and the accurate statistics seemed altogether new to me, not being able to recall the excited speech.

"Many times I have found a list of dates, figures, names and events in my addresses, which I was sure could not be correct, because I did not remember ever having read anything about those things, and felt that

I had made a dreadful blunder in making such wild statements. But, afterwards, upon careful examination, I found that every statement was fully correct. Indeed, the most correct quotations that I ever use are those which come to me in the midst of the excitement of public speaking. Poems and speeches, events of history and recent incidents which have passed from my ordinary memory, leap back into view in the midst of my speech and I state them without hesitation; but I could not possibly recall or recite them in the calm hours of ordinary life.

"Many times I have been requested by the reporters, after an address is finished, to give them the words of some quotation, or the names of some individuals or countries, and am not able to recall the fact at all that I referred to such things on the platform. That is a somewhat rare experience. But it is mentioned as among the greatest joys of any professional work. One must have knowledge, skill and enthusiasm in order to do his best, and that is probably true of every profession.

"The great power of an audience over the speaker is seldom appreciated by the listener, and it seems impossible to make an audience understand how dependent their teacher or preacher is upon their approval or applause. I have often addressed an audience where there was absolute quietness and no demonstration of delight, and have felt the awful strain of being obliged to mentally or mesmerically lift that whole audience by an exercise of psychological strength; and when I retired from the platform I was too weak to walk alone. It was a fearful weakening effort; and the audience did not get the best things, nor receive the best impressions, because of the impossibility for me to lift them into enthusiastic attention.

"Yet such audiences are very often composed of the most attentive and retentive people, and I have often afterward heard that such a speech was of greater use than many others which I had enjoyed. But it often happened that the next night I was before an entirely different audience of active minds and enterprising people, who applauded at every point wherever a telling sentence was emphatically used. The whole condition was reversed for the audience then was lifting me, and I was carried along without effort. I could think clearly and speak easily, and found deep satisfaction in the hour I spent with them.

"I returned to the hotel from such an audience feeling refreshed and happy, and went to bed singing. Yet, for both audiences I had the same subject on which I had spoken thousands of times, and had tried to say it in the same way and as far as possible to use the same words. Reasonable applause is a necessary condition for bringing out the best that is in a public speaker. Great musicians seem to be more sensitive to its inspiring power than public speakers.

"The sense of responsibility is often a heavy burden to a public teacher, and I have found it difficult to carry, at times, especially where I had been over-advertised and over-estimated, and where I felt sure that I could not do all the wonderful things which had been proclaimed I would do. For the sole purpose in my heart was to do the people good; to leave them wiser or better than I found them; and anything which stood in the way of my accomplishing that practical end was disheartening and probably often resulted in disgraceful defeat.

"It must have been a great disadvantage, after all, to the greater men or women of the lecture platform who, in the last fifty years, were brought to it as a

matter of speculation, because people desired more to see them than they did to hear them. Men who had done great deeds in other fields—generals, authors, statesmen, adventurers, discoverers and artists, who were not dependent upon what they said or the value of their addresses for the 'gate money'—must have often felt that the mere receipt of money at the box-office was not a worthy success.

"One who is entirely dependent upon the usefulness of his topic or the touching power of his words, and who has no advertised reputation to bring the audience except the merits of his own work, may have lesser crowds and shorter newspaper notices, but he will have the abiding satisfaction of doing good, and will separate his work from the flashy admiration of a thoughtless crowd. Yet I should say that the ideal public teacher should be one who has the entertaining power to draw all classes of people to his audience, and also possess the unchangeable purpose to so use the occasion as to leave permanent lessons, which will make the listeners feel afterwards that it was a profitable way of spending their time. People do not expect an entertainment or a circus when a public speaker is introduced, but it is reasonable that they should expect to be kept awake.

"The great orators whom I have met from time to time upon the lecture circuit have presented a great variety of ideas and manners. Some have expressed the deepest thoughts and the mightiest topics in so dull and monotonous a manner as to make the performance a burlesque instead of a solemn discussion. Others have treated great and sacred subjects with such flippancy and with so much slang as to disgust the audience and make their friends heartily ashamed. Some have sought exclusively to entertain the audience with stories or exhibitions of mental pyrotechnics or absurd-

ities, which did furnish entertainment to the audience, but which have left no permanent impression of value on the daily experiences of life.

"Others have so combined the attractive things of recreation and entertainment with the high purpose to uplift and instruct, that the listeners forgot the speaker in the speech and went away, thinking seriously and smiling happily. The number of such orators is very few; but in the long run they win their way to the esteem and affection of the listeners. I have often wished that I had so begun my steady practice and so followed my early ambition that I might have been accounted among the latter.

"Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies,
Deeply hidden from human eyes;
And, in the Hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

CHAPTER XXXV

Doctor Conwell as a Writer

His Biographical Work. Lives of the Presidents. How He Wrote His Successful Life of Spurgeon. Books that Have Helped Him. His Favorite Authors and Characters.

WRITING played no inconsiderable part in the work of Doctor Conwell, and, in his earlier life, it was often his sole means of support. Both in Minneapolis and in Boston he earned his living by newspaper work until he secured a foothold in law and business. And even then he did not give up his writing entirely. Long before he reached success in the legal profession, on the lecture platform, or in the ministry, he was widely known as a writer; his articles in the *New York Tribune* and the *Boston Traveller*, and his special contributions to other papers and magazines having made his name familiar to the reading public of the country.

Had Doctor Conwell chosen literature for his profession, he would undoubtedly have become one of the notable and influential writers of his day. The same vivid power of description that made his lectures and other public addresses so interesting characterized his pen. He holds his readers quite as surely as he held his hearers, and in his very earliest writings this quality was marked. His "Letters from the Battlefields" were commented upon all over the country for their realistic descriptions. His style is simple, direct, vivid. It grips the reader; carries him along with unflagging

interest; and leaves him with a good, clear, mental picture of the subject, and with its point driven home in such a way that it is not easily forgotten.

Doctor Conwell said that writing, as a career, was not active enough for him; that he never thought of it seriously as a life work, but only as an emergency measure. Notwithstanding this fact, he has done much. His chief writing has been biographical. He began this in connection with John C. Abbott, whom he met through Henry Ward Beecher. He collaborated with Abbott on the "Lives of the Presidents," and, after Abbott's death, continued the work alone.

Of his work as a biographical writer, Charles A. Dana, the famous editor of the *New York Sun*, in a letter to Harper Brothers, recommending that Doctor Conwell be secured to write a series of books for an "American Biographical Library," says:

"As a writer of biographies, Doctor Conwell has no superior. Indeed, I can say considerately, that he is one of America's greatest men. He never advertises himself; never saves a newspaper clipping concerning himself; never keeps a sermon of his own; and will not seek applause. You must go after him if you want him. He will not apply to you. He has written many books and has addressed more people than any other living man. To do this without writing or dictating a line to advertise himself is nothing else than the victory of a great genius. He is a gem worth your seeking, valuable anywhere. I say again that I regard Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, as America's greatest man in the best form. I cannot do your work; he can."

Many of the biographies which Doctor Conwell wrote were the lives of political candidates for the presidency. After the Republican party had nom-

inated its candidates, they usually sought Doctor Conwell to write a biography for campaign purposes. These biographies were generally penned quickly and had a large sale.

In this way Doctor Conwell wrote biographies of General U. S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield and James G. Blaine. But even though writing these biographies rapidly and seemingly for so ephemeral a life as a presidential campaign, he endeavored to put into each some underlying purpose. He has said, for instance, that in the life of Garfield he tried to show how it is possible for a fatherless boy, without means or influence, to fight his way upward to positions of usefulness and honor. In later years, many men have told him that his life of Garfield showed them what they could do, and they started and did it.

Russell Conwell's most successful early biography was his "Life of Charles H. Spurgeon." He had known Spurgeon; had interviewed him; and had written out his sermons. So, when the great preacher died, a publishing company immediately wired Doctor Conwell for a biography. The offer came at a time when he was in the very heaviest work of the church and University. He did not see at first how any time could be spared for extraneous matter such as this. But the publisher was insistent—and incidentally there was a little mission of Grace Baptist Church that needed money.

Doctor Conwell finally sent an affirmative reply; started on a lecturing trip on which he was to speak every night; took his secretary with him, and dictated the book on the train during the day. The book was finished within two weeks and had a sale of 125,000 copies in four months. All the royalties were given to

the mission which is today one of the successful churches in Philadelphia. It may be interesting to know, also, that in one month twenty-nine letters were received from young men who had decided to go into the ministry as a result of reading the book.

His biography of Blaine was written almost as rapidly. In three weeks the book was completed. His life of Bayard Taylor was written in the same rapid fashion. Russell Conwell had traveled with Taylor through Europe; had long been an intimate friend, and was therefore particularly well fitted for the work. The book was begun after Taylor's death December 19, 1878, in Germany, and completed before the body arrived in America. Five thousand copies were sold before the funeral.

His latest and perhaps best known biography is the "Life of John Wanamaker." Mr. Wanamaker left the request that Doctor Conwell write his biography, and so, though the task seemed a herculean one in addition to the many burdens of church and university and hospital work that he was carrying, he took up his pen, when past eighty, to write the career of Philadelphia's great merchant.

The list of books from Doctor Conwell's pen, however, includes many works besides biographies. He has written: "Lessons of Travel;" "Why and How the Chinese Emigrate;" "Nature's Aristocracy;" "History of the Great Fire in Boston;" "Woman and the Law;" "History of the Great Fire in St. John's;" "Little Bo;" "Joshua Gianavello;" "Gleams of Grace;" "The New Day;" "Unused Power;" "Observation: Every Man His Own University;" "What You Can Do with Your Will Power;" "Effective Prayer;" "Why Lincoln Laughed;" "Every Man's University."

Doctor Conwell has been himself much written about. Early in his work, William C. Higgins brought out, "Scaling the Eagle's Nest." This has been followed by "The Life of Russel H. Conwell" by Albert Hatcher Smith, "The Modern Temple and Templars" by Robert J. Burdette, and an interesting and forceful account of the man and his many activities by Robert Shackleton.

Doctor Conwell's pen was virile to the last. From his ripened experience, he could say much that would be helpful as well as intensely interesting. But the great burdens which he carried in connection with the church, the University, the hospitals, the Chautauqua lectures that filled his summers and the many lecture engagements that crowded his winters, left little time for writing. Requests constantly came from editors and publishers, but it was only occasionally that he found time to comply.

Russell Conwell was always a lover of books and of the best literature. To him books were the voices of the great men and women of all ages telling him their inmost thoughts. In his early life he eagerly read and re-read the few volumes which the home possessed and such as could be borrowed from neighbors. Moore was his favorite poet, with Milton a close second. He knew the works of these two by heart from constant reading, and could repeat page after page of their poetry.

Of those times he says: "It was the day of few books, and I do not know but that it is better than having so many. In my boyhood we read thoroughly what we did read. In those days, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Bible were read, as it is doubtful if they are today."

Biographies were also favorite reading in those early

days. The biography of Amos Lawrence and of Lord Cobden were two that greatly influenced him. Samuel Smiles' "Self Help" and Mathews' "Getting on in Life" also had a potent effect upon him.

The influence of this early reading is shown in the library which he collected. A large bookcase is given entirely to poems, and the old favorites are prominent—Alice and Phoebe Cary, Whittier, Milton, Lowell, Dante, Tennyson and such writers. The only modern one is Noyes. Biographies and books of a biographical nature are perhaps most numerous. The lives of the men and women of the Bible by many authors and from many viewpoints fill shelf after shelf. One sees in this the influence of those Bible stories which were read to him as a child by his mother. It would seem almost as if there could be little that has been written on the famous characters of the Bible that he did not possess.

There are also in abundance the "Lives and Letters" of various famous men and women, and many books on character building in general. Life, as expressed by the individual man and woman, seemed to be Doctor Conwell's favorite subject. There is also much history —life in the aggregate, in great movements—and books on church history and church work. A volume of the Koran gives an interesting sidelight on the sweep of his reading.

Shakespeare was Doctor Conwell's chosen author; and his favorite characters in literature were Little Eva and Rebecca in fiction, Godfrey in poetry, Kossuth in history, Hamlet in drama, and Cicero in oratory. There are, of course, many books on theology and various doctrinal points and a scattering of general literature. But there is almost an absence of fiction. Real life—life as it has been lived by men and women

who have done worth-while things—was what surrounded him when he had time to sit in his study and let his eyes rest upon the shelves that line its walls from floor to ceiling.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Marginalia

A Favorite Motto. Home Life. Family Bereavement. Public Honors.

DOCTOR CONWELL was greatly helped in accomplishing the quantity of work that he has done by the observance of a rule adopted early in life. This is his Do-It-Now motto. In speaking of it, he says:

"Early in life I heard of Gladstone's 'Do-It-Now Club.' The club consisted of seven members. I made that idea the rule of my life, and it has succeeded wonderfully. While conversing with George W. Childs, in a Philadelphia newspaper office, he told me that he also had heard of Gladstone's club. Mr. Childs formed a Do-It-Now club, which included in its membership Anthony J. Drexel, a president of one of our great railroads, and four others.

"For thirty years Mr. Childs and his associates maintained a regular correspondence, keeping alive the do-it-now idea and imparting to one another the success of this principle. I do the next thing and I do it promptly. If I decide that a certain course is right, I act at once. I do not put it off until tomorrow or the next hour."

Whether the thing to be done is little or big; whether it is important or a mere trifle; Doctor Conwell inflexibly followed this rule. Thus odds and ends of work did not pile up on him. Everything was cleared away as soon as it presented itself. Thus many things were done which otherwise would not be accomplished.

The tremendous activity of Doctor Conwell's days left him little time for the enjoyment of home life. He is a lover of family life, but duties pressed so relentlessly that he had to relinquish to a large extent the pleasure that most men find in their homes. He said regretfully once to a friend: "I scarcely ever have time to pass an evening with my family or to read a book with them."

Even Russell Conwell's hours at home were filled with callers, telephone messages and secretarial work. In all this pressure of business Mrs. Conwell, until her death, stood ably by him. She was constant in her thoughtfulness and care; and her unselfish attention to many of the details of life gave him greater freedom for his public duties. She as cheerfully sacrificed as he.

Once, when the defalcation of a trusted official threatened to precipitate a disastrous crisis in the financial affairs of the Temple University, she unhesitatingly gave all that she possessed, and willingly consented to Doctor Conwell mortgaging and selling all that he owned, in order to make the payments that would tide the University over the emergency. She knew it meant that, if anything happened to Doctor Conwell, she would be left practically penniless; but she did not flinch. A writer in one of the country's leading magazines, in a series of articles on "Wives of Famous Pastors," said of Mrs. Conwell:

"Mrs. Conwell finds her greatest happiness in her husband's work, and gives him always her sympathy and devotion. She passes many hours at work by his side when he is unable to notice her by word or look. She knows he delights in her presence, for he often says when writing, 'I can do better if you remain.' Her whole life is wrapped up in the work of The Temple and all those multitudinous enterprises connected with that most successful of churches.

MRS. SARAH F. CONWELL

SECOND WIFE OF DR. CONWELL. SHE WAS MISS SARAH SANBORN OF NEWTON CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS

"She makes an ideal wife for a pastor whose work is varied and whose time is as interrupted as are Doctor Conwell's work and time. On her husband's lecture tours, she looks well after his comforts, seeing to those things which a busy and earnest man is almost sure to overlook and neglect. In all things he finds her his helpmeet and caretaker."

Mrs. Conwell passed away in 1910, leaving a void not only in Doctor Conwell's life and home but in the church activities and in a wide circle of admirers and friends.

Another bereavement had already saddened these later years of Doctor Conwell's life. His daughter, Agnes, the only child by his second marriage, passed away in 1901, in her twenty-sixth year. She was a remarkably bright and gifted girl; clever with her pen; charming in her personality; an enthusiastic and successful worker in the many interests of the church, college and hospital; and her death was a sad loss to her family and friends.

Doctor Conwell has a warm place in the affections of Philadelphians. Twice has the city given itself over to demonstrations in his honor. In 1894, upon his return from a trip to Europe, whither he had gone for his health, a public reception was given him by the citizens. It was held in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Mayor being chairman of the committee in charge. For hours the people passed in steady procession, welcoming him back and expressing appreciation for the work he had done in Philadelphia.

In 1913, a still greater demonstration was made in recognition of his achievements in educational and religious circles and on the lecture platform. A committee composed of the most prominent citizens of Philadelphia, with Hon. John Wanamaker as chairman,

and with an honorary committee consisting of the Secretary of State, the Governors of Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Delaware, Texas, Connecticut, Wyoming and Michigan, had the celebration in charge. The whole city, so far as it could do so, participated. Telegrams and congratulations were received from the President of the United States and other prominent men and women of the country.

"Seldom is a man so highly honored in life," said a Philadelphia newspaper in describing the event, "as was Dr. Russell H. Conwell last night, when he was escorted through cheering throngs down Broad Street from his home to the Academy of Music. It was a wonderful tribute to the man so often called 'Philadelphia's foremost citizen,' the world-known author, lecturer and philanthropist.

"The city's most eminent men and women—persons in all walks of life and of all creeds—honored Doctor Conwell. The commonwealth honored him. So, at least by proxy, did the Secretary of State of the United States and the Governors of many states."

Upon this occasion he was presented by the District Attorney, acting for the Governor of Pennsylvania, with the freedom of the state. This took the form of a golden key in a box of cedar of Lebanon, the box being appropriately engraved.

In 1915 another public recognition came to him in honor of the work he had done. The Governor of Pennsylvania was invited by a committee of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco to select a man eminent in the life of Pennsylvania, upon whom the Exposition could confer an honor. Governor Brumbaugh—not wishing to take upon himself the responsibility of making a choice—asked for an expression of the people themselves through the newspapers. Doctor

Conwell was one of the three distinguished men selected.

In 1923, a still further high honor came. He was selected as the recipient of the Philadelphia Award founded in 1921 by Mr. Edward W. Bok, known internationally as the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal.* It consists of ten thousand dollars, a handsome gold medal in a beautiful casket, and a parchment scroll which reads,

WHEREAS, The Founder Believes that Service to Others tends to fill Life with Joy and renders whole Communities prosperous and that The Ideal of Service as a test of good Citizenship Should be kept constantly before the minds of the People of Philadelphia in general and of the Young in particular, and further believes that this may in some measure be accomplished through the making—under proper conditions—of an Annual AWARD in recognition of some SERVICE rendered by a PHILADELPHIAN which shall have redounded to the GOOD of THE CITY. The

PHILADELPHIA AWARD

founded in 1921, is herewith made, for the Year of 1922, to

RUSSELL H. CONWELL

Teacher, Preacher and Servant of his Fellowman.

The presentation took place in the Academy of Music, March 7, 1923. The week following was known as Conwell Week and many honors were paid Doctor Conwell by civic bodies and business fraternities.

It all seemed a fitting tribute for what Doctor Conwell had done for the city. For almost a half century, he had toiled unremittingly without personal harvest. But the harvest had come, a bountiful one from both appreciative and grateful hearts.

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Message of a Life

The Secret of Doctor Conwell's Success. He Emphasizes the Power of Right Thinking and Tells How to Use It Intelligently. The Development of Personality—a Process of Education. Doctor Conwell's Search for Knowledge and How He Found It. What True Living is. In Tune with the Infinite. Doctor Conwell's Life—a Mighty Inspiration to Everybody.

"WHAT everyone is the better for seeing," says an English writer, "is how life has been actually handled, freshly and distinctly, by some one in a commonplace *milieu*." What more commonplace *milieu* than the environment to which Russell H. Conwell was born—the home of a poor farmer among the unfertile hills of New England?

As we have seen, he had no money. He had no influence and there were no opportunities for development. The possibility for his life to reach out beyond the boundaries of his home and this farm seemed as hopeless as it does to many a boy and girl similarly situated. But it did reach out. It blossomed and fruited richly. And the cheering message it sends forth is that everyone's life can come to full, rich development.

Doctor Conwell maintained that he had no special gifts. He had, as he expressed it, a "natural pulling" toward certain things. But every one, he pointed out,

has a "natural pulling" toward something. It is his individuality, the "Inward Must" as Lowell phrases it. This individuality must be developed, and the means to do so are on all sides. Man's part, Doctor Conwell believed, is to see and utilize them.

Education is one of the first necessities for this development. Education, Doctor Conwell said, is everywhere—in the field, the woods, the streams. The securing of an education is not dependent entirely upon material circumstances or wealth, but upon the spirit's seeing and hearing what is around it. When at Wilbraham, he wrote to a little boy of the home neighborhood:

"I imagine I hear you saying, 'What have I to study?' I have not the books, nor the necessary explanations if I did have them. Now, if I read you aright you do not know whether you want books or not; at least, you do not know what ones. Now take the advice of one who is deeply interested in your welfare and *keep thinking.* That is the study I mean. When you go into the barn to let out the cows, *think.* Think, too, when you see a rock or a ledge; of how it was formed and how the elements have worn it away; or if it is in a sandy place, of how the soil has added to it.

"When you see a stream of water, think how that stream has flowed for centuries and, if possible, find the place where it flowed a hundred years ago, for it is always changing its course. Think, while cutting the grass or hay, how every hollow space in those spears of grass is filled with moisture which presses out and makes the stalk grow larger."

This reaching out for knowledge Doctor Conwell has proved will bring knowledge. Men and women everywhere are ready to help the boy or girl who is trying to

make his or her way. Today, anyone who is willing to work can get an education.

Then, when one has fed the life within with what is necessary to its growth, Doctor Conwell's belief was that it is man's part to let this life express itself fully—to let it flow without check or hindrance. There must be no doubt or hesitation or fear to impede its progress. But, in addition, it must be expressed in accord with good. To make the most of life, says he, one must recognize good, assimilate good and express good.

Says Tolstoy, "The only true living is to live for the soul; for God." To live for good, sums up for Tolstoy the meaning of life. Doctor Conwell believed the same. To him life was receptivity to and co-operation with the divine power.

This is the rock upon which Russell Conwell stood. He never had a dollar of capital in any enterprise that he started. He commenced his quest for an education with nothing but a determination to secure it. He married without "prospects." He started life, a stranger in a new town, without a dollar. His first pastorate was that of a church on the brink of disbanding. His second was that of a church that was apparently a failure. He began Temple University and Samaritan Hospital without financial backing. Never did he have capital. Never did he have influence.

A well known writer says: "The biggest and best thing about Russell Conwell is not his famous lecture, 'Acres of Diamonds,' or any one of his words or works. It is Russell H. Conwell, a boy who took hold of a mighty discouraging personal outlook and has made it one of the most valuable human estates in the world today. He himself is more inspiring than anything he has ever said or done, despite all he has said and all he has done."

CHAPTER XXVIII

"Open the Gates of the Temple"*

AND so the brave and lonely life of Russell Conwell went steadily on. The tasks he had set for himself were still unfinished. The world was still calling for his voice. The Temple, the University, the hospitals, required his leadership. It was plain that there would be no discharge in that war.

In spite of the consecration and cheerfulness with which he lived his life, the daily burden did not become easier. He was now an old man, in his eighty-third year. His journeys were undertaken with a nurse. Physicians watched over him. His many helpers sought continually how to be of service. But as he had never asked luxuries for himself, so now he was reluctant to accept even a well-earned furlough. It was doubtless because he knew himself to be so eager and so unwilling to be thwarted or postponed that he once humbly confessed: "God and man have been very patient with me." For many years there had been no one to welcome him to the quiet house that was his home. He lived in the institutions that called him father and in the great world that now listened with reverence to the gentle voice, that spoke from stern and suffering lips. He had himself become, through sixty years of public service, one of his country's institutions, and grandparents led grandsons to listen to the voice that all knew must ere long be stilled.

Death came at last as relief from long suffering.

* This chapter is approved by William Dye McCurdy, for many years Doctor Conwell's associate at the Temple.

Until the spring of 1925 Doctor Conwell had met his daily routine with the same resilient vigor of mind, the same keen imagination, the same generous outgiving spirit as ever. But in May he was obliged to give up both lecturing and preaching, through illness, although until then none had known any lessening of his eloquence, his sympathy, his charm and power. He went to Atlantic City in the hope of recuperation. But as the months passed it was realized that he was severely ill. In September he was operated on in the Samaritan Hospital, of which he himself was founder. It was found that only a palliative operation was possible—that cancer of the stomach had reached a stage that was beyond hope. Weeks of illness followed. Two weeks before the end he was removed to his home. During these days of weakness he manifested the same tenacity of purpose, the indomitable will, as throughout his life. Multitudes of friendly gifts and messages soothed the hours of weariness, and tidings of the great work of which he was founder, carried on but a few doors away, cheered his heart. His extraordinary hold upon the common people, rather than upon the rich, was shown before his death in the unexampled gift for paying a debt upon his work, which was causing him anxiety, of $15,000 from the employees of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company.

At 2.05 Sunday morning, December 6, 1925, the gates of the Temple opened and Russell Conwell passed into Eternal Life.

Just before he lapsed for the last time into unconsciousness his daughter caught from his lips the words: "The gates—the gates of the temple."

"You mean, you want the choir to sing that hymn?" she asked him.

"Yes, that's it," he answered.

And so on Wednesday afternoon when the earthly Temple was opened and the great throng surged through the doors, in the solemn stillness the great chorus sang, not a dirge, but the jubilant words of the Doctor's favorite anthem: "Open the Gates of the Temple."

They were indeed symbolical. Everyone everywhere knew "Doctor Conwell's Church" as "The Temple," rather than as the Grace Baptist Church. His own mind loved the symbolism of the word, for to him the church was indeed a temple and like the one of old, with ever-open gates.

> "Thy gates shall be open continually;
> They shall not be shut day nor night: . . .
> Open to me the gates of righteousness;
> I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord."

Remembering that "gates" are symbols of hope and expectancy, one thinks of those mysterious second-floor doors that Doctor Conwell built out from the side walls of the Temple Church, and how, later, as he had hoped, they became open doors of communication between the Church and the University. And who can doubt that that mind, so humble yet so sure of eternal realities, in its last consciousness seized upon the personal promise: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may enter in through the gates into the city."

Russell Conwell was not without tributes of gratitude and appreciation while he lived, but the news of his death caused many to think anew of the special significance of his magnificent life. No tribute was more thoughtful than that of Edward W. Bok, the donor of the Philadelphia Award, which was voted to Doctor Conwell in 1923. Mr. Bok said: "I never met a man who was so thoroughly selfless as Russell Conwell. He never had himself in mind. His thought

and works were always for the institutions which he created or for the people of his parish. That made him a very difficult man to refuse. He never asked anything of me but that I felt I should give to him as he gave to others." Doctor Floyd W. Tomkins at the funeral echoed the same thoughts. He said: "He forgot himself—to help others. He held nothing back. A man of vision, he always saw the good that is to be. He saw the vision of this church, the vision of Temple University, the vision of the world's true excellence, the vision of true patriotism. The great secret of life is in service—in doing for others and forgetting ourselves. His ministry was not a thing of a few years, but it was building for the Kingdom of God that is to be."

"He never had himself in mind." "He forgot himself." This thought was voiced by nearly all who knew him. Samuel S. Fleisher, a noble Hebrew who received the Philadelphia Award in 1924, said: "To him the word 'people' meant everyone." Bishop Berry of the Methodist Church added: "He was a brother to those who needed a brother, and a helper to those who needed a helper." Doctor William D. McCurdy, who had been for years his faithful associate, recalled Russell Conwell's early resolution to live two lives, his own and the life of Johnny Ring, and declared: "The debt to Johnny Ring is paid now. The sword that the captain took from the parched hands of his orderly lies today in the captain's motionless hands. Two men's work has been done. This church and this university are monuments together to Doctor Conwell and Johnny Ring." The sword that Johnny Ring saved lay in his dead hand.

When we think of how for over half a century Doctor Conwell lived on public platforms and in public conveyances, to how many thousands he addressed him-

self, and how little leisure he had for quiet thought, for solitude, or even for his own home, we may wonder if this giving of one's self wholesale and to the crowd is worth while. But let us remember the purpose that was behind all. It was not merely to raise money for his church and college; it was not to be a popular orator, or to win personal fame. Russell Conwell, whether upon a Chautauqua platform or in the Temple pulpit, regarded himself as a prophet and a minister of Jesus Christ. To one of his close friends he once said: "I feel, whenever I preach, that there is always one person in the congregation to whom, in all probability, I shall never preach again, and therefore I feel that I must exert my utmost power in that last chance." "And in this," added Robert Shackelton, "one sees why his energy never lags. Not a moment, not an opportunity must be lost."

In dwelling upon the great and varied service of his life, those who knew him and loved him recalled two thoughts that should not be forgotten.

One is, of the surety of his faith. Doctor Laura H. Carnell, Associate to the President of Temple University, remembering their long coöperation, spoke both of his indomitable courage in difficulties and of his assured hope for the future of the work he had established. Two days before his death he whispered to her: "Carry on—our program." She says: "He never saw obstacles, but believed that patience and perseverance could overcome them. He was so sure those around him could do the task he set them that they did it." This is why the Temple and the University are sure to live.

The other thought is, of the simplicity of his faith. Like a child, he rested all his trust in Jesus. One of his brother ministers, remembering that, though his last days were spent while theological controversy was rife,

he never descended to it, said of him: "He did not attempt to define Christ, but to live like Him."

But after the tributes of the great and notable are forgotten one pauses to think of those that will never be printed, some of them never be written down, that came from the humble whom he helped, the sick whom he served, the young men and women to whom he opened the gates of opportunity. These were indeed his crown of rejoicing.

It is a joy to know that Russell Conwell, at the very close of his life, wrote down for us his lifelong aspiration. It rings true to his message, and will be remembered as his legacy to the world. It is entitled, "My Prayer." In the form of free verse he dictated it, lying in the Samaritan Hospital a month before his passing, on the 4th of November. He sent it to some of his friends, and it was printed in his church magazine.

MY PRAYER

I ask not for a larger garden,
But for finer seeds.
I ask not for a more distant view,
But for a clearer vision of the hills between.
I ask not to do more deeds,
But more effective ones.
I ask not for a longer life,
But a more efficient one for the present hour.

I want to plant more,
Advertise more;
Tell the story of Jesus
In clearer form;
I want the world to be more wise,
And also more glad because I was used.

May some oak say,
"I grew stronger;"
May some lily say,
"I grew purer;"
May some fountain say,
"I threw the clear water higher."

May some good book be read;
May some good friendship be made;
May my total influence tell for righteousness,
Without an unnecessary tear.

APPENDIX

I

A Peril to Democracy

An Interview in which Doctor Conwell Points Out an Encroaching Danger in Our Educational System.

DOCTOR CONWELL'S close touch with educational matters, together with his own struggles as a poor boy to secure an education, makes him quick to detect any influence that may work for harm in the scholastic system of the country. One such evil he has discerned and vigorously pointed out.

In a recent address he said: "A peril menaces the American people today, of which they do not yet seem aware. The American spirit—the spirit of democracy—is in danger of being killed. The germ of aristocracy is being planted. Bars are being raised to keep the poor boy out of the professions. If these obstacles are arbitrarily increased, we will eventually have in this country two classes—a peasant class and an aristocratic class. They may not be so named, but they will be so in fact."

This statement was taken up by the newspapers, and a widespread discussion followed. In an interview, he told in detail the danger he saw ahead for the poor boy and ultimately for the democratic ideal as upheld in this country.

"It is quite true," Doctor Conwell said, in this further discussion, "that there is a tendency at present to shut the poor boy out of the higher vocations. In spite of the seeming wealth of educational opportunities

in this country for the poor boy, there is a movement on foot to close certain doors to him. They can only be opened by a key of gold. If I were starting today as I did fifty years ago—with nothing but health and determination to make my way into a profession—I could not succeed. I would reach a point where I could not pass without the open sesame of money.

"I will illustrate with medicine, because that has come chiefly under my observation. But, unless this danger is checked, the same conditions will prevail eventually in other professions if they do not already in certain instances. He took up a pamphlet bearing the title, "Medical Education in the United States: Pages from the Educational Number of the Journal of the American Medical Association, August 22, 1914." He turned casually from one page to another and read:

"In order to secure licenses to practice medicine in Alabama, students must have completed two years' work in an approved college of liberal arts." "To secure licenses to practice medicine in California, students matriculating in medical colleges must have completed at least one year of recognized college work!" Colorado requires two years' study without conditions in an accredited college. A four years' high-school course and at least nine months of collegiate work are what Connecticut demands. "To be eligible to practice medicine in Illinois, students in addition to an accredited four-year high-school education must have completed a year of collegiate work;" he read again. "New Hampshire says, 'Only graduates of medical colleges registered by the Regents of New Hampshire are eligible to obtain licenses to practice medicine.'"

Doctor Conwell turned page after page. "Almost every state in the Union has these requirements. Here is the law in Pennsylvania. 'To be eligible for

license to practice medicine in Pennsylvania, students matriculating, in addition to a four-year high-school course, must have completed a year's work either in an approved college of liberal arts or in a preliminary year in the medical college. And he must also have completed an internship of at least one year in an approved hospital.'

"You will notice that all through these requirements runs the word 'approved' or 'acceptable.' A great danger can lurk in these words. I do not say there does now. I merely say there *can*. The world has suffered before from the *spirit* back of such things, when the wrong spirit is in power."

He turned a few more pages and read, "Standards of the Council of Medical Education of the American Medical Association: A requirement for admission is at least eight semester hours. . . . Thirty-two weeks of actual instruction. . . . Under no circumstances should credit be given for any course where the attendance has been less than eighty per cent of the full time. . . . Not to rate higher than Class C, any medical college which gives the major portion of its instruction after four o'clock in the afternoon.

"This all sounds very well. It seems to imply that we are to have exceptionally skilled, well-instructed doctors in the years to come. But what does it mean? Do hours in a classroom necessarily mean proficiency? Is a man who works at night and sleeps until one or two o'clock the next day less able to study after four o'clock in the afternoon than some rich fellow who dissipates half the night and goes to his classroom at nine o'clock in the morning?

"I believe in proficiency. I believe fully in all the study and instruction and experimental and laboratory work possible. But I say, let examinations be the test

of fitness—not hours in classrooms, or credentials from some 'approved' college. Let the examinations be as rigid as possible. We cannot be too careful in licensing medical practitioners. But if a man can pass, give him his license, whether he has spent thirty-two hours in an actual classroom or has studied in the barn between chores, or in an attic half the night.

"My honest belief is that the man who works to get a medical education from sheer love of the profession will, as a rule, make a better doctor than one whose tuition is paid through some rich college by his father. We are shutting out the poor, ambitious, earnest young man and woman from the medical fraternity, and in time from other professions—for this tendency will spread if unchecked—when we say they must spend so many hours in classrooms and that they cannot study at night; that is, that credits from night work will not be accepted in granting licenses.

"The results of these requirements is that the evening medical schools all over the country have been closed, and all those young men and women who have been studying in these night classes have had to give up their studies.

"Another point that comes to mind right here is the fact that a man who will study at night and odd times —who will work in this way to get his education—has the perseverance and grit that make a good doctor. And he is apt to have the physical stamina that enables him to stand the strain of medical work.

"But there are other requirements of the medical schools now that will have an effect upon the future of medical students. No institution can be recognized as a medical school from now on unless it has a certain amount of money invested in buildings and a certain number of professors whose entire time is given to

teaching in the medical school, and unless it has a large laboratory and carries on extensive original research.

"The results of this ruling are many. Do not misunderstand me—the more suitable the buildings, the better equipped the laboratories, the more skilled the professors, the better for the students. I believe in having the very best it is possible to get in all these matters; but—" Doctor Conwell paused. "What does this ruling mean? It means heavily-endowed institutions—institutions of wealth—institutions to which the wealthy young men of the country will go.

"Will the poor boy with shabby clothes; the boy who cannot enter into the social life of a rich university; the boy who must attend direct from shop or store; will this boy want to enter such an institution? Or if he does enter, can he pursue his studies there with that contentment of spirit that he would were the difference between him and his classmates less marked? The exceptional boy might, though at much inward suffering.

"But not every poor boy would. And I do not think that the poorer institutions that are doing good work and whose students could successfully pass the examinations—were examination the test—should be closed because they cannot measure up to these requirements. I say, again, that the work of the students—not the cost of the buildings nor the apparatus in the laboratory —should be the test for fitness to practice medicine.

"Then, again, the necessity for costly buildings and apparatus, and professors who must depend entirely upon teaching and not upon practice for their incomes —and I am not so sure that the instructor who does not practice medicine is, in some departments, the best teacher; but that is a side issue which I shall not

discuss at present—all these requirements that necessitate much money mean concentration. Concentration in some things is good; but it can be overdone.

"I believe that the schools for the people should be kept near the people. There should be centers for special work, and one great national institution for the highest work. Personally, I would like to see that institution situated at Washington, with the government providing a certain amount of financial support. Here should be made the great experiments and investigations. It should be the last word in our medical institutions; the greatest medical honor to belong to it; and the highest professional distinction to graduate from it. But, for the simpler grades of medical work, there should be medical schools scattered over the country near the people. Not every doctor needs to be a specialist or to go into the higher research work in bacteriology and such things.

"We need more doctors, more lawyers and more ministers than we ever did before; but there is a large class of work awaiting these people that does not require post-graduate or special study. Nearly all corporations are employing their own doctors and nurses. Most of their cases are the simple, everyday illnesses that befall the average home. A doctor for such work could come from the schools near the people. This does not mean that an ambitious man cannot go on and study in the higher schools if he wants to, or that an unusual or difficult case could not be referred to a specialist.

"This is a practical need. Let us meet it practically with schools where men who can do this work can attend, and which will give them what they need. This need will not be met with a few expensive schools situated perhaps far distant from the homes of the

students, which means traveling expenses and board, and which require them to take a curriculum not essential to the work they wish to do.

"Suppose that, instead of keeping among my people and attending to the practical work of my church, I were compelled—in order to be allowed to preach—to study various doctrinal matters and examine the many theories of theology, what would become of the actual work that needs to be done? Let those fitted for higher research work and who want to do it, take it up. Let others who want to do a different kind of work have the opportunity to prepare for their work. We are in danger of getting into formalities—of insisting upon the letter and forgetting the spirit.

"It will soon be that, unless a man or woman is a graduate of a school of journalism, he or she will find it difficult to obtain a position upon a newspaper; unless a man passes so many hours or weeks or years in a college classroom he will not be admitted to the bar. This is the lurking danger that I see—that not what a man knows will be the test; but whether he has spent so many hours a week—hours of daytime, too—in 'approved' institutions, which must be richly endowed and consequently few in number. This means undoubtedly cutting the poor boy out.

"No young man can reach the practice of medicine in America now unless he has money enough to support himself for several years while he is in college and in day medical schools. Thus you see the poor boy is shut out entirely from the profession. It is now practically impossible for the young man without capital to enter the medical profession.

"I have no objections to standards being raised. But to require study in definite schools selected by wealthy and influential boards is an injustice. The

man who does the most in any line of work is the man who has labored with both his hands and his brain. We today are profiting by the toil of such men. But this is what we are now shutting out, and the next generation will suffer.

"Let there be rigid standards of examination—the same in every state if this be deemed desirable—a national standard as it were. But let the man who can pass this examination be given his license to practice medicine or dentistry or law, or whatever it is that the spirit within him has told him is his life-work, no matter how he got his knowledge. Do not let it be obligatory that it must be secured by passing so many hours in the classroom of some 'approved' institution.

"If this latter spirit gets in control, we shall see an ever-widening breach between the people of this country; on the one side, the poor and their children kept to certain walks of life; on the other side, the rich and their families taking possession of our professions and so-called higher occupations. And the poor young man or woman will be unable to cross this breach. I think it is an eventuality that the American people should face open-eyed and see if, as a people, they want to travel in this direction."

The newspapers and journals that investigated the matter found that the peril that Doctor Conwell had pointed out had already to some extent taken form. Upon investigation it was found that a young man who wishes to become a physician must plan to give from eleven to twelve years to study before he can get his license—four years in high school; one or two years in college, according to the requirements of the medical school he may desire to enter; four years in a medical school and, in Pennsylvania, one year in a hospital, before he can receive a license to practice.

In Pennsylvania and in certain other states, if a person can pass an examination in high-school studies, a certificate to this effect will be accepted, whether he has actually studied in a high school or not. Also, in Pennsylvania, a similar examination is held for the one or two years of college work required for entrance to medical schools. But not all medical schools will accept this latter certificate. They insist upon the actual hours and weeks of study in an "approved" institution. As the medical schools that insist upon this will be acclaimed as having the highest standards, it is a case of wheels within wheels; the letter instead of the spirit; the dollar mark upon the certificate.

The medical student, according to this new ruling, must face eleven or twelve years of study. What are his expenses likely to be for that period? The Columbia University of New York City, in its Bulletin of Information, gives a table of students' probable expenses for an academic year from October to June, based on students' statements.

The lowest figures are $507 for thirty-nine weeks. Admitting that the would-be medical student has taken his high-school studies at night or at odd times and has earned his living while pursuing them, he still has one or two years of college; four years of medical school; and, in Pennsylvania, one year of hospital work to pay for. While taking these studies, since he must take them in the daytime and spend a specified number of hours in a classroom he is not likely to be able to earn much.

Therefore, during the thirteen weeks which he has free—his term, according to the table prepared by the Columbia College, occupying thirty-nine weeks—he must earn enough to pay his current expenses and provide the $507 which he needs for the student year

ahead. Putting the student's cost of living for these thirteen weeks at the low figure of five dollars a week, he must earn in this time the sixty-five dollars for board and the $507 for tuition; which means that he must make a salary of almost forty-five dollars a week in order to pursue his medical studies under present requirements.

The boy who wishes to study during the entire eleven or twelve years, without turning aside to work, must, according to the lowest computation based upon the figures given by the Columbia University, have a capital of close to $6,000 to draw upon. And then, when he has expended this amount for his studies, he is only ready to begin practice. He has as yet no income from his work. Does it not look as if the medical profession—and others which will undoubtedly fall into line if this spirit grows—is only for the rich?

The reason advanced for all of these new regulations is the raising of standards. And it is implied that those students who study at night and in spare moments, who do not pass a required number of hours in classrooms of "approved" institutions, are not properly fitted for the work which they are undertaking.

History is so full of incidents to disprove this implication that it would scarcely seem worth while to consider the question, were not the effort so patent to discredit the boy who studies at night. Instantly into mind flashes the picture of Lincoln studying by the light of the logs in the fireplace. And scores of illustrations of other great men who secured their education in such ways could be given. But, say those who are advocating the present system, conditions were different then; and standards were accepted in times past that could not be sanctioned now.

In many of the large cities at the present time are

scores of men who obtained, at night schools and in their spare moments, the education that enabled them to successfully pass the examinations required for the license to perform the work in which they are now engaged. It mattered not where they studied. The examination was the test; they passed it; and are now living their lives on a far higher plane. And they are more useful in their family life and as citizens than they would have been had rulings been in force to keep them from their present life-work.

To turn again to the medical fraternity for examples, the night medical school of the Temple University has graduated many students who are now most successful physicians. One of the foremost specialists in Philadelphia was a hat finisher in one of the city's large factories when he began the study of medicine. He studied at night at the Temple University and worked during the day. He finally finished his course, graduated, was appointed resident physician at one of the city hospitals, and is now doing excellent work as a specialist. His persistence and genuine love of the work carried him through. A required number of hours in an "approved" institution would have blocked the way.

A clerk in the United States Army service in the Philippines who wished to study medicine heard that it was possible to take a night course in Philadelphia. He secured a transfer from his position to one at Gray's Ferry—a suburb of Philadelphia—and began his night studies at the Temple University. He graduated high in his class; won in a competitive examination for intern at the Philadelphia Hospital; finished his service there; and then went to Hawaii, where he is one of the leading specialists in certain diseases.

One of the health officers of Portland, Oregon, is a

graduate of the night medical school of the Temple University.

A stenographer, who used his spare time for medical studies at the Temple University, now has a fine practice and is in charge of the laboratory work in one of the country's finest hospitals.

A clerk in a cigar factory, who pursued his medical studies at the Temple University as time and money permitted, filled very satisfactorily the position of resident physician in a city hospital; is now a lecturer in a medical institution; and has a successful practice.

One of the police surgeons of Philadelphia secured his medical education by studying at the Temple University during his spare hours. He, also, is a lecturer in one of the city's medical schools and has held the position of resident physician in a hospital there.

The first on the list in one of the examinations for interns at Blockley—the Municipal Hospital of Philadelphia—was a graduate of the Temple University night medical school. After his work at Blockley, he entered the army service and is now in general practice and most successful.

Several teachers have taken medical courses in their spare hours simply to help them in their school work. The superintendent of a Philadelphia school holds a license obtained in this way. He worked for it that he might be of more use in his present position.

An Episcopalian minister of New Jersey, who was in charge of a mission church and felt that a knowledge of medicine would help him in his work, studied in spare time, passed the examination, and thus is able to do much good work among the poor of his parish.

Such instances could be multiplied by the score. But had "hours" and "approved" institutions been required, none of these men could be doing the work

they are now accomplishing. Opportunity would have been taken away from them, and their usefulness limited. They would have been kept in the "class" in which they were born. They could not have risen to a life-work for which they were fitted by natural ability irrespective of birth.

Doctor Conwell has so vigorously combatted the evil; he has so stirred public opinion to the danger to democratic institutions lurking in it that it is not likely that it will obtain the hold which it might, had he not discerned it and fought it.

II

"The Battlefields of the Rebellion"

Letter from Russell Conwell on the Mountains and Valleys Around Chattanooga and the Present Appearance of Lookout Mountain, Published in the "Daily Evening Traveller" of Boston, July 13, 1869.

"OH, the mountains, how we love to gaze upon them and dream! How our soul fills with unspeakable pleasure as we contemplate the rocky cliffs and the roaring gorges of the mountains! It is the inspired pleasure which one feels only when he looks upon the mighty works of God. The spirit of the heroes and demons of the mountains! Are they a myth? Nay. Go! Ye disbelievers who laugh at ghost stories and fairy tales; sit beside that sweet waterfall on the cliff side of Lookout Mountain, and tell if ye doubt their existence then.

"Go! sit on the jutting rock that is bathed with the spray, and gaze up at the little stream as it leaps over the rock forty feet above; and then at the snowy spray cloud that rolls and floats away—away down among the bushes and trees forty feet below. The stout old trees creak and sway in the winds above; the pines down the mountainside moan and the waterfall laughs. Away through the trees are those other mountains, shadowy and blue, just veiling the sky of the far-off horizon. He who can sit there alone, surrounded by those jagged rocks and monumental mountains, and see no German fairies, English ghosts, Arabian peris,

or Norwegian demons, hath surely no taste for natural beauty; nor a fit appreciation of the all-inspiring works of the Almighty. . .

"Do the boys remember that Lookout Mountain Battle? Joe Hooker himself did not believe it could be done. 'Tell them to come back,' shouted the general in command. But no notice of orders directing a retreat was taken, and onward and upward they went, climbing precipices, rocks and trees, swinging to the edge of ledges; pulling one another up among the clouds; caring nothing for the hideous shell that came crashing down among the trees until the citadel was taken and one more victory for freedom was recorded in the world's history.

"Grand Old Mountain! Grand old soldiers of a grand old people! How proud of our nation, our country and our people were we the day we visited Lookout Mountain. The changes were many which intervened between that immortal day and the May day when we were there. The rifle pits which Hooker's Division carried and from which his forces charged up the mountain had nearly all been washed away; enough was left, however, to mark the direction of the line, and recall to mind the terrible events of, 'that great avenging day;' but, farther up, the mountain-side the trees and moss have grown anew; the bushes which the soldiers uprooted as they pulled themselves up, had decayed and given place to others, and nothing remains to remind us of war.

" 'Nothing,' did we say? Not so. Under a little pine tree, near the precipitous ledge which the boys will remember, we found a human skeleton. We were pulling ourselves along up the edge of the rock and, finding our footing insecure, we seized upon the proffered branch of a neighborly pine. Up it came by the

roots, taking with it a thin scale of soil which covered the rock, and exposing to the sun the grinning skull of a Union soldier. Near it was an old Springfield musket covered with rust and broken in twain. The bayonet, so blackened and tarnished that we first took it for a stick, was thrust into the ground near the skull and the finger bones lay about it, as if the soldier had clasped it when he died.

"A bundle which had evidently been a knapsack lay a few feet off, and had the appearance of being in use as a bird's nest, for little pieces of blue overcoat and threads of the gray blanket were neatly arranged in the shape of a nest, which, however, had been torn by a fox or other marauding animal. In all probability the little bird had made her nest in the decaying knapsack and the little four-footed enemy of birdly innocence came and, in the presence of the soldier's bones, broke the eggs and killed the songster. It was a matter of surprise to us that the wild beasts which came so near to search for eggs should not disturb the bones of the lost soldier.

"A few pieces of the spinal column lay scattered around, but otherwise the skeleton was entire. Near the spot we found a United States infantry button, and the soles of a pair of shoes, but nothing to identify the man who gave his life for the nation in that dreadful charge. Whose son or brother he was—whose husband or father—eternity alone can tell! Yet we could not avoid the thoughts as we stood gazing upon the sad scene, that perchance somebody who reads the *Traveller*, or some one we personally know, might be the dearest one to this soldier of Hooker's Corps from whom his friends had never heard.

" 'Never been heard from' is his record on the page of history! 'Dead' in the record of mortals. 'In

Heaven,' we hope, in the records of eternity. With no implements to bury him, and no soil deep enough if we had, we could not do otherwise than clamber on, leaving the bones to be ground to dust by the merciless hand of time.

"Pulpit Rock, from which Jeff Davis harangued the Confederates, and near which the rebels had some of their heaviest guns, appeared as familiar as an old friend, and seemed to smile in derision at the changeable growth and decay that has been going on around. The shell-split trees have recovered from their wounds; the earthworks have washed away; the hospital buildings and negro huts are gone; yet the old rock stands there on the summit like a sentinel, and will stand there in the hundreds of years to come, to tell the story of the slave-holding rebellion and the charge of the National troops. To us whose pride had been touched in the days of war it seemed to say: 'When I remind visitors of the battle, I also insinuate that below me the troops of the stigmatized 'paper colored vision' rebutted the slurs that the Western troops saw fit to cast upon them for belonging to the spade-and-shovel Army of the Potomac.' But with the history of rebellion or battles we have little to do.

"We pass on down the eastern slope of the great mountain to ascertain how Chattanooga appears today. The old forts, which covered every hill of the little town, look like Indian mounds, so torn and shattered, decayed and washed are they now. A few more years and even these red mounds will have disappeared and the 'great railroad center' of Chattanooga will not dream of battle or siege. The town itself has not recovered from the war, unless it always had a forsaken, slovenly appearance. Removing the tents, the barracks and the stables and filling the

quartermaster's stores and the commissary warehouse with peanuts and candy, soda water and persimmon beer is a sinking in poetry that strikes the returner first as being a little ridiculous.

"The old headquarters where Thomas, Grant, Sherman and McPherson had their quarters, still stand near the town house, so unchanged that we felt as if one of them ought to be sitting on the porch. A new bridge has been built across the river, and the old swing ferry is going to decay. Cameron's hill with its washed earthworks is said to be destined for the grounds and mansion of a Massachusetts man who went to Chattanooga to engage in building the new railroad line south to Charleston, South Carolina. Some ruins and dilapidated walls of houses destroyed during the war still remain, although many have been cleared away preparatory to reconstruction.

"The old railroad depot still bears the marks of the soldiers' penknives, and the name of many a sentinel who wished thus to immortalize himself stands out in bold relief from the soft boards on which it is carved. The short trains of half-loaded cars that now come and go, form a striking contrast with the long, over-loaded trains that came and went when Sherman was marching on Atlanta. The fields around, which were covered so thick with tents when Bragg threatened the town, and on which has been so many brigade drills and dress parades, are now verdant with growing grain.

"It was exceedingly gratifying, amid the many changes that have taken place, to see at least one familiar object. The National flag was there. About half-way between Orchard Knob and the town, and near the Chattanooga and Knoxville Railroad, stands the National Cemetery. And above it, in all its pride and glory, waves the ensign of the United States.

"When we visited the cemetery a touching incident occurred, which we cannot refrain from putting on record. It was nearly dark. The flag was hauled down, the keeper shut the gate, and the dew was beginning to fall. We clambered over the fence and strayed among the graves, endeavoring to find how many of the Second and Thirty-third Massachusetts lay there, supposing ourself to be the only person in the grounds. Suddenly, from a little clump of graves beyond the flagstaff, a voice arose as clear and sweet as an angel's singing the familiar words:

" 'When we hear the music ringing,
In the bright celestial dome;
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home;
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care;
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?'

"Had a voice from the tomb pronounced the approach of the last great day, we could not have been more startled, so quiet and still had the cemetery been. For a moment we stared in the direction from which the voice proceeded, uncertain whether all the ghost stories of our youth were not coming true and hoping, if it was the voice of a spirit, that it would wait for us to 'retreat in good order' before it resorted to any fiercer demonstration to deprive us of our wits. After a second thought, however, we concluded that it was the voice of a woman and, as some women are but our ideals of angels, it did not take much from the interest of the occasion.

"Going up to the flagstaff as silently as we could, we sat down upon a mound and, when the second verse began, we endeavored to chime in the bass. In

that we were unkind. We ought to have known that if a woman's voice could startle us, how much more alarming would it be to a woman to hear a voice at once suggestive of the men whose graves surrounded her, singing such a song with her. But we did not stop to think. Impulse, nothing else, was our motive. So we sang; with just such a consequence as any man of common sense might have foreseen.

"She had reached the chorus in which the bass repeats the words, 'we shall know' while the soprano prolongs the sound of the word 'know,' before she seemed to discover that she was not singing alone and, with a shriek as piercing as the song was sweet, a lady in black started from the grave of a soldier, exclaiming in hysterics 'What is that, Oh! Oh! My God! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear, what shall I do!'

"'I did not intend to frighten you. I am exceedingly sorry for it,' said I, stepping out from the staff.

"'Oh sir, was it you? Did you sing?' exclaimed she, wiping her eyes with a handkerchief and uttering an hysterical laugh—half cry and half laugh—and looking wildly toward the gate.

"'I do not wonder that my singing frightened you,' said I, 'but it is a question of which of us was the most startled.' So saying, we offered to escort her to her home as it was growing dark. But this she declined, saying she wished to stay a while longer near this spot, as she 'must go tomorrow' and we left her kneeling by the grass on the grave of an Ohio soldier, murmuring again the song, 'Shall we know each other there?' Ten thousand conjectures have we cooked up in regard to this lady and why she was there. But, as we did not see her again and none of our explanations may be the true one, we must leave this tale so far uncompleted.

"The next day we strolled along Missionary Ridge, to find such traces as might remain of that great November battle when the troops by unexampled bravery out-generaled their own officers. But the growth of the woods and the action of the heavy rains have obliterated nearly every mark of the battle; and, without a guide, a stranger to the field must have great difficulty in finding the 'line of battle.' Occasionally a shattered tree; here and there an old shell in the thicket; and little open spots where works once stood, are all that is left on the spot to tell the tale of war.

"All the soldiers who were buried here—both Federal and Confederate—have been taken up and moved to Chattanooga. Near the place where Sherman's Division made the 'most brilliant charge of the war' we found the picket posts, in some instances just as the soldiers left them five years ago. Some were of standing logs—one end on the ground, the other leaning against a tree—and all placed near enough together to protect the picket behind them while he rested his gun across the top. In other places short pieces of stone wall, or a leaf-filled hole in the ground, showed where some picket took measures to protect himself. For hours we traveled, clambering up rocks, over trees, and through groves until, starting down the mountain toward Chickamauga Creek, we stopped in at a mud-chinked log hovel to rest and get out of the blistering sun.

"The hut was occupied by a tall, thin woman, about forty years of age, a man of about the same age, and a little boy of ten years. All three were the dirtiest, raggedest and filthiest persons we have had the misfortune to see. The woman was sucking a snuff-daubed rag in her mouth, and snuffing the same nasty material

up her nose. The old man's chin and whiskers were dripping with tobacco juice, his feet were bare, and on his head was a remnant of a faded felt hat. With the old pipe in his mouth, his general appearance gave us a good personification of indolence and poverty.

"The little boy seemed to have inherited all the worst characteristics of them both, which, together with an acquired taste for swearing and kicking his mother, made him master of the position. When we rapped at the entrance, the little fellow ran to the door before his lazy ancestors could muster sufficient courage to rise, and, kicking our shins, demanded if we didn't know better than to 'be around a gemmen's house making sich a cussed row.' The old man came, however, and by means of sundry kicks and cuffs succeeded in quieting the human animal, and at once invited us in.

" 'Do you live here?' inquired we, for want of anything else to say.

" 'Wall, the ole ooman and I manige ter stop here,' said the man; 'ony Bill here, he's kind o' unsettled. Bill is kinder o' rude sometimes, but ses I ter ther ole ooman tother day, we mustn't lick Bill as we would a nigger; and ses she ter me, I don't think I would nuther. So we don't.'

"The conversation then turned on the weather and several topics, and finally we asked him what he managed to do for a living.

" 'Der,' said he, 'I jurst works around and git a few dollars huntin' and diggin' wild arbs, and then I cums hum to the ole ooman, and ses I ter her, Let's 'joy it, and so we 'joy it. If Bill wasn't unsettled, wede be purty good situated. But ther cussed niggers are leavin' or dyin' off, and sum on us are gettin' 'fraid we'll get starved out sum day.'

" 'I should think you would get a better living if the negroes were all gone,' said we.

" 'Oh, no, the niggers have always done the dirty work, and all ther liftin' and sich, which as how the white folks of my persuasion arn't able to do, an wouldn't if they cood. The niggers were made to wait on the white folks. They haint got nothin', and I'd like ter know what in the devil they would do if they didn't look arter white folks. They haint got nothin'. If the Yankees are goin' to free them and carry 'em all off to Lobeli or Loberia or sumwhat, I be doomed if I'll ever do another scratch of work. Besides, the ole ooman is of the same 'pinion, and I'de just like ter know what in cresshun the government 'll do then.'

" 'The negroes are free now,' said we, 'and over twelve hundred thousand have died off since the war.'

"He started to his feet in astonishment at the news, exclaiming, 'Ther devil; is that so, stranger?'

" 'Wall' continued he, filling his pipe and putting in a fresh quid 'I dunno as I care for these folks down at the salt water, as long as ther folks round here can't git white men like me ter dewin' nigger's work.'

" 'Do you own the land around here,' inquired we, glancing out of the door.

" 'Lor', lor', no,' said he, apparently astonished at the question. 'This land an' cabin allers belonged to Col. Billin's, on'y I've lived in this place so long he ses ter me t'other day, ses he, Mr. Parier, yer needn't never move. So now I 'joy life.'

" 'I should think since the war that it would be hard to get a comfortable living,' said we.

" 'No trouble 'tall, none 'tall. The ole ooman and I and Bill, we eat taters mos'ly, unless corn be handy, an' we does it jist to bring up Bill to be inderpendent.

A man ken liv' on a mighty little if he jest sets about it. I think more of my terbacker than onything otherwise an' so does the ole ooman. So we jist 'joys life.'

" 'Were you in the army?' returned we.

" 'Lor', no. I 'joyed life ter hum. 'Sides, when I did talk of goin', Col. Billin's said as maybe I'd hev ter fight along o' niggers, an' I never could belower myself to do that nohow.'

" 'You would have joined the Northern Army then had it not been for the negroes, would you?' asked we.

" 'Not by a d— sight! Jine the Yankees!' exclaimed he excitedly. 'Me! A Southernor, born in Marion County, Georgia, and brought up with 'ligious principles. I put me on a levil with niggers and Yankees, and willin'ly cum ter be a slave! That's a 'sinuation, sir, ag'in my character. I'd like ter know how in the devil you dare cum ter a gemman's house and 'sinuate ag'in his honor as a gemmen. I allers defend my honor, sar, with my life; der you know that.'

" 'I did not intend to offend you, sir, although I am not afraid of a dozen such white-livered ragamuffins as you are,' said we. (A little brag when taken in the light of subsequent events.)

"This was too much for the whole family, and with one accord they all arose to attack us. The old man made for his gun, which hung on hooks over the back door, and the old woman yelling 'Oh, you d—d old coward!' seized the iron shovel from the fireplace, and the boy rushed up and began to kick at us.

"In such a predicament we were a little puzzled as to what to do next. There was only one room in the hut, and the only way out was to pass the man with the gun.

" 'Give me my powder and shot, ole ooman,' shouted the man.

" 'Gie dad is gewin to salt yer, yer d—d old white nigger,' shouted the son.

"Thinking discretion to be, in this instance, the better part of valor, we marched by the old man, telling him that he need not load that gun for us; and left the excited chevalier's family all gazing out of the door after us, and shouting, 'You're a coward! Yer insult women and children! yer daresn't fight at twelve paces,' etc.

"We regarded those ignorant, tobacco-worshipping 'poor whites' as little better than wild beasts, and felt easier when their hut was out of sight, as we should have felt had it been a tiger's den we had entered unarmed, instead of a human dwelling. Whatever ridicules we may incur for permitting the representative of the *Traveller* to be seen easily defeated we do not know; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that the retreat was conducted in a more masterly manner than many retrograde movements of the war, for which the commanding generals of the army claimed high honor."

III

"Memories"

By John Greenleaf Whittier

[Written in answer to a question by Russell Conwell as to why the Poet had never married.]

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air;
Eyes glad with smiles and brow of pearl
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower;
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower;
A heart which like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory at the thought of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come thronging back again.
And boyhood lives again in me;

I feel its glow upon my cheek,
  Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I learned to hear thee speak,
  Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
  I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
  With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of summer eves,
  Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
  And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
  My picture of thy youth to see,
When half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguilded,
  And folly's self seemed wise in thee;
I, too, can smile when o'er that hour
  The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
  Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on and left their trace,
  Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me, the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee, the grace
  Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
  The schoolboy's humble name has flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
  Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Diverge our pathways, one in youth;
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Derby Dalesman's simple truth.
For thee the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day and solemn psalm;
For me the silent reverence, where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress. Time has worn not out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past I see.
Lingering, even yet, thy way about;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt and fall apart,
And smiling through them round us lies
The warm light of our morning skies—
The Indian summer of the heart!
In secret sympathies of the mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain.

IV

Sermon Outlines

DOCTOR CONWELL never writes out a sermon but, in his early pastorate in Philadelphia, after his preaching on Sunday was over, he would sometimes jot down an outline of what he had said. It is interesting to glance over the framework of some of the sermons that he delivered when he first came to Philadelphia.

March 2, 1884.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts 16:31.*

1.

Belief in a person means belief in his character. A captain. A guide. A father. Belief in Christ's character.

2.

If we believe in a man's character, we desire to be like him. Napoleon. Washington. Parent. Christ.

3.

If we desire to be like Him, we will naturally act like Him. Dime novels. Circus. Play. Jesse James. Grant's cigars. Artemus Ward. Moody. Loyola. Charles V. Christ.

Reading of Christ's innocence makes us innocent. His charity. His truth. His love. His self-sacrifice.

The influence on mankind leads them to sacrifice on sea or land. In war. In hospitals. Orphans. Aged. Heathen. Truth. Education. Peace. Slaves freed.

4.

To be like Him is to be saved: 1st, from sinning; 2d, from pain as sequence to sin; 3d, from punishment here; 4th, from punishment hereafter. Sincere amendment is repentance.

5.

Necessary that such example should be divine.

No imperfections as we naturally copy them in our heroes. Charles V.

Must be Son of God, that highest of earth (kings) may look up.

Must be Son of God to enlist highest sympathy.

We honor men in high positions, and heed their sayings.

We sympathize with them more and it makes us like them. Garfield. William of Orange. Lincoln.

Christ's sufferings we sympathize with more than the thieves or others crucified, because He was divinely pure. Divinely innocent. He was the Son of God.

November 9, 1884.

"Why did Jesus ask them to tarry?"—*Luke 24:49.*

To whom did He speak? *Peter.*

Impulsive, quick-tempered Christian. Forsakes Jesus. Denies Him. Goes fishing on Sacred day.

Andrew.

Business dull. Leaves Jesus to attend to that. Less religion and more business.

James.

Wants others to do their duty. Dissatisfied with Jesus. Thinks not of his own sins.

John.

Wants love. Wants to be nearest to Jesus. All sentiment; no work.

James the Less.

Merchant. Capernaum. Slides back into half dishonesty. Large figs on top. Speculation. Sharp in religion. Pays as little as possible for Jesus.

Jude.

Teacher. Loves to discuss with rabbis. Believes in Jesus and seeks controversy with unbelievers. Talks familiarly about God as his intimate companion.

Matthew.

Politician. Office-holder. All is fair in politics. Party spirit. Excuse to Jesus for going to caucus.

Philip.

Chariot driver. Yearns to go to races. At Jericho amphitheater. Wild excitement. Excuse to Jesus.

Bartholomew.

Loves dinners. Feasting. Gay company. Goes with crowd. Never with minority.

Thomas.

Cold calculator. Conservative. Skeptical. Doubts about miracles. About God. About Jesus. About Christians.

Simon.

The soldier. Make Christians by force. Wishes to be a soldier. The only brave life.

All Together.

Quarrel who shall be greatest. All forsake Him and flee.

The Day of Pentecost.

Peter now changed. Andrew not so swallowed up in business. James looks in on himself. John less sentimental. James the Less cheats no more. Matthew leaves politics. Philip, no more races. Bartholomew, less gay company. Thomas believes. Simon, braver than a soldier.

November 30, 1884.

"Think on these Things."—*Heb. 2:17.*

1.

If we wish to be in love with anything, we think on it. Painting. Mechanics. Professions.

2.

We study models near our comprehension and attainable. Studying too far ahead or too high or too perfect discourages.

Examples: Music, Oratory, Arts, etc.

No man hath seen God. Why?

It would dazzle, discourage, blast. So Christ came to be the image for us of the Father.

He became man to show us what *men can do.*

He was tempted in all points like as we. Think on Him.

December 14, 1884.

"What the Good Samaritan did not do."—*Luke 10:33.*

1. Did not go by.
2. Not ask creed of sufferer.
3. Did not refuse to do a *little.*

4. Did not abandon him because the landlord did nothing.

5. That behavior established his creed better than argument.

6. Scene at wounded man's home. Waiting for his coming.

The Samaritan comes in with the news.

The family (children and all) off to Jerusalem to worship.

See priest. (Hate him.)

See Levite. (Hate him.)

Gorgeous Temple. Grand theories. But they ask. Where is the Samaritan's church? No matter about theories; we will go to a cave with the Samaritan. He must be right.

"Quench Not the Spirit."

1.

Two dangerous periods: 1st, When newly awakened. 2d, When returning to first love.

The barren fields. The spirit of Spring. The first blade and bud, easily crushed. Babe easily killed.

2.

Don't quench this first impulse of life. Indications of it. Feelings of different inquirers. Easily quenched by bad company, bad books, bad places.

Don't quench it in others. The foot on the bud. Hand over babe's mouth. Crushing out budding Christian life by ridicule, persecution. It is murder. The miner's lamp put out by others. His death. Killing little trees destroys all its possible fruits.

Don't take inquirers where they will be quenched. Theaters, book, sleepy churches. Counterfeit Christians.

3.

Don't quench returning life after backsliding. Prodigal impulse to return. The storm center dispersed.

The signs of the dying.

Coldness. Seeing double. Blind.

Lie down with snakes. Insane believing wrong is right.

Conscience disagrees with Bible. Given over to hardness of heart.

The sign of returning life.

Drowning one. Accusation of Conscience.

Longing. Gloom.

Quench it not. Go to church. The last throw. The last match.

Quench it not in others. The keeper of an insane friend. Encouraging every gleam. Right mind showed him his palace was a prison. Longing to go home. Encouraged by his attendant.

At last *He goes Home:* Joy of right mind.

February 24, 1884.

"Taking our friends to Christ."—*Matt. 17:16.*

1.

The Boy's Symptoms.

Disobedient. Runaway. Play on dangerous water. With fire. Profane.

Vile Habits.

Drink. Crime. Prison.

2.

The cures tried. Medicine. Persuasion. Hiring. Precept. Hiding bottle. Whipping. Tears.

3.

The Father's talk with the multitude. The testimony to Jesus' power. The sick daughter. Crippled father. The runaway son. The drunkard. The bad husband. The cruel father. The jealous wife. The profane. The disobedient. The criminal.

4.

Goes to Disciples.
Peter says whip him. Has tried it.
Philip says hire him. Has tried it.
Nathanael says teach him. Has tried it.
Judas says let him go. Has tried it.
John says love him. Has tried it.

Then take him to Jesus.

The interview. The father bringing his son. The cure. The return home. An example for us.

October 21, 1883.

"What is a Church for?"—*I Cor. 12:8.*

1.

Composed of believers. Who are believers?

2.

Hence is to assist in serving man for that is serving God. Church does this in two ways.

3.

Helps Christian growth within. Preaching. Sunday-school. Singing. Praying. Sociability in gatherings, fairs, etc. Trains prayerless, indolent.

4.

Help outside. Community safer, happier, less crime, more friendships. Better neighbors. More Christians.

5.

Helps by strength. Union. Multitude of Counselors. Special receptacle of Spirit. *The Spirit is the Church.* Because He has given us of His Spirit.

November 4, 1883.

About the universal sin of ingratitude. But not worth writing out. A *dead, dead* failure as a sermon. The Lord help me to do better next Sunday.

These sermons were wonderfully filled out with copious illustrations rounded to a symmetrical whole, and the central truth forcefully driven home at the conclusion.

V

Form of Service Used in Ceremony of Dedicating Infants

Question.—Do you now come to the Lord's house to present your child (children) to the Lord? *Answer.*—We do.

Question.—Will you promise before the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you will, so far as in you lieth, teach this child the Holy Scriptures and bring him (her) up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Will you train his (her) mind to respect the services of the Lord's house, and to live in compliance with the teachings and example of our Lord? When he reaches the years of understanding, will you show him the necessity of repentance, explain to him the way of salvation, and urge upon him the necessity of conversion, baptism and union with the visible Church of Christ? *Answer.*—We will.

Question.—By what name do you propose to register him (her or them) at this time? *Answer.*—

* * * * * * *

Beloved: These parents have come to the House of God at this time to present this child (these children) before the Lord in imitation of the presentation of the infant Jesus in the Temple as recorded by the Evangelist Luke, saying, "When the days of her (Mary's) purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord, and to offer sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle

doves or two young pigeons." These parents have learned from the Lord Jesus himself that he desires that all children should come unto him that he might put his hands on them and pray. Therefore, in obedience to the Scriptures, the parents are here to present this child unto the Lord Jesus in spirit, that He may take him up in his arms and bless him.

We will turn, therefore, to the Holy Scriptures for direction, as they are our only rule of faith and practice, and ascertain the wishes and commandments of the Lord in this matter:

I Sam. i: 26, 27, 28:

"And Hannah said, O my Lord, as thy soul liveth, my Lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord.

"For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him.

"Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there."

Mark x: 13, 14, 15:

"And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

"But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

"Verily I say unto you Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

Luke xviii:15, 16, 17:

"And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

"Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."

Matt. xviii:2–6, 14:

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them.

"And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

"Even so it is not the will of your father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

Therefore, believing it is wise and that it is a sacred duty to dedicate our precious little ones to God in this solemn manner; believing that all the dear children are especially loved by Christ; and that when taken from this world before active, intentional participation in sin, they are saved by His merciful grace; and

believing that Christ by His example, and the apostles by their direct teaching, reserve the sacred ordinance of baptism for repentant believers, we will now unitedly ask the Lord to accept the consecration of this child (children), and to take him in His spiritual arms and bless him.

PRAYER.

HYMN.

BENEDICTION.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

Acres of Diamonds

I AM astonished that so many people should care to hear this story over again. Indeed, this lecture has become a study in psychology; it often breaks all rules of oratory, departs from the precepts of rhetoric, and yet remains the most popular of any lecture I have delivered in the fifty-seven years of my public life. I have sometimes studied for a year upon a lecture and made careful research, and then presented the lecture just once—never delivered it again. I put too much work on it. But this had no work on it—thrown together perfectly at random, spoken offhand without any special preparation, and it succeeds when the thing we study, work over, adjust to a plan, is an entire failure.

The "Acres of Diamonds" which I have mentioned through so many years are to found in this city, and you are to find them. Many have found them. And what man has done, man can do. I could not find anything better to illustrate my thought than a story I have told over and over again, and which is now found in books in nearly every library.

In 1870 we went down the Tigris River. We hired a guide at Bagdad to show us Persepolis, Nineveh and Babylon, and the ancient countries of Assyria as far as the Arabian Gulf. He was well acquainted with the land, but he was one of those guides who love to entertain their patrons; he was like a barber that tells you many stories in order to keep your mind off the scratching and the scraping. He told me so many stories that

I grew tired of his telling them and I refused to listen —looked away whenever he commenced; that made the guide quite angry. I remember that toward evening he took his Turkish cap off his head and swung it around in the air. The gesture I did not understand and I did not dare look at him for fear I should become the victim of another story. But, although I am not a woman, I did look, and the instant I turned my eyes upon that worthy guide he was off again. Said he, "I will tell you a story now which I reserve for my particular friends!" So then, counting myself a particular friend, I listened, and I have always been glad I did.

He said there once lived not far from the River Indus an ancient Persian by the name of Al Hafed. He said that Al Hafed owned a very large farm with orchards, grain fields and gardens. He was a contented and wealthy man—contented because he was wealthy, and wealthy because he was contented. One day there visited this old farmer one of those ancient Buddhist priests, and he sat down by Al Hafed's fire and told that old farmer how this world of ours was made. He said that this world was once a mere bank of fog, which is scientifically true, and he said that the Almighty thrust his finger into the bank of fog and then began slowly to move his finger around and gradually to increase the speed of his finger until at last he whirled that bank of fog into a solid ball of fire, and it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other cosmic banks of fog, until it condensed the moisture without, and fell in floods of rain upon the heated surface and cooled the outward crust. Then the internal flames burst through the cooling crust and threw up the mountains and made the hills and the valley of this wonderful world of ours.

If this internal melted mass burst out and cooled very quickly it became granite; that which cooled less quickly became silver; and less quickly, gold; and after gold diamonds were made. Said the old priest, "A diamond is a congealed drop of sunlight."

This is a scientific truth also. You all know that a diamond is pure carbon, actually deposited sunlight—and he said another thing I would not forget: he declared that a diamond is the last and highest of God's mineral creations, as a woman is the last and highest of God's animal creations. I suppose that is the reason why the two have such a liking for each other. And the old priest told Al Hafed that if he had a handful of diamonds he could purchase a whole county, and with a mine of diamonds he could place his children upon thrones through the influence of their great wealth. Al Hafed heard all about diamonds and how much they were worth, and went to his bed that night a poor man—not that he had lost anything, but poor because he was discontented and discontented because he thought he was poor. He said: "I want a mine of diamonds!" So he lay awake all night, and early in the morning sought out the priest. Now I know from experience that a priest when awakened early in the morning is cross. He awoke that priest out of his dreams and said to him, "Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?" The priest said, "Diamonds? What do you want with diamonds?" "I want to be immensely rich," said Al Hafed, "but I don't know where to go." "Well," said the priest, "if you will find a river that runs over white sand between high mountains, in those sands you will always see diamonds." "Do you really believe that there is such a river?" "Plenty of them, plenty of them; all you have to do is just go and find them, then you have

them." Al Hafed said, "I will go." So he sold his farm, collected his money at interest, left his family in charge of a neighbor, and away he went in search of diamonds. He began very properly, to my mind, at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterwards he went around into Palestine, then wandered on into Europe, and at last, when his money was all spent, and he was in rags, wretchedness and poverty, he stood on the shore of that bay in Barcelona, Spain, when a tidal wave came rolling in through the Pillars of Hercules and the poor, afflicted, suffering man could not resist the awful temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide, and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise in this life again.

When that old guide had told me that very sad story, he stopped the camel I was riding and went back to fix the baggage on one of the other camels, and I remember thinking to myself, "Why did he reserve that for his *particular friends?*" There seemed to be no beginning, middle or end—nothing to it. That was the first story I ever heard told or read in which the hero was killed in the first chapter. I had but one chapter of that story and the hero was dead. When the guide came back and took up the halter of my camel again, he went right on with the same story. He said that Al Hafed's successor led his camel out into the garden to drink, and as that camel put its nose down into the clear water of the garden brook Al Hafed's successor noticed a curious flash of light from the sands of the shallow stream, and reaching in he pulled out a black stone having an eye of light that reflected all the colors of the rainbow, and he took that curious pebble into the house and left it on the mantel, then went on his way and forgot all about it. A few days after that, this same

old priest who told Al Hafed how diamonds were made, came in to visit his successor, when he saw that flash of light from the mantel. He rushed up and said, "Here is a diamond—here is a diamond! Has Al Hafed returned?" "No, no; Al Hafed has not returned and that is not a diamond; that is nothing but a stone; we found it right out here in our garden." "But I know a diamond when I see it," said he; "that is a diamond!"

Then together they rushed to the garden and stirred up the white sands with their fingers and found others more beautiful, more valuable diamonds than the first, and thus, said the guide to me, were discovered the diamond mines of Golconda, the most magnificent diamond mines in all the history of mankind, exceeding the Kimberley in its value. The great Kohinoor diamond in England's crown jewels and the largest crown diamond on earth in Russia's crown jewels, which I had often hoped she would have to sell before they had peace with Japan, came from that mine, and when the old guide had called my attention to that wonderful discovery he took his Turkish cap off his head again and swung it around in the air to call my attention to the moral. Those Arab guides have a moral to each story, though the stories are not always moral. He said had Al Hafed remained at home and dug in his own cellar or in his own garden, instead of wretchedness, starvation, poverty and death in a strange land, he would have had "acres of diamonds"—for every acre, yes, every shovelful of that old farm afterwards revealed the gems which since have decorated the crowns of monarchs. When he had given the moral to his story, I saw why he had reserved this story for his "particular friends." I didn't tell him I could see it; I was not

going to tell that old Arab that I could see it. For it was that mean old Arab's way of going around a thing, like a lawyer, and saying indirectly what he did not dare say directly, that there was a certain young man that day traveling down the Tigris River that might better be at home in America. I didn't tell him I could see it.

I told him his story reminded me of one, and I told it to him quick. I told him about that man out in California, who, in 1847, owned a ranch out there. He read that gold had been discovered in Southern California, and he sold his ranch to Colonel Sutter and started off to hunt for gold. Colonel Sutter put a mill on the little stream in that farm and one day his little girl brought some wet sand from the raceway of the mill into the house and placed it before the fire to dry, and as that sand was falling through the little girl's fingers a visitor saw the first shining scales of real gold that were ever discovered in California; and the man who wanted the gold had sold this ranch and gone away, never to return. I delivered this lecture two years ago in California, in the city that stands near that farm, and they told me that the mine is not exhausted yet, and that a one-third owner of that farm has been getting during these recent years twenty dollars of gold every fifteen minutes of his life, sleeping or waking. Why, you and I would enjoy an income like that!

But the best illustration that I have now of this thought was found here in Pennsylvania. There was a man living in Pennsylvania who owned a farm here and he did what I should do if I had a farm in Pennsylvania—he sold it. But before he sold it he concluded to secure employment collecting coal oil for his cousin in Canada. They first discovered

coal oil there. So this farmer in Pennsylvania decided that he would apply for a position with his cousin in Canada. Now, you see, this farmer was not altogether a foolish man. He did not leave his farm until he had something else to do. Of all the simpletons the stars shine on there is none more foolish than a man who leaves one job before he has obtained another. And that has especial reference to gentlemen of my profession, and has no reference to a man seeking a divorce. So I say this old farmer did not leave one job until he had obtained another. He wrote to Canada, but his cousin replied that he could not engage him because he did not know anything about the oil business. "Well, then," said he, "I will understand it." So he set himself at the study of the whole subject. He began at the second day of the creation, he studied the subject from the primitive vegetation to the coal oil stage, until he knew all about it. Then he wrote to his cousin and said, "Now I understand the oil business." And his cousin replied to him, "All right, then, come on."

That man, by the record of the county, sold his farm for eight hundred and thirty-three dollars—even money, "no cents." He had scarcely gone from that farm before the man who purchased it went out to arrange for the watering the cattle and he found that the previous owner had arranged the matter very nicely. There is a stream running down the hillside there, and the previous owner had gone out and put a plank across that stream at an angle, extending across the brook and down edgewise a few inches under the surface of the water. The purpose of the plank across that brook was to throw over to the other bank a dreadful-looking scum through which the cattle would not put their noses to drink above

the plank, although they would drink the water on one side below it. Thus that man who had gone to Canada had been himself damming back for twenty-three years a flow of coal oil which the State Geologist of Pennsylvania declared officially, as early as 1870, was then worth to our state a hundred millions of dollars. The city of Titusville now stands on that farm and those Pleasantville wells flow on, and that farmer who had studied all about the formation of oil since the second day of God's creation clear down to the present time, sold that farm for $833, no cents—again I say, "no sense."

But I need another illustration, and I found that in Massachusetts, and I am sorry I did, because that is my old state. This young man I mention went out of the state to study—went down to Yale College and studied mines and mining. They paid him fifteen dollars a week during his last year for training students who were behind their classes in mineralogy, out of hours, of course, while pursuing his own studies. But when he graduated they raised his pay from fifteen dollars to forty-five dollars and offered him a professorship. Then he went straight home to his mother and said, "Mother, I won't work for forty-five dollars a week. What is forty-five dollars a week for a man with a brain like mine! Mother, let's go out to California and stake out gold claims and be immensely rich." "Now," said his mother, "it is just as well to be happy as it is to be rich."

But as he was the only son he had his way—they always do; and they sold out in Massachusetts and went to Wisconsin, where he went into the employ of the Superior Copper Mining Company, and he was lost from sight in the employ of that company

at fifteen dollars a week again. He was also to have an interest in any mines that he should discover for that company. But I do not believe that he has ever discovered a mine—I do not know anything about it, but I do not believe he has. I know he had scarcely gone from the old homestead before the farmer who had bought the homestead went out to dig potatoes, and as he was bringing them in in a large basket through the front gateway, the ends of the stone wall came so near together at the gate that the basket hugged very tight. So he set the basket on the ground and pulled, first on one side and then on the other side. Our farms in Massachusetts are mostly stone walls, and the farmers have to be economical with their gateways in order to have some place to put the stones. That basket hugged so tight there that as he was hauling it through he noticed in the upper stone next the gate a block of native silver, eight inches square; and this professor of mines and mining and mineralogy, who would not work for forty-five dollars a week, when he sold that homestead in Massachusetts, sat right on that stone to make the bargain. He was brought up there; he had gone back and forth by that piece of silver, rubbed it with his sleeve, and it seemed to say, "Come now, now, now, here is a hundred thousand dollars. Why not take me?" But he would not take it. There was no silver in Newburyport; it was all away off—well, I don't know where; he didn't, but somewhere else—and he was a professor of mineralogy.

I do not know of anything I would enjoy better than to take the whole time tonight telling of blunders like that I have heard professors make. Yet I wish I knew what that man is doing out there in Wisconsin. I can imagine him out there, as he sits by his fireside,

and he is saying to his friends, "Do you know that man Conwell that lives in Philadelphia?" "Oh, yes, I have heard of him." "And do you know that man Jones that lives in that city?" "Yes, I have heard of him." And then he begins to laugh and laugh and says to his friends, "They have done the same thing I did, precisely." And that spoils the whole joke, because you and I have done it.

Ninety out of every hundred people here have made that mistake this very day. I say you ought to be rich; you have no right to be poor. To live in Philadelphia and not be rich is a misfortune, and it is doubly a misfortune, because you could have been rich just as well as be poor. Philadelphia furnishes so many opportunities. You ought to be rich. But persons with certain religious prejudice will ask, "How can you spend your time advising the rising generation to give their time to getting money—dollars and cents—the commercial spirit?"

Yet I must say that you ought to spend time getting rich. You and I know there are some things more valuable than money; of course, we do. Ah, yes! By a heart made unspeakably sad by a grave on which the autumn leaves now fall, I know there are some things higher and grander and sublimer than money. Well does the man know, who has suffered, that there are some things sweeter and holier and more sacred than gold. Nevertheless, the man of common sense also knows that there is not any one of those things that is not greatly enhanced by the use of money. Money is power. Love is the grandest thing on God's earth, but fortunate the lover who has plenty of money. Money is power; money has powers; and for a man to say, "I do not want money," is to say, "I do not wish to do any good to my fellow-

men." It is absurd thus to talk. It is absurd to disconnect them. This is a wonderfully great life, and you ought to spend your time getting money, because of the power there is in money. And yet this religious prejudice is so great that some people think it is a great honor to be one of God's poor. I am looking in the faces of people who think just that way. I heard a man once say in a prayer-meeting that he was thankful that he was one of God's poor, and then I silently wondered what his wife would say to that speech, as she took in washing to support the man while he sat and smoked on the veranda. I don't want to see any more of that kind of God's poor. Now, when a man could have been rich just as well, and he is now weak because he is poor, he has done some great wrong; he has been untruthful to himself; he has been unkind to his fellowmen. We ought to get rich if we can by honorable and Christian methods, and these are the only methods that sweep us quickly toward the goal of riches.

I remember, not many years ago a young theological student who came into my office and said to me that he thought it was his duty to come in and "labor with me." I asked him what had happened, and he said: "I feel it is my duty to come in and speak to you, sir, and say that the Holy Scriptures declare that money is the root of all evil." I asked him where he found that saying, and he said he found it in the Bible. I asked him whether he had made a new Bible, and he said, no, he had not gotten a new Bible, that it was in the old Bible. "Well," I said, "if it is in my Bible, I never saw it. Will you please get the text-book and let me see it?" He left the room and soon came stalking in with his Bible open, with all the bigoted pride of the narrow

sectarian, who founds his creed on some misinterpretation of Scripture, and he puts the Bible down on the table before me and fairly squealed into my ear, "There it is. You can read it for yourself." I said to him, "Young man, you will learn, when you get a little older, that you cannot trust another denomination to read the Bible for you." I said, "Now, you belong to another denomination. Please read it to me, and remember that you are taught in a school where emphasis is exegesis." So he took the Bible and read it: "The *love* of money is the root of all evil." Then he had it right. The Great Book has come back into the esteem and love of the people, and into the respect of the greatest minds of earth, and now you can quote it and rest your life and your death on it without more fear. So, when he quoted right from the Scriptures he quoted the truth. "The love of money is the root of all evil." Oh, that is it. It is the worship of the means instead of the end, though you cannot reach the end without the means. When a man makes an idol of the money instead of the purposes for which it may be used, when he squeezes the dollar until the eagle squeals, then it is made the root of all evil. Think, if you only had the money, what you could do for your wife, your child, and for your home and your city. Think how soon you could endow the Temple College yonder if you only had the money and the disposition to give it; and yet, my friend, people say you and I should not spend the time getting rich. How inconsistent the whole thing is. We ought to be rich, because money has power. I think the best thing for me to do is to illustrate this, for if I say you ought to get rich, I ought, at least, to suggest how it is done. We get a prejudice against rich men because

of the lies that are told about them. The lies that are told about Mr. Rockefeller because he has two hundred million dollars—so many believe them; yet how false is the representation of that man to the world. How little we can tell what is true nowadays when newspapers try to sell their papers entirely on some sensation! The way they lie about the rich men is something terrible, and I do not know that there is anything to illustrate this better than what the newspapers now say about the city of Philadelphia. A young man came to me the other day and said, "If Mr. Rockefeller, as you think, is a good man, why is it that everybody says so much against him?" It is because he has gotten ahead of us; that is the whole of it—just gotten ahead of us. Why is it Mr. Carnegie is criticised so sharply by an envious world? Because he has gotten more than we have. If a man knows more than I know, don't I incline to criticise somewhat his learning? Let a man stand in a pulpit and preach to thousands, and if I have fifteen people in my church, and they're all asleep, don't I criticise him? We always do that to the man who gets ahead of us. Why, the man you are criticising has one hundred millions, and you have fifty cents, and both of you have just what you are worth. One of the richest men in this country came into my home and sat down in my parlor and said: "Did you see all those lies about my family in the paper?" "Certainly I did; I knew they were lies when I saw them." "Why do they lie about me the way they do?" "Well," I said to him, "if you will give me your check for one hundred millions, I will take all the lies along with it." "Well," said he, "I don't see any sense in their thus talking about my family and myself." Conwell, tell me frankly,

what do you think the American people think of me?" "Well," said I, "they think you are the blackest-hearted villain that ever trod the soil!" "But what can I do about it?" There is nothing he can do about it, and yet he is one of the sweetest Christian men I ever knew. If you get a hundred millions you will have the lies; you will be lied about, and you can judge your success in any line by the lies that are told about you. I say that you ought to be rich. But there are ever coming to me young men who say, "I would like to go into business, but I cannot." "Why not?" "Because I have no capital to begin on." Capital, capital to begin on! What! young man! Living in Philadelphia and looking at this wealthy generation, all of whom began as poor boys, and you want capital to begin on? It is fortunate for you that you have no capital. I am glad you have no money. I pity a rich man's son. A rich man's son in these days of ours occupies a very difficult position. They are to be pitied. A rich man's son cannot know the very best things in human life. He cannot. The statistics of Massachusetts show us that not one out of seventeen rich men's sons ever die rich. They are raised in luxury, they die in poverty. Even if a rich man's son retains his father's money even then he cannot know the best things of life.

A young man in our college yonder asked me to formulate for him what I thought was the happiest hour in a man's history, and I studied it long and came back convinced that the happiest hour that any man ever sees in any earthly matter is when a young man takes his bride over the threshold of the door, for the first time, of the house he himself has earned and built, when he turns to his bride and with an

eloquence greater than any language of mine, he sayeth to his wife, "My loved one, I earned this home myself; I earned it all. It is all mine, and I divide it with thee." That is the grandest moment a human heart may ever see. But a rich man's son cannot know that. He goes into a finer mansion, it may be, but he is obliged to go through the house and say, "Mother gave me this, mother gave me that, my mother gave me that, my mother gave me that," until his wife wishes she had married his mother. Oh, I pity a rich man's son. I do. Until he gets so far along in his dudeism that he gets his arms up like that and can't get them down. Didn't you ever see any of them astray at Atlantic City? I saw one of these scarecrows once and I never tire thinking about it. I was at Niagara Falls lecturing, and after the lecture I went to the hotel, and when I went up to the desk there stood there a millionaire's son from New York. He was an indescribable specimen of anthropologic potency. He carried a gold-headed cane under his arm—more in its head than he had in his. I do not believe I could describe the young man if I should try. But still I must say that he wore an eye-glass he could not see through; patent leather shoes he could not walk in, and pants he could not sit down in—dressed like a grasshopper! Well, this human cricket came up to the clerk's desk just as I came in. He adjusted his unseeing eye-glass in this wise and lisped to the clerk, because it's "Hinglish, you know," to lisp: "Thir, thir, will you have the kindness to fuhnish me with thome papah and thome envelopehs!" The clerk measured that man quick, and he pulled out a drawer and took some envelopes and paper and cast them across the counter and turned away to his books. You

should have seen that specimen of humanity when the paper and envelopes came across the counter—he whose wants had always been anticipated by servants. He adjusted his unseeing eye-glass and he yelled after that clerk: "Come back here thir, come right back here. Now, thir, will you order a thervant to take that papah and thothe envelopes and carry them to yondah dethk." Oh, the poor miserable, contemptible American monkey! He couldn't carry paper and envelopes twenty feet. I suppose he could not get his arms down. I have no pity for such travesties of human nature. If you have no capital, I am glad of it. You don't need capital; you need common sense, not copper cents.

A. T. Stewart, the great princely merchant of New York, the richest man in America in his time, was a poor boy; he had a dollar and a half and went into the mercantile business. But he lost eighty-seven and a half cents of his first dollar and a half because he bought some needles and thread and buttons to sell, which people didn't want.

Are you poor? It is because you are not wanted and are left on your own hands. There was the great lesson. Apply it whichever way you will it comes to every single person's life, young or old. He did not know what people needed, and consequently bought something they didn't want, and had the goods left on his hands a dead loss. A. T. Stewart learned there the great lesson of his mercantile life and said, "I will never buy anything more until I first learn what the people want; then I'll make the purchase." He went around to the doors and asked them what they did want, and when he found out what they wanted, he invested his sixty-two and a half cents and began to supply "a known demand." I care not what your

profession or occupation in life may be; I care not whether you are a lawyer, a doctor, a housekeeper, teacher or whatever else, the principle is precisely the same. We must know what the world needs first and then invest ourselves to supply that need, and success is almost certain. A. T. Stewart went on until he was worth forty millions. "Well," you will say, "a man can do that in New York, but cannot do it here in Philadelphia." The statistics very carefully gathered in New York in 1889 showed one hundred and seven millionaires in the city worth over ten millions apiece. It was remarkable and people think they must go there to get rich. Out of that one hundred and seven millionaires only seven of them made their money in New York, and the others moved to New York after their fortunes were made, and sixty-seven out of the remaining hundred made their fortunes in towns of less than six thousand people, and the richest man in the country at that time lived in a town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, and always lived there and never moved away. It is not so much where you are as what you are. But at the same time if the largeness of the city comes into the problem, then remember it is the smaller city that furnishes the great opportunity to make the millions of money. The best illustration that I can give is in reference to John Jacob Astor, who was a poor boy and who made all the money of the Astor family. He made more than his successors have ever earned, and yet he once held a mortgage on a millinery store in New York, and because the people could not make enough money to pay the interest and the rent, he foreclosed the mortgage and took possession of the store and went into partnership with the man who had failed. He kept the same stock, did not give them a dollar of capital, and he left them alone and

went out and sat down upon a bench in the park. Out there on that bench in the park he had the most important, and, to my mind, the pleasantest part of that partnership business. He was watching the ladies as they went by; and where is the man that wouldn't get rich at that business? But when John Jacob Astor saw a lady pass, with her shoulders back and her head up, as if she did not care if the whole world looked on her, he studied her bonnet; and before that bonnet was out of sight he knew the shape of the frame and the color of the trimmings, the curl of the—something on a bonnet. Sometimes I try to describe a woman's bonnet, but it is of little use, for it would be out of style tomorrow night. So John Jacob Astor went to the store and said: "Now, put in the show window just such a bonnet as I describe to you because," said he, "I have just seen a lady who likes just such a bonnet. Do not make up any more till I come back." And he went out again and sat on that bench in the park, and another lady of a different form and complexion passed him with a bonnet of different shape and color, of course. "Now," said he, "put such a bonnet as that in the show window." He didn't fill his show window with hats and bonnets which drive people away and then sit in the back of the store and bawl because the people go somewhere else to trade. He didn't put a hat or bonnet in that show window the like of which he had not seen before it was made up.

In our city especially there are great opportunities for manufacturing, and the time has come when the line is drawn very sharply between the stockholders of the factory and their employés. Now, friends, there has also come a discouraging gloom upon this country and the laboring men are beginning to feel that they

are being held down by a crust over their heads through which they find it impossible to break, and the aristocratic money-owner himself is so far above that he will never descend to their assistance. That is the thought that is in the minds of our people. But, friends, never in the history of our country was there an opportunity so great for the poor man to get rich as there is now and in the city of Philadelphia. The very fact that they get discouraged is what prevents them from getting rich. That is all there is to it. The road is open, and let us keep it open between the poor and the rich. I know that the labor unions have two great problems to contend with, and there is only one way to solve them. The labor unions are doing as much to prevent its solving as are the capitalists today, and there are positively two sides to it. The labor union has two difficulties; the first one is that it began to make a labor scale for all classes on a par, and they scale down a man that can earn five dollars a day to two and a half a day, in order to level up to him an imbecile that cannot earn fifty cents a day. That is one of the most dangerous and discouraging things for the working man. He cannot get the results of his work if he do better work or higher work or work longer; that is a dangerous thing, and in order to get every laboring man free and every American equal to every other American, let the laboring man ask what he is worth and get it—not let any capitalist say to him: "You shall work for me for half of what you are worth; nor let any labor organization say: "You shall work for the capitalist for half your worth." Be a man, be independent, and then shall the laboring man find the road ever open from poverty to wealth. The other difficulty that the labor union has to consider, and this problem they have to solve themselves,

is the kind of orators who come and talk to them about the oppressive rich. I can in my dreams recite the oration I have heard again and again under such circumstances. My life has been with the laboring man. I am a laboring man myself. I have often, in their assemblies, heard the speech of the man who has been invited to address the labor union. The man gets up before the assembled company of honest laboring men and he begins by saying: "Oh, ye honest, industrious laboring men, who have furnished all the capital of the world, who have built all the palaces and constructed all the railroads and covered the ocean with her steamships. Oh, you laboring men! You are nothing but slaves; you are ground down in the dust by the capitalist who is gloating over you as he enjoys his beautiful estates and as he has his banks filled with gold, and every dollar he owns is coined out of the heart's blood of the honest laboring man." Now, that is a lie, and you know it is a lie; and yet that is the kind of speech that they are all the time hearing, representing the capitalists as wicked and the laboring men so enslaved. Why, how wrong it is! Let the man who loves his flag and believes in American principles endeavor with all his soul to bring the capitalist and the laboring man together until they stand side by side, and arm in arm, and work for the common good of humanity.

He is an enemy to his country who sets capital against labor or labor against capital.

Suppose I were to go down through this audience and ask you to introduce me to the great inventors who live here in Philadelphia. "The inventors of Philadelphia," you would say, "Why we don't have any in Philadelphia. It is too slow to invent anything." But you do have just as great inventors, and

they are here in this audience, as ever invented a machine. But the probability is that the greatest inventor to benefit the world with his discovery is some person, perhaps some lady, who thinks she could not invent anything. Did you ever study the history of invention and see how strange it was that the man who made the greatest discovery did it without any previous idea that he was an inventor? Who are the great inventors? They are persons with plain, straightforward common sense, who saw a need in the world and immediately applied themselves to supply that need. If you want to invent anything, don't try to find it in the wheels in your head nor the wheels in your machine, but first find out what the people need, and then apply yourself to that need, and this leads to invention on the part of people you would not dream of before. The great inventors are simply great men; the greater the man the more simple the man; and the more simple a machine, the more valuable it is. Did you ever know a really great man? His ways are so simple, so common, so plain, that you think any one could do what he is doing. So it is with the great men the world over. If you know a really great man, a neighbor of yours, you can go right up to him and say, "How are you, Jim, good morning, Sam." Of course you can, for they are always so simple.

When I wrote the life of General Garfield, one of his neighbors took me to his back door, and shouted, "Jim, Jim, Jim!" and very soon "Jim" came to the door and General Garfield let me in—one of the grandest men of our century. The great men of the world are ever so. I was down in Virginia and went up to an educational institution and was directed to a man who was setting out a tree. I approached him and said,

"Do you think it would be possible for me to see General Robert E. Lee, the President of the University?" He said, "Sir, I am General Lee." Of course, when you meet such a man, so noble a man as that, you will find him a simple, plain man. Greatness is always just so modest and great inventions are simple.

I asked a class in school once who were the great inventors, and a little girl popped up and said "Columbus." Well, now, she was not so far wrong. Columbus bought a farm and he carried on that farm just as I carried on my father's farm. He took a hoe and went out and sat down on a rock. But Columbus, as he sat upon that shore and looked out upon the ocean, noticed that the ships, as they sailed away, sank deeper into the sea the farther they went. And since that time some other "Spanish ships" have sunk into the sea. But as Columbus noticed that the tops of the masts dropped down out of sight, he said: "That is the way it is with this hoe handle; if you go around this hoe handle, the farther off you go the farther down you go. I can sail around to the East Indies." How plain it all was. How simple the mind—majestic like the simplicity of a mountain in its greatness. Who are the great inventors? They are ever the simple, plain, everyday people who see the need and set about to supply it.

I was once lecturing in North Carolina, and the cashier of the bank sat directly behind a lady who wore a very large hat. I said to that audience, "Your wealth is too near to you; you are looking right over it." He whispered to his friend, "Well, then, my wealth is in that hat." A little later, as he wrote me, I said, "Wherever there is a human need there is a greater fortune than a mine can furnish." He caught my thought, and he drew up his plan for a better hat

pin than was in the hat before him and the pin is now being manufactured. He was offered fifty-two thousand dollars for his patent. That man made his fortune before he got out of that hall. This is the whole question: Do you see a need?

I remember well a man up in my native hills, a poor man, who for twenty years was helped by the town in his poverty, who owned a wide-spreading maple tree that covered the poor man's cottage like a benediction from on high. I remember that tree, for in the spring —there were some roguish boys around that neighborhood when I was young—in the spring of the year the man would put a bucket there and the spouts to catch the maple sap, and I remember where that bucket was; and when I was young the boys were, oh, so mean, that they went to that tree before that man had gotten out of bed in the morning, and after he had gone to bed at night, and drank up that sweet sap. I could swear they did it. He didn't make a great deal of maple sugar from that tree. But one day he made the sugar so white and crystalline that the visitor did not believe it was maple sugar; thought maple sugar must be red or black. He said to the old man: "Why don't you make it that way and sell it for confectionery?" The old man caught his thought and invented the "rock maple crystal," and before that patent expired he had ninety thousand dollars and had built a beautiful palace on the site of that tree. After forty years owning that tree he awoke to find it had fortunes of money indeed in it. And many of us are right by the tree that has a fortune for us, and we own it, possess it, do what we will with it, but we do not learn its value because we do not see the human need, and in these discoveries and inventions this is one of the most romantic things of life.

I have received letters from all over the country and from England, where I have lectured, saying that they have discovered this and that, and one man out in Ohio took me through his great factories last spring, and said that they cost him $680,000, and, said he, "I was not worth a cent in the world when I heard your lecture 'Acres of Diamonds;' but I made up my mind to stop right here and make my fortune here, and here it is." He showed me through his unmortgaged possessions. And this is a continual experience now as I travel through the country, after these many years. I mention this incident, not to boast, but to show you that you can do the same if you will.

Who are the great inventors? I remember a good illustration in a man who used to live in East Brookfield, Mass. He was a shoemaker, and he was out of work and he sat around the house until his wife told him "to go out doors." And he did what every husband is compelled by law to do—he obeyed his wife. And he went out and sat down on an ash barrel in his back yard. Think of it! Stranded on an ash barrel and the enemy in possession of the house! As he sat on that ash barrel, he looked down into that little brook which ran through that back yard into the meadows, and he saw a little trout go flashing up the stream and hiding under the bank. I do not suppose he thought of Tennyson's beautiful poem:

"Chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

But as this man looked into the brook, he leaped off that ash barrel and managed to catch the trout with his fingers, and sent it to Worcester. They wrote back that they would give him a five dollar bill for

another such trout as that, not that it was worth that much, but he wished to help the poor man. So this shoemaker and his wife, now perfectly united, that five dollar bill in prospect, went out to get another trout. They went up the stream to its source and down to the brimming river, but not another trout could they find in the whole stream; and so they came home disconsolate and went to the minister. The minister didn't know how trout grew, but he pointed the way. Said he, "Get Seth Green's book, and that will give you the information you want." They did so, and found all about the culture of trout. They found that a trout lays thirty-six hundred eggs every year and every trout gains a quarter of a pound every year, so that in four years a little trout will furnish four tons per annum to sell to the market at fifty cents a pound. When they found that, they said they didn't believe any such story as that, but if they could get five dollars a piece they could make something. And right in that same back yard with the coal sifter up stream and window screen down the stream, they began the culture of trout. They afterwards moved to the Hudson, and since then he has become the authority in the United States upon the raising of fish, and he has been next to the highest on the United States Fish Commission in Washington. My lesson is that man's wealth was out here in his back yard for twenty years, but he didn't see it until his wife drove him out with a mop stick.

I remember meeting personally a poor carpenter of Hingham, Massachusetts, who was out of work and in poverty. His wife also drove him out of doors. He sat down on the shore and whittled a soaked shingle into a wooden chain. His children quarreled over it in the evening, and while he was whittling a second one,

a neighbor came along and said, "Why don't you whittle toys if you can carve like that?" He said, "I don't know what to make!" There is the whole thing. His neighbor said to him: "Why don't you ask your own children?" Said he, "What is the use of doing that? My children are different from other people's children." I used to see people like that when I taught school. The next morning when his boy came down the stairway, he said, "Sam, what do you want for a toy?' "I want a wheel-barrow." When his little girl came down, he asked her what she wanted, and she said. "I want a little doll's wash-stand, a little doll's carriage, a little doll's umbrella," and went on with a whole lot of things that would have taken his lifetime to supply. He consulted his own children right there in his own house and began to whittle out toys to please them. He began with his jack-knife, and made those unpainted Hingham toys. He is the richest man in the entire New England States, if Mr. Lawson is to be trusted in his statement concerning such things, and yet that man's fortune was made by consulting his own children in his own house. You don't need to go out of your own house to find out what to invent or what to make. I always talk too long on this subject.

I would like to meet the great men who are here tonight. The great men! We don't have any great men in Philadelphia. Great men! You say that they all come from London, or San Francisco, or Rome, or Manayunk, or anywhere else but there—anywhere else but Philadelphia—and yet, in fact, there are just as great men in Philadelphia as in any city of its size. There are great men and women in this audience. Great men, I have said, are very simple men. Just as many great men here as are to be found anywhere.

The greatest error in judging great men is that we think that they always hold an office. The world knows nothing of its greatest men. Who are the great men of the world? The young man and young woman may well ask the question. It is not necessary that they should hold an office, and yet that is the popular idea. That is the idea we teach now in our high schools and common schools, that the great men of the world are those who hold some high office, and unless we change that very soon and do away with that prejudice, we are going to change to an empire. There is no question about it. We must teach that men are great only on their intrinsic value, and not on the position that they may incidentally happen to occupy. And yet, don't blame the young men saying that they are going to be great when they get into some official position. I ask this audience again who of you are going to be great? Says a young man: "I am going to be great." "When are you going to be great?" "When I am elected to some political office." Won't you learn the lesson, young man; that it is *prima facie* evidence of littleness to hold public office under our form of government? Think of it. This is a government of the people, and by the people, and for the people, and not for the office-holder, and if the people in this country rule as they always should rule, an officeholder is only the servant of the people, and the Bible says that "the servant cannot be greater than his master." The Bible says that "he that is sent cannot be greater than him who sent him." In this country the people are the masters, and the office-holders can never be greater than the people; they should be honest servants of the people, but they are not our greatest men. Young man, remember that you never heard of a great man holding any political

office in this country unless he took that office at an expense to himself. It is a loss to every great man to take a public office in our country. Bear this in mind, young man, that you cannot be made great by a political election.

Another young man says, "I am going to be a great man in Philadelphia some time." "Is that so? When are you going to be great?" "When there comes another war! When we get into difficulty with Mexico, or England, or Russia, or Japan, or with Spain again over Cuba, or with New Jersey, I will march up to the cannon's mouth, and amid the glistening bayonets I will tear down their flag from its staff, and I will come home with stars on my shoulders, and hold every office in the gift of the government, and I will be great." "No, you won't! No, you won't; that is no evidence of true greatness, young man." But don't blame that young man for thinking that way; that is the way he is taught in the high school. That is the way history is taught in college. He is taught that the men who held the office did all the fighting.

I remember we had a Peace Jubilee here in Philadelphia soon after the Spanish war. Perhaps some of these visitors think we should not have had it until now in Philadelphia, and as the great procession was going up Broad street I was told that the tally-ho coach stopped right in front of my house, and on the coach was Hobson, and all the people threw up their hats and swung their handkerchiefs, and shouted "Hurrah for Hobson!" I would have yelled too, because he deserves much more of his country than he has ever received. But suppose I go into the high school tomorrow and ask, "Boys, who sunk the Merrimac?" If they answer me "Hobson," they tell me seven-eighths of a lie—seven-eighths of a lie,

because there were eight men who sunk the Merrimac. The other seven men, by virtue of their position, were continually exposed to the Spanish fire, while Hobson, as an officer, might reasonably be behind the smoke-stack. Why, my friends, in this intelligent audience gathered here tonight I do not believe I could find a single person that can name the other seven men who were with Hobson. Why do we teach history in that way? We ought to teach that however humble the station a man may occupy, if he does his full duty in his place, he is just as much entitled to the American people's honor as is a king upon a throne. We do teach it as a mother did her little boy in New York when he said, "Mamma, what great building is that?" "That is General Grant's tomb." "Who was General Grant?" "He was the man who put down the rebellion." Is that the way to teach history?

Do you think we would have gained a victory if it had depended on General Grant alone? Oh, no. Then why is there a tomb on the Hudson at all? Why, not simply because General Grant was personally a great man himself, but that tomb is there because he was a representative man and represented two hundred thousand men who went down to death for their nation and many of them as great as General Grant. That is why that beautiful tomb stands on the heights over the Hudson.

I remember an incident that will illustrate this, the only one that I can give tonight. I am ashamed of it, but I don't dare leave it out. I close my eyes now; I look back through the years to 1863; I can see my native town in the Berkshire Hills, I can see that cattle-show ground filled with people; I can see the church there and the town hall crowded, and

hear bands playing, and see flags flying and handkerchiefs streaming—well do I recall at this moment that day. The people had turned out to receive a company of soldiers, and that company came marching up on the Common. They had served out one term in the Civil War and had re-enlisted, and they were being received by their native townsmen. I was but a boy, but I was captain of that company, puffed out with pride on that day—why, a cambric needle would have burst me all to pieces. As I marched on the Common at the head of my company, there was not a man more proud than I. We marched into the town hall and then they seated my soldiers down in the center of the house and I took my place down on the front seat, and then the town officers filed through the great throng of people, who stood close and packed in that little hall. They came up on the platform, formed a half circle around it, and the mayor of the town, the "chairman of the selectmen" in New England, took his seat in the middle of that half circle. He was an old man, his hair was gray; he never held an office before in his life. He thought that an office was all he needed to be a truly great man, and when he came up he adjusted his powerful spectacles and glanced calmly around the audience with amazing dignity. Suddenly his eyes fell upon me, and then the good old man came right forward and invited me to come up on the stand with the town officers. Invited me up on the stand! No town officer ever took notice of me before I went to war. Now, I should not say that. One town officer was there who advised the teacher to "whale" me, but I mean no "honorable mention." So I was invited up on the stand with the town officers. I took my seat and let my sword fall on the floor, and

folded my arms across my breast and waited to be received. Napoleon the Fifth! Pride goeth before destruction and a fall. When I had gotten my seat and all became silent through the hall, the chairman of the selectmen arose and came forward with great dignity to the table, and we all supposed he would introduce the Congregational minister, who was the only orator in the town, and who would give the oration to the returning soldiers. But, friends, you should have seen the surprise that ran over that audience when they discovered that this old farmer was going to deliver that oration himself. He had never made a speech in his life before, but he fell into the same error that others have fallen into, he seemed to think that the office would make him an orator. So he had written out a speech and walked up and down the pasture until he had learned it by heart and frightened the cattle, and he brought that manuscript with him, and, taking it from his pocket, he spread it carefully upon the table. Then he adjusted his spectacles to be sure that he might see it, and walked far back on the platform and then stepped forward like this. He must have studied the subject much, for he assumed an elocutionary attitude; he rested heavily upon his left heel, slightly advanced the right foot, threw back his shoulders, opened the organs of speech, and advanced his right hand at an angle of forty-five. As he stood in that elocutionary attitude this is just the way that speech went, this is it precisely. Some of my friends have asked me if I do not exaggerate it, but I could not exaggerate it. Impossible! This is the way it went; although I am not here for the story but the lesson that is back of it:

"Fellow citizens." As soon as he heard his voice,

his hand began to shake like that, his knees began to tremble, and then he shook all over. He coughed and choked and finally came around to look at his manuscript. Then he began again: "Fellow citizens: We —are—we are—we are—we are— We are very happy —we are very happy—we are very happy—to welcome back to their native town these soldiers who have fought and bled—and come back again to their native town. We are especially—we are especially—we are especially—we are especially pleased to see with us today this young hero (that meant me)—this young hero who in imagination (friends, remember, he said 'imagination,' for if he had not said that, I would not be egotistical enough to refer to it)—this young hero who, in imagination, we have seen leading his troops—leading—we have seen leading—we have seen leading his troops on to the deadly breach. We have seen his shining—his shining—we have seen his shining —we have seen his shining—his shining sword—flashing in the sunlight as he shouted to his troops, 'Come on!' "

Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear! How little that good, old man knew about war. If he had known anything about war, he ought to have known what any soldier in this audience knows is true, that it is next to a crime for an officer of infantry ever in time of danger to go ahead of his men. I, with my shining sword flashing in the sunlight, shouting to my troops: "Come on." I never did it. Do you suppose I would go ahead of my men to be shot in the front by the enemy and in the back by my own men? That is no place for an officer. The place for the officer is behind the private soldier in actual fighting. How often, as a staff officer, I rode down the line when the rebel cry and yell was coming out of the woods,

sweeping along over the fields, and shouted, "Officers to the rear! Officers to the rear!" and then every officer goes behind the line of battle, and the higher the officer's rank, the farther behind he goes. Not because he is any the less brave, but because the laws of war require that to be done. If the general came up on the front line and were killed you would lose your battle anyhow, because he has the plan of the battle in his brain, and must be kept in comparative safety. I, with my "shining sword flashing in the sunlight." Ah! There sat in the hall that day men who had given that boy their last hardtack, who had carried him on their backs through deep rivers. But some were not there; they had gone down to death for their country. The speaker mentioned them, but they were but little noticed, and yet they had gone down to death for their country, gone down for a cause they believed was right and still believe was right, though I grant to the other side the same that I ask for myself. Yet these men who had actually died for their country were little noticed, and the hero of the hour was this boy. Why was he the hero? Simply because that man fell into that same foolishness. This boy was an officer, and those were only private soldiers. I learned a lesson that I will never forget. Greatness consists not in holding some office; greatness really consists in doing some great deed with little means, in the accomplishment of vast purposes from the private ranks of life; that is true greatness. He who can give to this people better streets, better homes, better schools, better churches, more religion, more of happiness, more of God, he that can be a blessing to the community in which he lives tonight will be great anywhere, but he who cannot be a blessing where he now lives

will never be great anywhere on the face of God's earth. "We live in deeds, not years; in feeling, not in figures on a dial; in thoughts, not breaths; we should count time by heart throbs, in the cause of right." Bailey says: "He most lives who thinks most."

If you forget everything I have said to you, do not forget this, because it contains more in two lines than all I have said. Bailey says: "He most lives who thinks most, who feels the noblest, and who acts the best."

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